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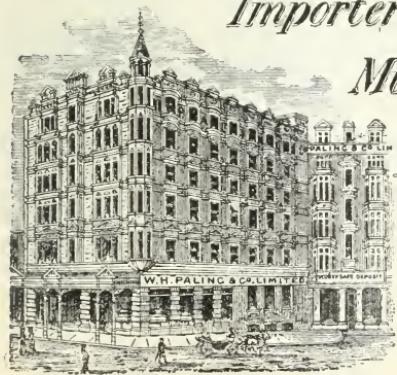
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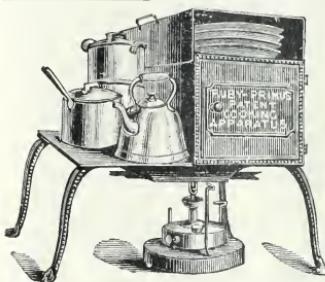
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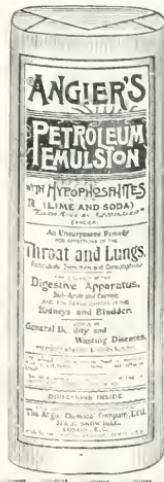
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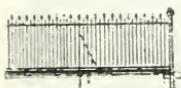
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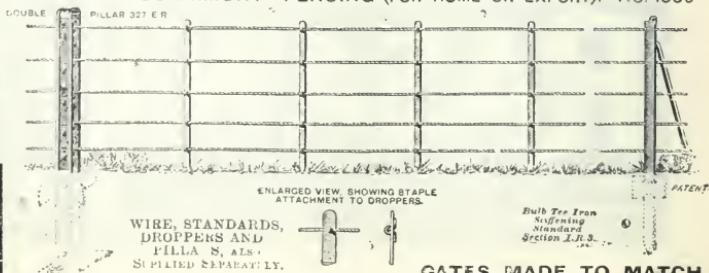
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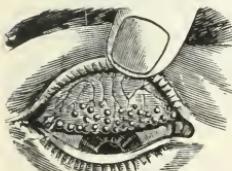
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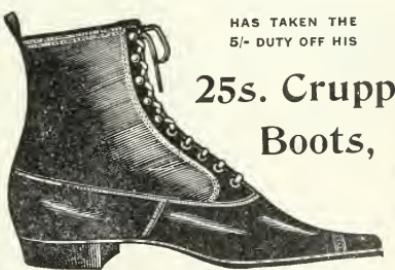
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He told my sister there was no possible hope for me, so I decided to come back to Melbourne. If I were to die I would die at home. I left Wellington in February, 1899, for Sydney. When in Sydney I could not get about, for my feet were both swollen, so I had to stop there some time. I arrived in Melbourne in March, 1899, and the winter following I was confined to my bed. I could not turn myself in my bed without aid. I was very weak, and the doctor said I would not live a fortnight. After that I again saw Mr. Palmer, who still persisted that Vitadatio would do me good if I would just stick to it. He also told me I would die if I would not take it; so to please my family I again took it. After taking it for some time I began to swell very much in the stomach. I got the doctor to call. He wanted to tap me, but my mother would not allow him. I verily believe that to have been the Vitadatio working on the complaint. After that I made rapid progress. I used to feel the abscesses forming, and when they were to their height I could hardly breathe till they broke. I would start vomiting up blood, mixed with phlegm, after that I would feel easy till some more was forming, which would come away in a like manner. But I have to thank God and Vitadatio I have got beyond that stage now. I never have those sicknesses now, and am able to go anywhere, and everywhere, and eat well and sleep well. I have now not a pain nor an ache anywhere. I am a member of the Foresters' Lodge here, and the doctor gave me a certificate last month, to say that I may follow any light employment, believing it will not injure my health by so doing. When I arrived in Melbourne, one year and seven months ago, I barely weighed 8 st.; now I am 9 st. 10 lb., thanks to Vitadatio and your persistence. You are at perfect liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial. I will be pleased to answer any questions your patients may wish concerning my case.—I remain, dear sir yours truly,

J. ATKINSON.

We, the undersigned, have been sick visitors of the Lodge Brother J. Atkinson is member of, and hereby certify to his recovery.

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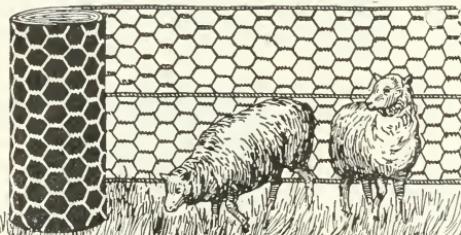
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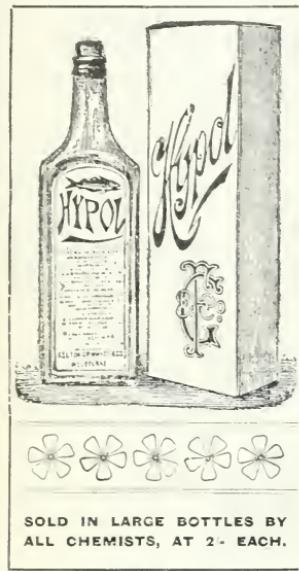
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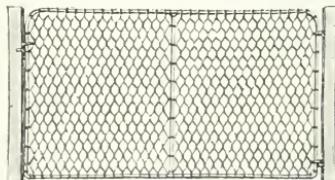
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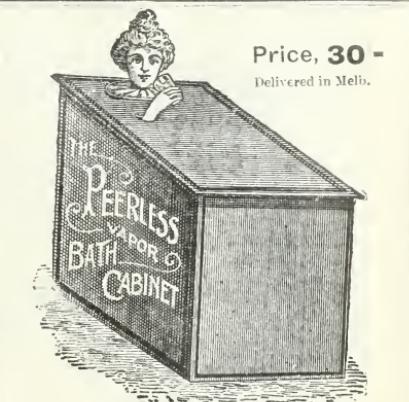
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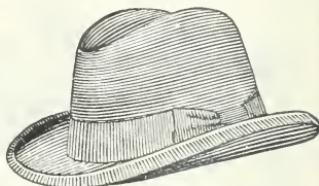
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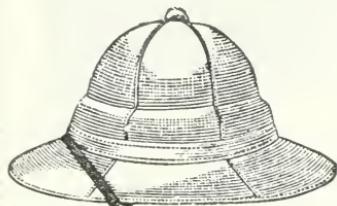
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Sonata, Op. 49, No. 2; Tempo di
Minuetto
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Allegro con brio, Larghetto;
Scherzo, Allegro Molto
Symphony No. 3; Allegro con brio,
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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

A Great Crime The shot fired on September 6 at President McKinley by a Polish anarchist sent strange echoes throughout Australasia. It touched into new and sudden consciousness the sense of kinship with the American people; and nowhere throughout the civilised world has the sense of sympathy with the great American Republic, in the tragic calamity which has overtaken it, been keener than in Australia and New Zealand. The sense of order, of reverence for law, the hate of mere brainless anarchism, are marked characteristics of the Australian temperament; and Americans themselves scarcely felt a sterner indignation against both the crime and the criminal than did Australians. All the Parliaments in session adjourned as a mark of respect to the dead President. The pulpits in many of the leading churches were draped in black. A hundred messages of sympathy were flashed along the sea-wires to Washington. The keen and universal sympathy throughout Australasia was indeed that "one touch of nature" which makes the whole world kin.

Dangerous Elements Thrice within a little more than thirty years a President of the United States has fallen during his term of office by the hand of the assassin. If we allow for re-elections, and for Vice-Presidents who have come to the Presidency by inheritance, not by election, only seven persons during the last forty years have been elected to what is almost the greatest post in the modern world, the Presidency of the United States. And out of those seven

persons three have been assassinated! This is a record which suggests rather the Latin and semi-civilised republics of South America than the great English-speaking republic of North America. But it must be remembered that the population of the United States is of very mixed blood. Almost every tenth American is of negro stock! And for nearly a century what may be called the "cheap" races of Europe—Poles, Hungarians, Italians—have poured, a sort of human Niagara, upon American soil. And not seldom these very undesirable immigrants have brought with them the passions, the ignorance, the crude political ideas, of the lower types of civilisation to which they belong. No wonder that, in a population so mixed, strange crimes and criminals are possible. The States of Australasia will not grow in population with the more than tropical speed of the United States; but, by way of compensation, they will have a population of cleaner blood and cooler temper than the United States possesses.

"What hath passed since we last met?" Queen Elizabeth, according to a familiar story, once asked the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Francis Popham. "Seven weeks have passed, your Majesty," was the reply—and nothing else! "Popham," rejoined the royal shrew, "let the Commons work more and speak less, or I will know the reason why!" If anyone asks "What hath passed" since the Federal Parliament met, the reply must be, "A great many weeks, but not much else." The Statute-book remains a blank page; "Han-

sard" swells to Brobdignagian size. And "the man in the street" is apt to sigh for some sharp-tongued Queen Elizabeth to warn hon. members that they "must work more and talk less."

The "man in the street," however, is not always wise; and there is, perhaps, something both unreasonable and ungrateful in the impatience with which the debates of the Federal Parliament are listened to on every side. If Ministers have erred, it is in giving the Houses not too little, but too much, to do. Measures of the first importance have been introduced in numbers sufficient to keep an average Parliament hard at work during the whole period of its existence. And all these measures are half finished. They will reach completion much about the same time; and then the Federal Statute-book, at a breath, will swell into a volume! The dock, in a word, is packed with ships half built. When the dock gates are lifted, and they all come out in procession, the sea will be gay with the canvas and flags of a whole fleet. Perhaps later in the session, when its work is completed and seen in its true scale, popular feeling may undergo a curious change, and the first session of the Federal Parliament may yet live in history as a monument of industry. At present, it is sufficiently remote from such a goal!

Waiting for the Tariff It should be remembered that the most real and vital bit of legislation—the one measure of the session which will rouse feeling most, will touch every Australian interest, and test and rearrange all parties—is the tariff. And the tariff loiters. Ministers have kept their secret well, and at the moment we write no hint of the character of the tariff has leaked out, and the date on which it will be introduced is unguessed. It is understood, however, that Mr. Kingston has completed the measure, that the Cabinet has re-shaped and practically finalised it, and probably by October 1 the Bill will be laid on the table of the House. The debates of the Federal Parliament will lose at a breath, when that happens, their academic character. Politics will become real and party lines will grow sharp and definite. When the tariff debate has begun, it must be pushed on to a conclusion with as little delay as possible; and the tariff itself will carry in its train a cluster of other measures. The Federal Parliament, in a word, is about to escape from the doldrums, a zone of mere enervating languors where no healthy air stirs.

Criticisms

The Federal measures round which has raged the keenest debating of the month are the Customs and Inter-State Commission Bills, and the measure designed to secure a "white Australia," the Alien Immigration Bill. The first measure, it is true, is hung up in the Federal Parliament; but it is being debated outside with great vigour. Thus the London "Times" describes the Inter-State Commission Bill as "a despotic attempt to force the whole of the shipping trade between Australia and the rest of the world into one iron-bound system for the Australian railways." The Steamship Owners' Association of Australasia has already appealed to Mr. Chamberlain to "secure the exemption of ocean-borne trade from the provisions of the Bill. Its provisions," they declare, "are capable of being used to destroy all freedom of contract in relation to the carriage of ocean-borne goods." Ministers, it may be taken for granted, intend nothing revolutionary or oppressive by these measures; but there is plainly visible in all recent Bills a mischievous tendency to secure their effectiveness by the device of writing them in the biggest possible characters. If Parliament desires to secure the payment of a sixpence, it arms itself with powers to demand—and take by force—twenty shillings! The exaggerated, not to say the despotic, strain in all modern legislation is undeniable, and it is accountable for the alarms and agitations with which the advent of one sweeping measure after another is attended.

"Barring Out" The debate during the month on the Alien Immigration Bill has been vehement, and, in patches at least, of a very high quality. The two ablest speeches to which the Federal House of Representatives has yet listened were those by Sir William McMillan on the one side and Mr. Deakin on the other. Sir William startled the House by the revelation that he was a more thorough-going restrictionist than Mr. Barton himself! He quarrelled with the Bill on the ground that it was a limp and inadequate measure. The Imperial Government, he declared, ought to be plainly told that this was a matter in which Australia must be allowed to shape its own policy, and Imperial interests must give way. Mr. Deakin's speech was largely a sermon addressed to the converted. It was a highly rhetorical statement of the case for "a white Australia." But the Cabinet plainly feels the responsibility of power. The last thing it desires is to propose

a measure which must fail simply because it is impracticable, or which will put Australian demands in serious conflict with the common policy and interests of the Empire.

Rival Schemes It is easy, of course, to criticise, and there is no proposal yet made which is not open to the gravest objection. Ministers proposed an educational test; nobody of any tint must be allowed to land on Australian soil who could not write on demand fifty words in grammatical English. This test, of course, would exclude not only many English people, but most Europeans of other nations; and if the Great Powers of Europe were to apply our own measure to ourselves, most Australians would find it impossible to visit the Continent! The Bill, as originally drafted, is an example of a measure written in heroic superlatives. It asks, that is, for much more than is wanted. In actual operation it was to be qualified by the discretion of the officials administering it. To pass a law, however, which can be suspended or applied according to the judgment, or want of judgment, of its administrators is a very unstatesmanlike and perilous device. Mr. Barton has since made the test consist of the ability to write fifty words in any European language, thus bringing the measure into line with the Natal Act.

Putting up the Bars The Labour party have put forward a resolution which excludes all the native-born inhabitants of Asia and Africa from Australian soil. The Commonwealth, in a word, is to be put on terms of non-intercourse with say two-thirds of the human race! In the press it is suggested that, as neither China nor Japan desires to lose subjects, a straightforward explanation to them of what we wanted might induce these Powers to keep their subjects at home. At the same time, they would probably warn all Australian ships from their ports, and all Australian tourists from their cities! We could not well claim rights from other nations which we denied to them. Perhaps the most expressive sign of how completely the colour craze has captured our politicians is the circumstance that, in the House of Representatives, a clause was added to the Postal Bill forbidding mail contracts to be made with any ships which employ coloured labour. If a coloured cook is employed on a P. and O. boat, Australian mail bags are not to be defiled by being entrusted to the guilty vessel! Any human being the pigment cells

of whose skin are charged with colouring matter of the wrong tint must be forbidden not merely to land on Australian soil, but to drop anchor in Australian waters! The pendulum has surely swung very far and in a strange direction!

The Real Facts The whole question, it is clear, has been contemplated through the lens of agitations and alarms which destroy all sense of the relative sizes of things. Mr. Barton has published figures showing how the existing laws in restraint of alien immigration work, and what is the real scale to which the coloured population of Australia has grown. The principles of the Natal Act are already in operation in New South Wales, Western Australia, and Tasmania; and the growth of coloured population has been least in these States. During the five years betwixt 1896-1901, the total number of alien arrivals was 23,741; the departures during the same period were 18,223. The growth of coloured aliens amongst us, in a word, has been at the rate of about 1,000 a year, spread over the whole area of Australia and Tasmania. Australia, even without the aid of more stringent administration, is not in the least likely to be submerged beneath a "yellow wave," or a wave of any other undesired tint.

The State as Trader The functions of the State throughout Australasia continue to expand automatically, and it is difficult to say into what branch of industry the State will not thrust itself. Mr. See has promised to establish a State clothing factory in Sydney. The Victorian Government is committed to open and run a State colliery, and a great iron rolling mill. And over the whole area of the Australasian press suggestions constantly emerge that the State should enter into one branch of trade or another. Many simple people, it is plain, believe that the State could solve all industrial problems by becoming itself the sole manufacturer and wage-payer. And yet if there is one thing abundantly clear, it is that, on the whole, State labour is less energetic and profitable than private labour. It is necessary, no doubt, for large reasons of public policy, that the State should hold in its hand such great industries as the railways, the post-office, and all the great common services necessary to civilised society. But that the State should enter into ordinary trade, and compete there with the private citizen, is quite another matter.

Australian Debts The "North American Review" for August publishes an article on "The World's Debts," by Mr. Austin, the chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics. The article includes a very striking table showing the burden of debt, and of interest on debt, borne by various nations. It is as follows:

Countries.	Interest and other Debt, annual charg. Dols.		Per Capita, Dols.
	Dols.	Iols.	
France	5,800,691,814.	241,762,029.	150.61
Russia	3,167,320,000.	141,519,000.	24.56
United Kingdom	3,060,926,304.	112,985,531.	74.83
Italy	3,583,983,780.	114,177,185.	81.11
Spain	1,727,994,620.	80,782,000.	95.53
Australasia	1,183,055,000.	45,458,000.	263.90
Austria-Hungary	1,154,791,000.	51,175,285.	25.80
United States	1,107,711,257.	33,545,130.	14.52
India	1,031,603,705.	33,971,400.	4.67
Hungary	994,941,000.	41,892,000.	47.75
Turkey	726,511,195.	28,419,600.	29.25
Portugal	670,221,374.	21,550,320.	143.82
Austria	642,194,000.	30,969,000.	24.89
German Empire	557,626,622.	18,283,441.	9.96
Argentina	509,604,444.	26,902,377.	128.85
Belgium	504,459,540.	19,536,811.	75.63
Egypt	500,402,729.	29,063,637.	53.61
Brazil	480,985,000.	21,500,000.	33.56
Netherlands	466,419,294.	14,117,838.	90.14
China	287,123,500.	12,000,000.	0.72
Roumania	230,126,991.	17,900,996.	47.37
British Colonies	265,541,000.	10,500,000.	26.43
Canada	265,494,000.	13,392,000.	50.59
Japan	206,799,994.	18,126,702.	4.73
Mexico	168,771,428.	10,699,689.	13.36
Greece	168,548,444.	6,293,730.	69.25
Uruguay	124,374,189.	6,036,000.	148.06
Chile	113,240,000.	9,655,456.	36.41
Honduras	89,376,920.	1,125,190.	219.60
Sweden	85,154,320.	3,173,388.	16.71
Denmark	55,795,724.	1,891,812.	24.15
Other countries	2,309,960,086.	14,131,958	0.82
Total	31,201,749,274,1,214,871,504		

This is, on the whole, a somewhat alarming bit of arithmetic, and it might seem, at first, as if Australasia held a very alarming place in the table. Measured by public obligations, the Australian, or the New Zealander, owes more money than any other member of the human family! The figures in the table gain new dimensions by being expressed in dollars, but when translated into pounds sterling they are yet of startling dimensions. The sum of 42s. 3d. has to be produced and paid by way of interest yearly, for every man, woman, and baby in Australasia. The corresponding rate for Great Britain is only 7s. 6d.; for Turkey it is only 4s. 9d.; for the United States it is 1s. 10d.; for Russia it is only 1s. 5d. We have, it must be admitted, shown a high degree of energy in accumulating public debt. But it must be remembered we have a vast public asset against this public debt. All our railways belong to

the State; in that respect Australasia differs from most of the older lands of the world.

**Wealth
from
the Soil**

The secret of the marvellous and long-sustained prosperity of New Zealand is explained in the new official Handbook published by direction of the Minister of Lands. New Zealand, in brief, is the paradise of the farmer and of the dairyman. What may be called the natural industries of the soil yield £9,000,000 out of a total export list of £12,000,000. And the true source whence comes the wealth of New Zealand is its rich grasses. The rich meadow grasses of New Zealand are not so much the gift of Nature as the creation of human industry. New Zealand has more than 10,000,000 acres sown with artificial grasses; New South Wales has scarcely 350,000 acres of sown grasses; Victoria has only 150,000 acres; Queensland has less than 13,000 acres! In New Zealand, in a word, as the Handbook shows, the acreage of land under sown grasses is more than thirteen times as great as in the whole of Australia and Tasmania. Of course, the rich rains of New Zealand make possible its rich lush pastures. According to the Handbook, the productiveness of grass lands in New Zealand is nine times as great as that of Australian meadows. Under the moist skies and warm sea winds of New Zealand an acre of grass land will yield as much nourishment as nine acres of the thinner soil, overarched by drier skies, of Australia. Nature has not been unkindly to Australia; but it has shown to New Zealand an open-handed generosity of which Australia knows little.

A New Franchise Queensland proposes to try an interesting electoral experiment, borrowed from Belgium. The Bill to amend the Parliamentary Elections

Act extends the franchise to women, forbids plumping, and sanctions voting by post. Its most striking feature, however, is that it gives two votes to every man who is the father of at least two children born in lawful wedlock in Queensland. The father of a family, it is contended, has a graver and more enduring interest in the State, and contributes more to it, than a bachelor, who creates no home and takes no root in the soil, and who may be a very shifting and unreliable human atom in the body politic. The Australasian States, like all modern democracies, are built on universal suffrage. That system is as inevitable a feature of a modern democracy as gravita-

tion is of the physical universe; and it is to be justified on the ground that it is a political education for every adult in the population. Every citizen ought to have a stake in the community; but it is idle to say that every citizen has an equal stake in it. The franchise which gives what is practically a vote to the family, as well as to the individual, has many excellent reasons in its favour, and it certainly works well in Belgium. It will be interesting to find how the experiment fares in Australia.

**The
Defence
Scheme**

Federal Australia is still without a military commandant, and the Defence Bill has already provoked keen criticism, and will not become law for some time. But the forces actually in existence, though not yet woven into a single military system, constitute a respectable army. A return has been prepared showing that the Commonwealth forces—omitting cadets—reach the respectable total of 58,174 men. Here are the items constituting this force:

	Permanently Employed.	Rifle Militia	Volunteers.	Clubs.
N.S.W.	658	5,549	3,493	1,908
Victoria	399	3,534	2,602	20,800
Queensland.	286	4,033	654	4,352
S. Australia.	41	2,949	—	2,191
W. Australia.	43	2,235	—	—
Tasmania	30	263	2,114	—
Total	1,437	18,603	8,863	29,251

Sir John Forrest is essentially a practical statesman, and he has announced that he will correct that strange failure of memory which allowed the sea to be forgotten in the problem of Australian defence. He has a "naval programme," but unhappily in too formless a condition to be submitted to the public gaze. It is to be thoroughly matured and then laid before Parliament. Australia, alike by commercial interest and by race bias, is destined to play a great part in the Pacific. A dash of sea salt will indeed be a very wholesome force in the national blood; and there is no reason why we should not evolve a type of naval force as original and as effective for sea defence as the contingents sent to South Africa have proved themselves to be in land warfare.

**Remote
Critics**

Australia, when federated, has plainly a quite new commercial interest for the Old World, and it is almost amusing to notice the interest with which Australian statistics are being collated, and the eagerness with which they are being studied by the English journals. The London "Financial News" reports that all the factories of Australia and New Zealand

put together yield products representing a value of £61,310,000, of which £27,994,000 stands for fuel and value of materials, and £33,316,000 for the value added in the various processes. Of the sum last mentioned, £15,374,000 was paid as wages. Here is an interesting table showing how this wage expenditure of £33,316,000 is distributed over Australasia:

State.	Value of production.	Value per inhabitant.
New South Wales	£9,207,000	£6 16 10
Victoria	10,052,000	8 13 0
Queensland	4,772,000	10 0 1
South Australia.	2,655,000	7 4 4
Western Australia.	1,515,000	8 18 8
Tasmania	465,000	2 11 9
Commonwealth.	£28,666,000	£7 14 10
New Zealand	4,650,000	6 4 0
Australasia	£33,316,000	£7 9 8

It will be seen from these figures that Queensland holds the pride of place for production per head of population, a circumstance due mainly to its sugar fields. Western Australia comes next, thanks to its mines, and in spite of its infantile development; while Victoria exceeds—though not by any wide margin—its great rival, New South Wales.

**Unkind
Criticism** Some of the criticism expended by the British press on the statistics of Australasia is of a very unim-structed sort. Thus the "Glasgow

Herald" reports that New Zealand is condemned at the present moment to interview "an empty treasury," and its Treasurer "cannot make ends meet"! It adds unkindly that "at the present moment New Zealand presents an object lesson both in progressive politics and in labour legislation. It has shown the world not what to imitate, but what to avoid." So much of the honey of praise has been expended on New Zealand that the discovery of a drop of gall—in the shape of criticism of this sort—in the dose has an almost humorous effect. New Zealand, however, will probably survive.

**The
Wages
Boards**

Debate on the Wages Boards of Victoria still runs high in that State, and naturally attracts attention everywhere. For Victoria is trying a great social experiment which, whether it succeeds or fails, must profoundly affect industrial legislation everywhere. The Wages Boards were invented to destroy "sweating," and the principal argument by which they are defended is the assertion that they are the only possible alternative to sweating. This naturally enlists every humane mind

in their favour. But it is admitted that they do not cure sweating; that they are used in many instances for quite other purposes than any mere cure of sweating. Perhaps the oddest example of the misuse of the system is supplied by the determination of the Printers' Board. A scale is drawn up for apprentices, stretching through seven years, the rate beginning at 6s. per week, and rising to 27s. But if the employer allows an apprentice to learn the linotype, he must pay him £3 3s. per week, though his apprenticeship rate may be only 6s. per week! The clause, of course, is intended to prevent anybody learning the linotype, and is plainly contrary to public policy, as being devised in restraint of knowledge.

The debate on the whole subject **Conflicting Views** is very distracted. A section of the Labour party is passionately in favour of the system, and roundly declares that any industry which cannot survive a Wages Board deserves to perish. Good Protectionists vow that no trade shall enjoy the shelter of the tariff which does not consent to the government of a Wages Board. On the other hand, the system bears very cruelly on all learners, and all who are either too old or too slow to earn the prescribed wage. Perhaps the most expressive proof of the division of opinion on the subject amongst Labour representatives themselves is found in the Inter-State Labour Conference just held in Melbourne. Good unionists in that conference declared that the Wages Boards would destroy the trades unions. Senator Barrett said he was prepared to let the Factories Act go in favour of an Arbitration Act. The conference, which included seventeen Labour members of Parliament, passed a resolution declaring that no State regulation of industry is effective which fails to make provision for wages and hours of labour; but it also resolved that "the time has not yet arrived" at which the transfer of industrial legislation from the State to the Federal authority is practicable." Each State, in a word, is to make its industrial laws to suit its own conditions; and that policy certainly is the death warrant of Victorian Wages Boards.

The New South Wales Government **New Loans** has floated, with business-like skill, and with entire success, a loan of £4,000,000 at three per cent. The minimum was fixed at £94; the loan was underwritten by the Bank of England at that sum, and immediately on being placed upon

the market rose to a substantial premium. The bulk of the £4,000,000 goes to pay for the Darling Harbour and Rocks resumptions. It does not, therefore, represent a mere increase in the indebtedness of the State; it goes in purchase of a very solid and profitable asset. It is to be noted that both this loan and the new West Australian loan of £1,000,000 have been gazetted in England as trustee investment stocks—a circumstance which marks the English view of the safe character of these loans.

State Finances Four colonial Treasurers—Mr. Bird, of Tasmania; Mr. Butler, of South Australia; Mr. Cribb, of Queensland; and Mr. Peacock, of

Victoria—have made financial statements during the month. Queensland has been badly hit by the great drought, and, after a procession of modest surpluses, finds itself face to face with a deficit of £528,000. Tasmania prospers, but Mr. Bird is afraid that Federation means for the State a general dislocation of its finances. South Australia, too, is prosperous, and its deficit is of a microscopic and vanishing character. Victoria had for the year a magnificent revenue, the receipts exceeding the estimate by more than £600,000, and the surplus on the year is £136,000. But Mr. Peacock expects a deficit next year of £229,113, and this melancholy prospect is due to the old age pension scheme.

Old Age Pensions Old age pensions, in brief, are a disturbing force in the finances of all the States. Victoria feels this in a higher degree than other States,

because it rushed into the scheme, so to speak, impromptu, and with eyes shut. Sir George Turner put aside £150,000 for the experiment; the actual cost for the first year was £313,170, and the amount threatens to expand to still vaster proportions. In New Zealand the original calculation for pensions was £120,000. The expenditure has grown in three years to £215,000. The burden of pensions in Victoria is increased by many circumstances. The rate of pension is higher than in New Zealand. There has been a great leakage of young and vigorous members of the population, and, as a result, there is a larger proportion of old people in the State than anywhere else in Australia. New Zealand has 22,000 people over sixty-five years of age; Victoria has 56,000 persons in the same class! In Victoria, too, the pensions were granted in camera; no unpleasant, if healthful, publicity attended the enquiry. As a result, the rush for

pensions was great. Mr. Peacock, with undiplomatic bluntness, told Parliament he was filled with shame by the spectacle of so many well-to-do people, and civil servants in good positions, casting the support of their aged parents on the State. As a drastic remedy, he proposes that all claims for pensions shall be re-heard in public. The whole question is a problem which may well puzzle wiser heads than most of our statesmen possess.

The All-England Eleven Mr. Maclarens has selected his Eleven, and starts for the Australian campaign in the Omrah on September 27. The team consists of the following players: A. C. Maclarens, H. G. Garnett, J. T. Tyldesley, J. Gunn, A. O. Jones, A. A. Lilley, W. G. Quaife, C. Blythe, G. L. Jessop, L. C. Braund, C. Robson, T. Hayward, McGahey, and Bradley. It is matter for regret, of course, that a bowler like Hirst, and batsmen like Fry and Ranjitsinhji are not in the team. Nevertheless, it is a very powerful combination, and the batting average per man is higher than that of the two previous All-England Elevens which visited Australia. And it is a batting team, too, which not merely piles up big scores, but does it in brilliant fashion, and at a furious rate; and this is the game which delights the crowd. We are glad to announce that we have made exclusive arrangements with Mr. Maclarens, the English captain, for a series of articles extending through six issues of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia," descriptive of the great games of the tour. A history of the tour, written by the English captain, and giving what may be called the English view of each of the great matches, must be of profound interest to a community like Australia, where a passion for cricket burns in the national blood.

LONDON, August 1.

The Heat The most memorable thing about last July has still to be mentioned, and that was the excessive heat, which probably caused more personal discomfort to a greater number of individuals than all the wars and politics of all the Governments in the world. The heat was exceptionally terrible in the United States, but we had a few days during which London panted as if it had been suddenly transferred to the tropics, and Europe sweltered under what seemed like the sun of the Equator. The rush to the Alps and to the few snow patches

left in Europe has been accompanied by a series of accidents to mountaineers, in which the Matterhorn maintained its evil pre-eminence among the homicidal peaks of Switzerland.

The New Fatalism

We have long been familiar with the Cult of the Jumping Cat. Among modern politicians, no faith is in more favour; but however ignoble such a form of religious belief may be, it does at least afford a certain scope for human foresight and energy. Therein it differs for the better from the new fatalism which Lord Salisbury last month illustrated by the use of a metaphor which will not be soon forgotten. Lord Welby had called attention to the enormous increase in the expenditure which had taken place in recent years. Lord Salisbury replied in a mood of melancholy despair. Fifty or sixty years ago, he said, the leaders whom the public followed, and who governed the formation and guidance of political parties, were all men who, like Sir Robert Peel, valued the advantages of peace, and the economy it brought, above everything else. "But," Lord Salisbury continued, "as the noble lord himself says, the tide has turned, and who is he, and who are we, that we should attempt to stem the tide? If the tide has turned we shall have to go with it." The degradation of Ministers of the Crown into mere jelly-fish, driven with the tide, could hardly have been expressed with more brutal frankness.

The Manufacture of Public Opinion

The doctrine that we must go with the tide implies that public opinion is something like the rise and fall of the ocean, a matter entirely beyond human control. So far from this being the fact, it is ludicrously the reverse of what Lord Salisbury's metaphor implies. The metaphor about the jumping cat admits the possibility of twisting the tail of the said cat; but that of the tides implies impotence. As a matter of fact, public opinion is a manufactured article. If the leaders whom the public follow, and who govern the formation and guidance of political parties, were in earnest about stemming the tide in any direction, they could stem it without difficulty. It is a much easier matter to stem the tide than it is to create a tide, and yet, as we have seen in the last few years, Mr. Rhodes and his fellows by business-like adaptation of means to ends did succeed in creating an apparently irresistible tide of opinion in favour of doing the one thing of all others which the nation as a whole, including Lord Salisbury, disliked, and



THE LATE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

(Photograph specially taken for the "Review of Reviews" by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

which happened also to be the one thing most fatal to our own interests. Nevertheless, the manipulation of public opinion, whether we describe it as the twisting of the tail of the jumping cat or the creating of a tide upon which Ministers drift helplessly, is rapidly becoming one of the simplest, easiest, and most necessary of all political arts.

Tory Discontent There is even more dissatisfaction with Ministers among their own followers than there is among the members of the Opposition. Take, for instance, such a thorough-going Unionist as the editor of the "National Review." Commenting upon Mr. Brodrick's satirical reference to the "delusion" that the Government is "already in a decrepit situation," that "it is already suffering from senile decay," or that, "though supported by the strongest majority of modern times, it is the weakest in action and most defective in foresight in foreign affairs," Mr. Maxse calmly remarks that "however convenient it may be for a Minister to credit those delusions exclusively to the official opponents of the Government, it is no exaggera-

tion to say that they are shared by nearly all the Unionists." Sir Wemyss Reid, another chronicler of the month, bears almost as strong testimony to the strength and intensity of the dissatisfaction among Ministerialists.

A Daniel come to Judgment — Too Late

Unfortunately, it is only too true that the disparity between speech and action is almost as great on the Liberal side. Take, for instance, the tardy discovery now proclaimed for the first time by Mr. Asquith and Lord Rosebery, of the disastrous consequences which followed from the hushing up of the Inquiry supposed to be instituted by the South African Committee into the complicity of Mr. Chamberlain in the Jameson conspiracy. In addressing the City Liberal Club, Lord Rosebery said:—

On my honour and on my conscience I believe that nothing has had a more disastrous effect upon the opinion of the civilised world than the hushing up by the South African Committee of the proper subject that it was set to investigate.

Mr. Rhodes in Scotland

Mr. Rhodes, whom, I am glad to say, I found in very good health and spirits, arrived in London last month, and is now resting on a grouse-moor which he has taken in Scotland. Mr. Rhodes brings home good news as to the development of Rhodesia, and expresses himself very strongly in favour of federation at the earliest possible moment. He has settled the education difficulty in Bulawayo on the sound principle of united secular and separate religious education. Each sect has a class-room allotted to it, in which its representatives can teach its own children what dogmas it pleases for half an hour every morning before school begins. Children whose parents have no religion must grind at geography during the half-hour of religious instruction. "It would never do," said Mr. Rhodes humorously, "to have Tommy Jones running about free during the hour of religious instruction, throwing up his cap and thanking God that 'Dad was an atheist.'" A dose of geography as a substitute for religion cannot be said to be putting a premium upon atheism. Mr. Rhodes seems to think that eighteen months after the cessation of fighting, a federal system might be established in South Africa.

The Royal Style

A Bill has been introduced enabling the King to choose a new title, which was intended to be a recognition of the existence of the Colonies. When Lord Beaconsfield made the Queen "Empress of India," he refused to listen to the Liberals when they suggested that the

Colonies should be recognised on the ground that technically every colony was part and parcel of Great Britain and Ireland. To-day Beaconsfield's political successors suggest that the title should run: "Edward VII. by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of all the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India." Lord Rosebery suggests that in place of "all the British Dominions beyond the Seas," there should be added "of all the Britains beyond the Seas"; and waxing bolder he suggests that the time-honoured style of "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" should disappear, and the title should run: "Edward VII. by the Grace of God of all the Britains within and beyond the Seas, King." Lord Rosebery shelters himself behind the coinage, in which the King is described as "Britanniarum Rex," and he has also the Russian precedent. Is not the Tsar the Emperor of all the Russias? Why should not the King be King of all the Britains? It is a great disadvantage that Britain and Briton, although spelt differently, are usually pronounced in almost the same way. Besides, it is rather a strain to regard Canada and Australasia, to say nothing of the Fiji Islands and Mauritius, as so many "Britains beyond the seas." The phrase "All the Russias" has a distinct and definite meaning, and a reference to entities known as different kinds of Russias, such as Great Russia and Little Russia. There is nothing corresponding to this in the British Empire.

The Victoria Memorial Fund The Committee charged with the administration of the National Fund for commemorating the reign of Queen Victoria has now received about £130,000, and expects to get £70,000 more. It has decided to remove the railings of Buckingham Palace, and to create a large open space, where State processions will form in order to pass directly into the Mall, at the base of the Memorial. Mr. Brock has been selected as the artist for the monument. The Queen is to be seated in front of a large pedestal surmounted by a figure of Victory, with Courage and Constancy seated at her feet. On the Queen's right there will be a group symbolising Truth; on the left, another symbolising Justice, while at the back there will be a group representing Maternity. All the figures will be in bronze, three times life-size. The pedestal will rise to the height of sixty feet, from the centre of a circular place, raised eight feet from the ground level,

guarded at the foot by four winged lions, and flanked on each side by a fountain basin, into which water flows, falling over steps leading down from an archway on each side. The wall rising to the place from each basin will be covered with figures in relief, representing the Army and the Government, while symbolical naval and military groups will decorate each of the arches. It does not seem likely that the committee will get money enough to erect the triumphal arch at Marlborough Gate, or at the entrance to the new roadway into Charing Cross, which will be completed in the spring of next year. Here is a chance for Sir Thomas Lipton, or should Sir Thomas fail to come to the rescue, what a chance for William Waldorf Astor!

The King and the Catholics Ministers were passing through the House of Lords last month a Bill intended to remove the objections felt by our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects to the declaration which the Sovereign must make on his accession. As the King has 12,000,000 of Roman Catholic subjects, it was thought inadvisable that his successor should be required by statute to brand the fundamental tenets of their religion as "superstitious and idolatrous." It is proposed that in future the Sovereign should declare without any reservation that the "invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary, or any other Saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are contrary to the Christian religion in which I believe." This is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. The Protestants are up in arms against tampering with the form of words by which



MR. WILLIAM MCKINLEY,
Late President of the United States.

the law of England requires each monarch on his accession to insult the faith of their Catholic fellow-subjects, while cynical observers remark with amusement that the new declaration is absolutely nugatory. Until Lord Salisbury, under pressure, added the words "in which I believe," the new declaration might have been taken by the Pope himself. Catholics object to the implication that they adore either the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, while the phrase "as now used in the Church of Rome" opens the door to endless quibbles and loopholes in the future. It is to be hoped that the House of Commons will either throw the Bill out altogether or will make short work of this last remaining theological test. If they want any pledge, all that is necessary would be for the King to declare his solemn conviction that the Pope of Rome has not and ought not to have any jurisdiction in this realm of England.

Lord Russell Tried by his Peers Another interesting anachronism, a kind of medieval ghost which has not yet been laid by the bell, book and candle of the modern legislative reformer, came forth to amuse mankind last month. The right of peers to be tried for felony by their brother peers has very seldom been claimed. The last trial of a peer was that of Lord Cardigan in 1841, and we had to go back as far as 1776 for another precedent, when the Duchess of Kingston was tried for bigamy. There are several reasons for this. First, because peers do not as a rule commit felonies, being shielded by their circumstances from a temptation to commit a crime of that nature; and secondly, when they do commit felonies, their position generally enables them to escape scot-free; but in the third case, when they have committed a felony and got caught, they seldom care to employ the immense machinery of a trial in the House of Lords to advertise their guilt throughout the world. On July 18, two hundred Peers, including ten judges, assembled in the Royal Gallery to decide whether or not on April 15, 1900, in the State of Nevada, Earl Russell feloniously and unlawfully did marry and take to wife one Molly Cook, while Mabel Edith, his former wife, was still alive. Lord Russell pleaded guilty. His case was simple. He had gone to Nevada, become a land owner in that State, and lived there for some seven or eight months, for the purpose of obtaining a decree of divorce. Having got his decree, he married Molly Cook and came back to England, to find that

his first wife had taken proceedings against him for divorce on the ground of bigamy and adultery. He then discovered that he could not establish to the satisfaction of an English Court, from the point of view of English law, such a change of domicile as would justify him pleading the decree of divorce pronounced in the Nevadan Court as a defence. He had, therefore, to admit that he had broken the criminal law of the country, not in any spirit of bravado nor in any spirit of defiance. He did not know that in any circumstances a second marriage in a foreign State, which was undisputed in that State, could be punishable as bigamy. Meantime his wife has obtained a decree of divorce, and after the expiration of the statutory period of six months he declared his intention to marry his second wife a second time, and would then contract legally a union which he had unwittingly contracted criminally. After having heard all that he could say in his defence the Peers found him guilty, and sent him to Holloway prison as a first-class misdemeanant for three months, where he will have an opportunity of perfecting his knowledge of the Roman Law in which he was plucked when he last went in for his examination for the Bar.

The Prevention of Consumption One of the events of the month was the meeting of the International Congress on Tuberculosis, the great feature of which was Dr. Koch's paper. Dr. Koch, whose fame has long been established in connection with his researches on this subject, proclaimed with as much authority as can be wielded by any scientific man that he had arrived at certain conclusions on the subject of the disease which they were met to consider. First, consumption was not hereditary; secondly, it was extremely infectious; thirdly, it was practically impossible to infect human beings with animal tuberculosis. Between the human and animal varieties of this disease there seemed to be a great gulf fixed. These conclusions created a great hubbub. If Dr. Koch is right, the immense fuss and fidget which is made about inspecting all animal products, such as milk and butter, for the purpose of warding off tubercular disease from mankind, is wasted labour. We should do more to get rid of tuberculosis as a scourge afflicting humanity by a brief and drastic law against spitting than by all the official inspection of farm products coming into towns. The extent to which the practice of public expectoration is repressed by public opinion is a very fair test

of the progress that has been made towards civilisation in the community in which it exists. The spittoon at one time used to be universal in the United States. Nowadays it is rapidly receding as civilisation advances. But in our own colonies there is a good deal of leeway to be made up in this matter.

Last month is famous because of the **Quickening** **the Pace** the advance which it has made in transit on the surface of this planet.

Motors are increasing and multiplying; Parliament has accepted the principle of the mono-rail, by which passengers are to be whirled along at the rate of one hundred and ten miles an hour; and fifteen miles of new electric tramway have been opened in Western London, the forerunners of a gigantic system of electric tracks which will spread out from the metropolis into all the home counties. As if these things were not sufficient we have repeated demonstrations from Paris that at last a navigable balloon has been created. M. Santos Dumont's balloon consists of a cigar-shaped gas-bag, 110 feet long, holding 15,000 cubic feet of gas, supplying a lifting capacity of half a ton. A 16-h.p. petroleum engine, weighing only 180 lbs., is suspended below the balloon by steel wires in a bamboo-car held together by aluminium joints. A screw making 200 revolutions per minute enables the aeronaut to direct the balloon at will, and sail against the wind. Add to this that the French have been so much impressed by the success with which their submarine boats have torpedoed battleship after battleship in the Mediterranean manoeuvres, that they have ordered the immediate construction of nearly forty new boats of this class. It is the fashion to sneer at submarines, but we have always sneered at everything the French have done in naval affairs, up to the day on which we set to work to imitate them. In everything relating to the modern navy, from armour-plating to breech-loaders, the French have led and we have followed; and the success of the submarine now attested by the French ought to give our Ministers powerful pause before they commit themselves to the construction of any more gigantic ironclads.

The New German Tariff Count von Waldersee, on returning from China, is being feted on his way at the French ports, and an imposing flotilla of German ironclads will escort him over the last stages of his journey. Nevertheless, the star of

Germany is not in the ascendant at the present moment. German trade is falling off; the industry of the country is suffering from a very acute financial crisis, profound dissatisfaction prevails about the failure of the Chinese policy, and the great naval idea of the Emperor does not commend itself to the sober judgment of the German people. But all these things are thrown into the shade by the sensation produced last month by the announcement that the Government has capitulated to the Agrarians, and in the new tariff is imposing duties which will enormously increase the cost of living for the working-classes. If we could imagine Mr. Chamberlain signalising his accession to the Premier-



"Vanity Fair."

"WAR."

(Drawing by Spy.)

July 18.

ship by re-imposing the corn laws, we should realise something of the dismay which has been created in Germany by the new tariff. A great proportion of Germans must be fed from abroad, and artificially to enhance the price of food is the very worst means of increasing the capacity of a nation to hold its own in the markets of the world. But the new German tariff practically doubles the duties levied upon foodstuffs. For instance, the duty on live pigs, which used to be 5s. a head, is raised to 10s., the duty on young cattle, instead of 5s., is 15s., and on oxen and cows, instead of 9s., it is 25s. per head. The duty on oats is raised from 2s. 9d. for 220 lbs., to 6s., and wheat, which has hitherto paid 3s. 6d., will in future pay 6s. 6d. The duty on pork has been raised from 13s. to 25s. for 220 lbs. The immediate result will be to give an immense stimulus to the Social Democratic Party, and so unpopular will be the new tariff that the only possible explanation that has yet been afforded of the new duties is that Count von Bülow, who is Foreign Minister at heart, and not at all a Chancellor, is deliberately riding for a fall.

The new Dutch Ministry is said to contemplate the creation of a Ministry of Labour. The claim for a Ministry of Labour is an old one, and has long been urged in vain in this country. A demand for a Minister for Children is a novelty which figures for the first time in Mr. Waugh's admirable report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He argues that there ought to be a State department specially devoted to the welfare of children, in order to secure that their vast, varied, and independent interests should be subjected to a common and harmonious action on the part of the various State departments to which they are at present subject. If such a Minister of Childhood were appointed, Mr. Benjamin Waugh ought certainly to be the first Minister. Pending such a recognition by the State of his invaluable services, it is well to notice that his society is flourishing more and more, notwithstanding the evil in-

fluence of the war, which has operated as a chilling winter wind upon the resources of almost all public societies. Last year the revenue of his society was over £58,000, and they have a promise of £4,000 towards a special reserve fund of £25,000. The society has 840 branches in various parts of the kingdom; it has conducted 23,000 prosecutions, and has been the means of inflicting 4,000 years of imprisonment upon various offenders against child life. Since the report was issued the Queen has indicated her pleasure to become patron of the society. Since the society was founded the death-rate of children under five years of age has gone down by three per thousand. The meaning of this is that if the death-rate of 1890 had prevailed in 1899, there would have been 10,000 more child-deaths than actually took place. The society does not claim to be solely responsible for this improvement, but it may certainly claim a considerable share in the child-saving work.

The Death of Bishop Westcott In the Bishop of Durham, whose death occurred in the latter part of last month, we have lost one who, in many respects, was the best bishop in the country. Dr. Westcott was a great scholar. He was a good bishop, and realised better than most of his brothers the duty of taking an interest in the non-eccllesiastical affairs of his diocese. He will be remembered in the north, not because of anything he said on theological matters, but because of the influence which he constantly exerted in favour of co-operation, co-partnership, and industrial peace and conciliation. One of his last public deliverances was his emphatic declaration to the Co-operative Conference held at Middlesbrough this year in favour of Labour co-partnership. It is a thousand pities that a life so long, so noble, so full of great services to the cause of peace and humanity should have been marred at its close by the shadow of the African war, for not even Bishop Westcott was proof against the sophisms by which the war was commended to the public.



Dr. Brouardel (Paris), Dr. G. Sims Woodhead, Sir G. T. Brown, Sir H. E. Maxwell,
Professor Koch, Sir W. H. Broadbent, Bart., Sir James Crichton-Browne.

THE BRITISH CONGRESS ON TUBERCULOSIS.

Some of the Chief Members.

(Drawn by S. Begg.)

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.





Westminster Gazette]

The Drowned Kitten.

THE DUKE OF D. (to Sir John Gost): "After all, it does not matter if it's being drowned. We can boil it down and make a meat extract of it."



Cavendo Tuttis.

THE DUKE OF D. "Look here, I say, Clara, you'd better take care—that's my kitten! If you drown it there'll be an awful row!"



Westminster Gazette]

The Lone, Long Furrow

"I never plough my furrow alone. That is my fate, agreeable or the reverse, but before I get to the end of the furrow it is possible that I may find myself not alone" —Lord Rose *ry at the City Liberal Club*. *July 19, 1901.*

Mr. Gladstone's speech on Monday evening in the House of Commons quoted, *apropos* of Lord Rosebery's position, from Cooper's line on Alexander Silurk. —

I am out of humanity's reach
I must finish my journey alone
Our artist declines to say where is the footprint on the sand.



Westminster Gazette]

Another Shock.

LIBERAL PARTY "Oh, dear me! What's the trouble now? And just when we were beginning to get on again so nicely, too!"

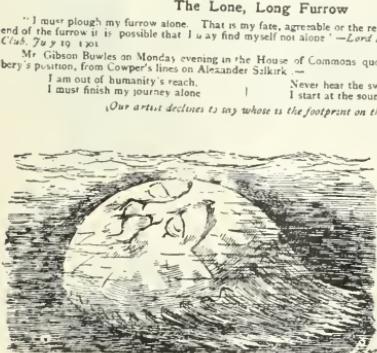
THE SEA-SERPENT "Don't be frightened, ma'am. I've only come up to blow!"



Westminster Gazette]

The Real Issachar.

Some difference of opinion exists as to what particular ass Lord Rosebery referred to in his letter to the City Liberal Club. As Issachar was a strong ass couching down between two burdens, we suggest that the above specimen is the one he meant.



Westminster Gazette .

Driftng with the Tide.

The jelly fish is a marine animal, gelatinous and free-swimming. It has thread cells on its lining organs, which by discharging minute barbed structures cause irritation on contact.

[July 19



A DULL INNINGS.

Under Mr. Finch (to himself). "WELL, IF THEY DON'T SCORE OFF THIS BODY OF BOWLING, THEY MUST BE A FEWEE LOT."



PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW!

Li Hung Chang bid the Opium-Boys WELL, GENTLEMEN, IF YOU MUST BE GOING—MY MASTER WILL BE SO SORRY TO HAVE MISSED YOU—YOU HAVE ALL GOT YOUR LOU'S."

(By permission of the proprietors of "London Punch.")



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Step-mother (after a blow which she'd given her son): "MY BOY TELLS ME YOU BEAT YOUR SON ABOVE HIS BACK THIS MORNING (turning pale)." "WELL, I—I MAY HAVE STRUCK HARDER THAN I INTENDED, BUT—" Step-father: "I THOUGHT I'D MAKE YOU A PRESENT OF THIS WHIP. YOU'LL FIND IT'LL LAST LONGER AND DO SUM MORE GOOD!"



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

"A NICE TIME TO BATHES IS IN THE EARLY MORNING, BEFORE ANYONE IS UP. JUST PUSH A BOX DOWN AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS!"

(By permission of the proprietors of "London Punch.")



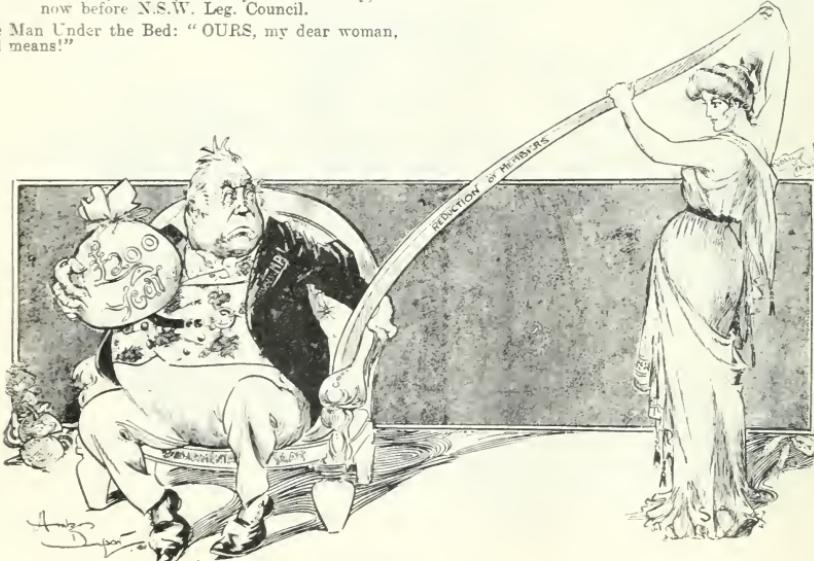
"Bulletin."] HE DAREN'T REFUSE.

The Woman Suffrage Bill, passed by the Assembly, is now before N.S.W. Leg. Council.

The Man Under the Bed: "OURS, my dear woman, by all means!"



"Quiz."] S.A. POLITICS: BURGLARS IN THE "HOUSE."



A PRETTY TOUGH JOB.

Miss S.A. Now then out you get, old un. We've been flattening you too long

S.A. "Critic."!



WAITING FOR THE TARIFF.

Commerce: "When are we to know our Fate? This uncertainty is killing me."

Freedom: "Courage, sister; with every day's delay the people are coming to our side."

Justice: "Yes, at least your shackles will be lightened, and that axe will never fall."



THE ARABIAN NIGHTS UP TO DATE.

Princess Barton Scheherezade and the Sultan, her Lord and Master, the Labour Party.

PRINCESS. Stay not thy Slave, yet, O King, for thou knowest the wukky tale of a White Australia, which I am even now telling unto thee, is not yet finished—the bireddle of the Old Age Protection is not yet begun—and there are a hundred other tales with which I will delight thy ears—nay, even will bluff my lord—if he will but stay the stern executioner's hand,

SULTAN: Umph! Get on with this story

("Arena.")



" Gentlemen, I regret excessively that the financial situation precludes the idea of further expenditure."



The Editor writes his headlines: Bankruptcy Inevitable! Increased Taxation!! Dire Disaster!!!



Downy Dick: "I find, honourable gentlemen, that, after all, the country is thriving, the purse is not empty, and the pessimists are disappointed."



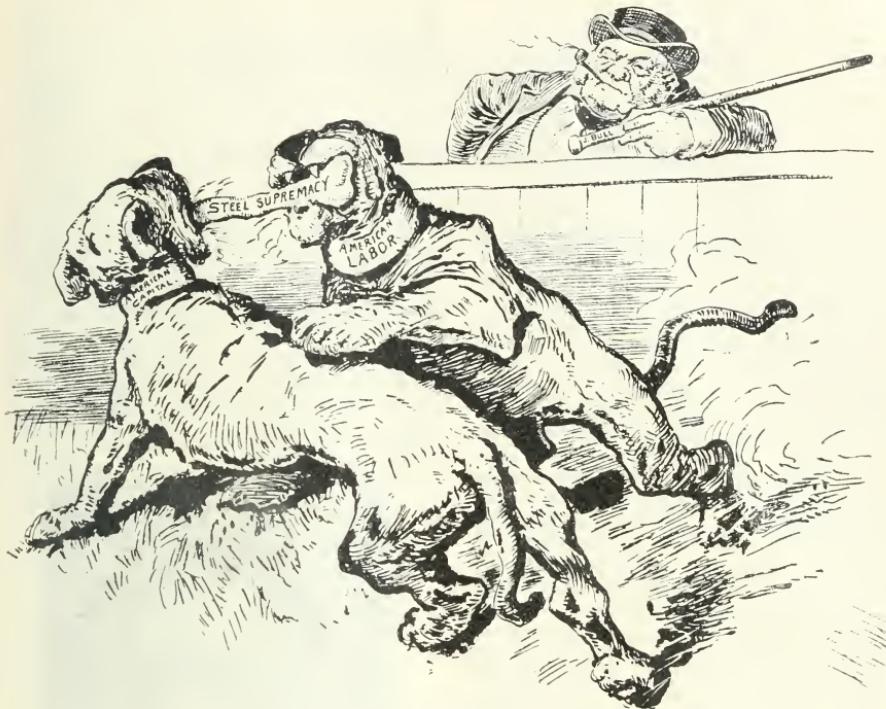
Perpetual Whiner: "Not ruined after all my prognostications of disaster. This is most inconsiderate. Please Providence, I'll get into Parliament myself, and will see that my theories of disaster are put into practice."



N.Z. "Free Lance."

A NEW ROLE FOR THE N.Z. CABINET.

The Minister for Public Health informed Major Steward that the Department is preparing a pamphlet for free circulation, containing simple rules for the proper care and feeding of infants and children.



THE INTERESTED SPECTATOR: "Sic 'em!"—From the *World* (New York).



A TEST OF STRENGTH.

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war."
From the *Journal* (Minneapolis).



LABOR'S DISTURBING DEMAND.

"Don't you think you might let me have a wing or that bird?"—From the *North American* (Philadelphia).

THE VICTORIAN WAGES BOARDS.

I.—THE CASE FOR THE WAGES BOARDS.

BY SAMUEL MAUGER, M.P., Secretary of the Victorian Protectionist Association.

"The last century can well be described as the golden age of humanitarianism."—Sir W. M'Millan.

Thanks, we say, to factory legislation, compulsory education, health acts, shipping acts, etc., all having for their object the "defeat of liberty"—the liberty of the few—to destroy, for their own selfish ends, our child life, and make beasts of burden of our women, and send our sailors to sea in floating coffins. Liberty is a fascinating term. It is a charmed word to conjure with. It is one of the misused and much abused words in our language. There are two types of liberty, negative and positive. Negative liberty is the liberty of savagery; positive liberty is the liberty of civilisation. Negative liberty is the mere absence of restriction. Those who possess the most of that kind of liberty have the least real freedom of any people on the earth. It was this kind of liberty our sweated workers enjoyed previous to Factory Acts and Wages Boards. It is the kind of liberty being enjoyed by the "white slaves of England," and the children of England engaged in domestic trades—an awful picture as depicted by Frank Herd in his "Cry of the Children"—children outside the reach of "restrictive" factory acts.

Sweating. :

What is liberty, with long hours and low wages? Is it liberty? Can liberty exist under such conditions? What rubbish it is to say people enjoy liberty when they are compelled to live and work under conditions such as the following, which were brought to light by the Council of the Anti-Sweating League, and verified by the Chief Secretary, after personal inspection. Here are a few of the cases:—

A. Shirt-finisher.—Expert hand. Three children. Husband out of work, and cannot get anything to do. Gets 4d. per dozen for finishing shirts. Taken ten minutes to do one. Sometimes works from 6 a.m. to 12 p.m., as she has to lose some time in going to and from factory, and must make up for it. Can only earn 2s. for twelve hours' continuous work. Out of this five individuals have to be kept, and house rent paid. Sometimes makes infants' dresses, for which she is paid 4*½*d. each. Working such long hours has seriously interfered with her health.

B. Shirt-maker.—Does machining only. Machines shirts throughout to make them ready for finishing.

Gets from 1s. 7d. to 2s. 2d. per dozen, but those at the lower rate pay best, as too much work must be put into the others for the additional money. Can do one dozen, working twelve to thirteen hours per day. Average earnings 1s. 7d. per day. Widow, four children; one working; earns enough to keep himself.

C. Mole-finisher.—Husband out of work; little girl helps her by taking work to and from factory and sewing on buttons; gets 2s. per dozen, out of this must provide own sewings. Can only do one pair per hour; usually works until 11 p.m., as some time is lost in the morning, waiting till work is brought from factory, as this factory insists that its work shall be returned every day. Average about 10s. per week, out of which three individuals must be kept.



Johnstone, O'Shannessy, photo.]

MR. SAMUEL MAUGER, M.P.

D. Mole-finisher.—Widow, two little children; gets 2s. per dozen, and occasionally a line at 2s. 6d. Takes twelve hours to do one dozen. Sole means of support. Finds own sewings.

Butchers.—Many are working as long as 90 hours per week, married men being paid as low as 17s. 6d. per week. The complaints from this trade are numerous and bitter.

Tanners and Curriers.—"Are very badly affected with the sweating scourge, similar to other trades; full-grown men—a great many, too—are getting as low as 1s. a week; and there are other practices in sweating: getting boys, say, 17 or 18 years of age, at perhaps 5s. to 10s. a week not to be taught the trade, but to do the work

cheap; as soon as they want more wages they are discharged to make room for more of the same sort. Sunday work is increasing."—J. W. Huggett, Secretary.

Pastrycooks.—The Factories Act protects the bakers and has largely bettered their position. The pastry-cook portion of the trade is still subject to unrestricted competition. The League possesses sworn declarations showing that men are working as long as 106 hours per week, for 25s. and 30s.

What is life or liberty to people living like these? To them life was a burden and liberty a mere mockery. The negative school of statesmanship—those of the "let-alone" policy, ably represented by Sir William M'Millan and Mr. Derham—sighs and longs for this kind of negative liberty, and represents a school of employers in New South Wales and Victoria opposed to all restrictive measures—hence their pleas for freedom. They are not alone; the same plea is being urged in England.

The Trend of Civilisation.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the shareholders of Kynoch (Limited), held at Birmingham on June 12 this year, Mr. Arthur Chamberlain said:—

"What economies could be effected if the manufacturer could carry on his business free from sanitary inspectors, free from smoke inspectors, free from chemical inspectors, free from the School Board inspectors, free from factory inspectors." (Hear, hear.)

Just so! What profit could be made if governments would only allow men, women, and children to be bought and sold like any other machine, and made a veritable "commodity"!

Mr. Chamberlain is wiser, however, than some of our Victorian manufacturers, and, in the same speech makes this significant remark:—

"At this time of day it was useless to ask that this kind of legislation might be repealed, but they might ask that its progress be stopped."

The chairman of the employers' meeting held in Melbourne recently, said it was in no way a meeting in opposition to the Factories and Shops Act. And Mr. Derham said: "If any practical scheme could be submitted for the abolition of sweating, the manufacturers of Victoria would support it."

The Alternative to Sweating.

"Willing to wound, but afraid to strike," aptly describes the position of many of those who, in the name of liberty, oppose all practical schemes of social legislation. Wages boards is the practical proposal of those opposed to sweating. Surely it is the duty of those who say they are also opposed to sweating, but do not believe in wages boards, to show a better way, before asking that ours should be suspended.

Prior to the present Factories Act and the establishment of Wages Boards—

1. Sweating was almost universal.
2. There was no minimum wage.
3. Long hours prevailed.
4. No record was kept of home workers.
5. Alleged apprentices were unpaid.
6. No check was even attempted upon unfair alien competition.

The machinery by which the Act attempted to stop sweating was "special boards," composed of equal number of employers and employed, with an outside chairman. These boards, on appointment, went exhaustively into the hours and wages suitable and fair for their several trades, and arrived at determinations which had the binding force of law. After making allowance for the temporary inconvenience to both employers and employed, due to the boards' "findings," it may be claimed that their labours, with few exceptions, have fully realised expectations, and the position of the worker strengthened and preserved. The Rev. A. R. Edgar, the first chairman of the Clothing Board, has said:—

"The Clothing Board did really good work. The determination was accepted as a fair compromise by the manufacturers, and on no vital point was I called on to give a casting vote."

The Bakers' Board arrived at a determination which has just been exceeded in Sydney by mutual consent of employers and employed, an agreement which both parties are anxious should be given the force of law, proving, beyond doubt, the good work and justice of the decision of the Victorian Bakers' Board.

The Shirt Board, presided over by Professor Gosman, has just come to a unanimous decision, and so with the Printers' Board. Given a fair trial, the supporters of the boards claim that Victorian experience will be identical with that of the Nottingham Hosiery Board, of which Mr. Mundella thus writes:—

"Formerly, in times of depression, the greatest irregularity prevailed; according to the individual character of the employers, the hard and unscrupulous trading on the wants of the workmen could bring down wages below a reasonable level. The more considerate must either follow suit or be undersold. Our Board has changed all that: all now pay the same price, and the competition is not who shall screw down wages the most, but who shall buy material the best and produce the best article." ("Means of Preventing Strikes"), The Right Hon. A. J. Mundella.

Given a fair trial, our wages boards will prove beneficial to employer, employed, and the public. Victorian employers have determined to organise. Workmen will do likewise. Organisation will be met with organisation. The two great industrial forces are doing what is essentially legitimate. They are both part, and an inevitable part, of the development of modern industrial society. Nothing can dispense with organised capital except a return to the hand labour method of industry.

Nothing can dispense with labour unions except turning back to the individual employer era. It is useless, therefore, for anyone, from any point of view, to decry either employers' unions or trades' unions. The real improvement must come, not in less organisation, but in more and better organisation. The next step must be mutual organisation, in which both capital and labour are equally represented, as on the wages boards.

Wages Boards.

The Victorian employers, who are being led by the Hon. F. T. Derham, are on the wrong track. Wages boards are open to improvement. It is possible they may have made mistakes. Changing circumstances, owing to Commonwealth contingencies, may impel review of determinations. Had the employers confined themselves to details, and earnest, honest effort after improvement, they would have been on safe ground; but when they go for wholesale destruction, for the suspension of boards in no way affected by inter-State changes—and suggest no constructive proposals—they are out of court. Wages boards, to my mind, is the next great step in industrial evolution. Employers' unions and trades' unions exist, and are indispensable, and, consequently, will continue to exist. So long as they are separate they become antagonistic, they misrepresent each other's position because they misunderstand each other's motives; and so the want of means to confide in and confer with each other on equal terms, gives rise to constant and far-reaching trouble, whereas mutual organisation, on the lines of wages boards, based on the full and frank recognition of the rights and privileges of both sides, with the free, equal right of each to discuss the claims of the other, in the presence of the other, and pass opinions upon the grievances of both sides, would develop a greater degree of confidence in both parties, and a much higher appreciation of the motives and methods of both.

The Gain of Mutual Knowledge.

Nothing, moreover, would do so much to take the average employer into a knowledge and appreciation of the condition, motives, and character of the workers, and, on the other hand, nothing could contribute so much to the broadening of the labourer's mind regarding the legitimate interests and conditions and motives of employers. It will raise the standard of honour, intelligence, and character of organised labour, because the representatives of unions would be compelled, by their very association with the representatives of employers, to be equally informed, equally intelligent, and equally courteous and respectful. The same contact would broaden the views, and often the character, of employers' representatives. It will be mutually educational, mutually moralising, and mutually harmonious, as well as contributing much, if not everything, towards the removal of whatever war elements now exist between the two great industrial forces of the community—organised employers and organised labour. Whatever the future may have in store for labour, the evolutionist, who sees nothing but steady and certain progress for the race, will never attempt to set bounds to its triumphs, even to its final form of complete and universal co-operation which, I hope, is some day to be reached. But I am convinced that the next step forward will be on the line of wages boards and arbitration. Of course it will be called Socialism, and its leaders will be sneered at by those who consider the last word has been spoken on political economy. But Australians care very little for epithets, and reformers for sneers. There are other names which they use—Justice, Humanity, Christianity; and they are feeling a growing pride in the knowledge that the Commonwealth is leading the civilised world to the ultimate goal of all true legislation and civilisation—the welfare of all.

II.—THE VICTORIAN WAGES BOARDS: A REPLY.

BY THE HON. F. T. DERHAM, President of the Chamber of Manufactures.

The wholesome, breezy article of Sir W. M'Millan in last month's number of "The Review of Reviews" should act as a salutary tonic to many who have been temporarily misled by the well-intentioned but inexperienced persons who have recently enjoyed popularity amongst the unthinking in this community. Briefly, what has been the

course of events in Victoria during the past few years? The so-called reformers admit that the majority of employers are humane in their treatment of their employees; but because an inconsiderable minority have sweated their work-people, some from the force of circumstances which they were powerless to control, and others from a want of



T. Humphrey and Co., photo.

HON. F. T. DERHAM.

proper feeling, which is warmly detested by us all, the whole of the industrial world, as we have it here, is to be enslaved by restrictive legislation, which, thus early in its operation, shows unmistakable signs that it has already retarded development. This is amply proved by the authoritative comparison just made public, showing that the increase in the numbers of employees in trades free from interference is three times greater than those under wages boards. This important fact is ignored by extremists, or only met by distortion in selecting certain trades for comparison instead of accepting the situation as a whole.

A Catalogue of Blunders.

The origin of the recent movement in favour of labour legislation was the existence of sweating to the limited extent already indicated, but the occasion was seized to introduce a wages system of a most pernicious character, the humane feeling of Parliament and the people being traded upon for the time being in a manner reflecting little enduring credit upon the methods of the self-styled reformers or upon the reputation for clear-sighted statesmanship of many of our legislators. It is frankly admitted that the Acts have done some good, but it is to be feared that the clumsy remedy has proved worse than the disease that it was claimed it would infallibly cure.

Mr. Mauger, M.H.R., says that "prior to the present Factories Act and the establishment of wages boards" certain conditions existed which will be dealt with in their order.

1. "Sweating was almost universal." This is a statement which it is believed is now made for the first time in the course of this controversy, and which is regarded as utterly opposed to fact.

2. "There was no minimum wage." Of course there was no minimum fixed by law. Such a comment was quite superfluous.

3. "Long hours prevailed." This in the face of the notorious fact that the eight hours system has generally been recognised in Victoria for many years, as is annually attested by the triumphant procession of the trades through the streets of the metropolis, in commemoration of labour's triumph and in many cases employers' generosity, and, be it observed, without the aid of legislative enactment.

4. "No record was kept of home workers." The introduction of a legal record is perhaps not an unmixed good.

5. "Alleged apprentices were unpaid." The charge that in a very few trades this practice existed, is made the stalking-horse for the imposition of a most baneful law restricting juvenile labour to such an extent as to deprive young persons of their undoubted right to earn their living in ways suited to their capacities; and by enforcing idleness upon the rising generation a crop of evil is being sown which must assuredly ripen in time to come.

6. "No check was even attempted upon unfair alien competition." This assumedly has reference to the Chinese. Truly, an unfortunate reference, for the reason that, at this point, the Act has failed, as admitted by the Chief Inspector.

7. Mr. Mauger says that the "special boards" were "composed of equal numbers of employers and employed," conveniently ignoring the gross miscarriages in the cases of the woollen mills and the fellmongers, which are being resisted by outraged employers.

Belated Geography.

In the earlier portion of Mr. Mauger's contribution under consideration, he indulges in some emotional references to "the white slaves of England," which may be disposed of by remarking that our Factories Acts attempt to deal with the state of things in Victoria, not England. If Mr. Mauger aspires to the settlement of industrial affairs in the motherland, may it be suggested to him that he should seek admission to the British House of Commons, where he might hear a greater English Liberal even than he is, Sir William Harcourt, repeat his recent statement that "Parliament has no right to deprive any man, whatever his colour, of the right to dispose of his own labour;" and while there he might witness a repetition of the

recent overwhelming vote against the principle of compulsory arbitration by the trades unionists of England.

The cases of sweating mentioned as having been brought to light by the Anti-Sweating League would have been fully met had the suggestion of the legalising of a provision for a living wage made by one of the largest deputations of employers to the Government in July, 1899, not been refused acceptance.

Notwithstanding this, Mr. Mauger goes on to say with great unfairness that "Sir W. M'Millan and Mr. Derham . . . represent a school of employers in New South Wales and Victoria opposed to all restrictive measures." Further, your present contributor has yet to learn that either of those named has opposed legislation imposing healthful conditions in factories, and restricting the hours of labour of females and boys. It is to be regretted that such wild charges should be made by one professing, as he does in his concluding words, to march under the banners of "Justice, Humanity, and Christianity."

The Cure of Sweating.

Mr. Mauger says that it is the duty of those opposed to wages boards, meaning, of course, those now enacted, to show a better way; to which it may be replied that the better way has been repeatedly shown in the suggestion of the living wage; but "there are none so blind as those who will not see."

Mr. Mauger shows much confusion of thought when he avers that "Victorian employers have determined to organise. Workmen will do likewise." He would have escaped the charge of incorrectness if he had said that workmen have long been organised, but that employers, having felt that their confidence in the wisdom and justice of Parliament had been miserably betrayed, would most likely in the future organise. Some difficulty will be experienced in following Mr. Mauger's reasoning that because the industrial world will thus be divided into two hostile camps, that therefore "the next step must be mutual organisation in which both capital and labour are equally represented." Perhaps Mr. Mauger may attempt to make this point clearer, and show how in bringing about anything "mutual" it can possibly be a wise course to first make the parties enemies. This, it is to be earnestly hoped, may never occur, Mr. Mauger's views notwithstanding. It is not desired to extinguish that good feeling between employer and employed which is the chief charm of industrial life.

Yet there is hope for Mr. Mauger. He says that "the wages boards are open to improvement. It is possible they may have made mistakes." Let him keep his mind open even to this small extent.

The Price to be Paid.

The broad questions to be considered, however, are, firstly, can the community afford the scales of wages fixed by the boards? Take, for instance, the pay of the linotypist in the printing trade, viz., £3 10s. per week of 42 hours, thus raising the rate for 48 hours to £4 4s. Again, for the same work of an apprentice bound for seven years at rates commencing at 6s. per week, rising to 27s. 6d., if put on the linotype he must be paid £3 3s. per week of 42 hours. This is certainly an exceptional case, but should such a condition be possible? Does it not show unsoundness in the law?

Perhaps it is more to the point to say that the scales fixed by the boards are in nearly all cases much higher in proportion than the earnings of those engaged in country labour, and that the burden of higher wages than the community can afford will inevitably roll on to the backs of the primary producers. Legislators may surely be invited to consider those who are the prop and mainstay of the national prosperity.

Secondly, what will be the condition of Victorian industries under the inter-State Free Trade so soon to be accomplished? Will the other States immediately introduce factories legislation similar to Victoria? It seems most unlikely for years to come. In the meantime are those who have made investments here, trusting to the good faith of Parliament, to be ruthlessly robbed under the authority of law? What relief do those who have brought about legislation of this character offer?

In conclusion let it not be forgotten that it is the inalienable right of every human creature of a working age to work for his living up to his capacity, and that any law barring this right is an invasion of a privilege that should not be tolerated in any British community. Further, that the existing laws have so impaired confidence and created so much unrest that enterprises that would have been embarked in, and extensions of existing industries that would have been made, have been abandoned. All persons not blinded by prejudice must see that our industrial future is gravely affected, and that some of those who have posed as deliverers will probably, unless a great change is soon made in our laws, be regarded as destroyers.

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT.

[The "Review of Reviews for Australasia" has not, hitherto, given any space in its columns to correspondence. Yet many letters reach us which are of general interest, and which we should be very glad to publish. To serve as a vehicle for the expression of public opinion is both a legitimate and a useful office for either a magazine or a newspaper. We shall be glad to give space in each issue for letters of general interest.—Editor "Review of Reviews for Australasia."]

Our Federal Flag Competition.

The flag competition naturally supplies the text for much correspondence; and we regret we are unable to insert all the letters sent to us on this subject.

"Fight for Flag" writes from Tasmania:—

"Quoting your first article: 'Many efforts are already being made to evolve a graceful, characteristic, and effective national symbol.' 'The appeal here made is to the artistic imagination and designing skill of the seven colonies.' Is it possible that, in the best part of a year, nearly 4,000 competitors, with over 30,000 designs, evolved nothing more 'graceful, characteristic, effective, artistic, imaginative, skilfully-designed' or original' than one six-pointed star (the effect of which the 'Australasian' well describes as 'blobby') as the sole symbol of 'the new and great political entity'? I trust and think not. There is great disappointment here, summed up by 'Parturient montes, nascitur ridiculus mus,' but the barren result is attributed to the judges, who, according to published interviews, attached most undue importance, not only to plainness as a signal of distress, but even to such pitiful economy as the amount of bunting to be cut into; surely points little to be regarded in 'giving birth to a flag to hold a proud place' in the world."

"Orion" writes:—

"The Federal flag has been chosen by judges duly appointed, and no doubt the prize will have to be paid to the designs selected by them, but it does not follow that the designs must become the Commonwealth flag. I am sure there are many designs much more suitable. I would call attention to the designs 'Crux Immissa,' and 'Imperium in Imperio,' and to the explanation that is on each of these designs. From remarks made by the judges we are led to suppose that any design that would not plainly show it was upside down was not considered suitable, as it could not denote a signal of distress. We already have this signal, as denoted by the ensigns being flown upside down, which has been known to nearly all the world for a great many years. Look at our grand old Union Jack, one of the best flags ever designed. It would make a poor signal of distress, as it would be difficult to say whether it was upside down or not, at even a short distance. As we already have our distress signal we do not want another to interfere with the established code. Let a flag be chosen that is historical, emblematic, and that at once expresses kinship with the mother country, and nothing upside down about it. In the selected design I notice one of the stars forming the Southern Cross has nine points. This, to me, has the appearance of a circular saw. I always understood that a star of the first magnitude was represented by eight points."

Under the title of "The Southern Cross," Mr. G. Butterfield, Sydney, writes:—

"The attempts to depict this symbolic constellation are as numerous as the stars visible on any clear night, but accurate delineations might be counted on the visible stars of that one group. Fortunately, the

prize flag shows one of these few latter representations, while the large, fictitious star, with the six petals, must be understood to be unconnected with the Southern Cross, and not to be found in the heavens.

"The more one becomes acquainted with the group of stars now under review the more are we struck with its beauty, and although somewhat an irregular cross, it enhances by the brilliance of its component stars, and, on closer inspection, by the variety of colour of the stars, each being as different in colour as in brightness from the others. And if to the group of coloured gems we add the adjacent superb pair of stars termed the two pointers, which follow the Cross in the diurnal rotation, pointing to the head of the Cross, we have a group unequalled in beauty, brilliance, and compactness. There is not, in any part of the heavens, a similar area enclosing three stars of the first magnitude, two of the second, and one of the third. The two stars pointing to the head of the Cross, and following it in the diurnal rotation, form the two fore feet of the Centaur, a large constellation, which extends in length and breadth on the celestial sphere, as long and wide as the continent of Australia on the terrestrial globe; and encloses on the north, east, and west, the Southern Cross, which evidently was included in the Centaur. And if we make a tracing of the stars composing that constellation, and place it on the map of Australia drawn to the same scale, so that the principal star, Alpha Centauri, falls within the largest State of Australia, namely, Western Australia, then the next largest star, Beta Centauri, will fall in the next largest State, South Australia; while the other four stars, crucis, will represent Tasmania on the south, Alpha Crucis; Queensland on the north, Gamma Crucis; Victoria on the west, and New South Wales on the east, Beta and Delta Crucis respectively. Thus a striking resemblance is seen, geographically, of the Southern Cross, and the two adjacent stars, to the six united States of Australia.

"At the present season of the year these stars are rather low down in the heavens during the whole night. At sunset the main shaft of the Southern Cross is horizontal, in a direction south-south-west, at an altitude of about thirty degrees, while the two pointers are in a nearly perpendicular line above the Cross. At midnight the whole group of stars is due south, close to the horizon, which, however, they never touch, but are perpetually above. Towards sunrise the stars rise obliquely to about thirty degrees, in a direction south-south-east, and culminate, due south, during daylight. At the dawn of the first day of the present year and of the present century, and the dawn of this new Empire, the Southern Cross stood erect, at its highest elevation, with its resplendent stars pointing north and south, uniting the great southern Empire with the northern Fatherland; and extending its arms east and west to embrace all the kingdoms of the world. There seems to be something more than mere fancy in adopting these stars, which never set in this southern latitude; as emblems of our nationality; and other southern kingdoms have not been slow to depict the Southern Cross on their escutcheon. We might claim more originality in our national flag if we substituted the two stars, Alpha and Beta Centauri, in their correct position, with regard to the Southern Cross, for the large, six-pointed star in the dexter base point of our banner, and omit the smallest star of the Southern Cross, Epsilon Crucis, in the sinister."

Mr. F. Birlew Cumberland, writes from Port Hope, Canada, on the subject of the flag competition, Mr. Cumberland is an expert authority on the whole subject. He says:—

"I send you a copy of my 'History of the Union Jack,' which at the present juncture may be of interest to you, particularly as coming from a brother colonial. I hope you will find it all readable, but I would ask your particular attention to Chapter XXVI., in which the possibility of a new ensign being sought for your Commonwealth is foreshadowed, and the world-wide meaning of our Imperial Union ensign narrated. I pray you, in whatever modification of the flag you may adopt, to stand by the Union Jack in the upper corner. It joins our hands across all the seas. It would be a grief to us in Canada if you were to leave it out of your ensign. I would draw your attention, also, to the ensign of 1776 (page 200) of the 'United Colonies of America,' which, by the excision of the Union Jack, when they left our allegiance, became the Union ensign of the separated 'United States,' and of which the 'Evening Herald' design is half a copy. The blood-red fighting flag of Britain, with a Commonwealth emblem in the fly, would tell us that you are of us and with us. May it be the historic basis of your new ensign, and a further bond of union between your Commonwealth in Australasia and ours in Canada."

A Federal Railway Gauge.

Mr. W. G. Wardrop, Hobart, writes on this subject:—

"One of the most pressing and important matters yet to be decided by the Federal Parliament is a uniform gauge of railway between the several States. This break of gauge is a most serious impediment in the transport of both passengers and merchandise. The royal visitors were greatly inconvenienced by having to change trains at the borders of the States. The writer can remember the great inconvenience to goods traffic—repeated throughout Australia—by the broad and narrow gauge meeting at Gloucester (England). The loss involved by transferring goods from one system to the other was estimated at 2s. 6d. per ton. It was found at Gloucester that it took an hour to remove the contents of a wagon full of miscellaneous merchandise from one gauge to another, with all the force of porters brought to act upon it. In transferring goods, bricks were uncounted, stones chipped at the edges, ripe fruit and vegetables crushed and spoiled, furniture, pots, etc., all more or less broken, bottles of wine deficient, and the fruit too late for market. At the changing stations in Australia live stock suffer, for, after being trucked, the animals have a decided objection to shift their quarters. Endless confusion was caused in Great Britain by different railway gauges. The Liverpool and Manchester line was laid down with a 4 ft. 8½ in. gauge, the Eastern counties and some Scottish lines adopted 6 ft. The Irish Belfast to Dublin line was constructed on the 6 ft. 2 in. scale; while the Drogheda Co., which set out from Dublin to meet the Ulster line, adopted a gauge of 5 ft. 2 in. The natural gauge for Ireland is now put down at 5 ft. 3 in., and I think that gauge would be the most suitable one for the whole of Australia. Victoria, South Australia, and New Zealand have adopted 5 ft. 3 in. as the best gauge. The prevailing gauge in the United States of America is 4 ft. 8½ in., down to 3 ft. and 2 ft. gauges. The railway gauge in the Isle of Man is 3 ft., and there is a line in South Wales—the Fechan—widened with perfect safety and remarkable economy. The Indian Government adopted the metre gauge of 3 ft. 3 in. Mr. Brunel, the famous engineer, declared that 4 ft. 8 in. is exactly the proper width for railways, and would prove the best possible dimension; but with the more powerful engines constructed now than in his day, a wider gauge than 4 ft. 8 in. is preferred. Mr. Brunel got 4 ft. 8½ in.—measured from the inside of one rail to the

inside of the other—fixed by law as the standard gauge, and the most suitable for general convenience. Mr. Brunel's favourite gauge was 7 ft., but he foresaw that the broad gauge would have to give way to the narrow one. There is not the least doubt but that travelling on the G.W.R. broad gauge of 6 ft. 2 in. or 7 ft. was the most pleasant; the increased steadiness and smoothness of motion rounding curves, etc., being very noticeable, particularly at high speeds. For the transport of goods the narrow gauge possesses the greater convenience, and is more suited to the general traffic of a country. As population and greater competition increase in Australia the loss of time entailed by the present gauges would be fatal to trade.

What Famous Men Say About the "Review of Reviews for Australasia."

We continue to receive many pleasant testimonies to the value of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" from every part of the world:—

General Gaselee, commanding the China Field Force, writes from Pekin:—

"I am much obliged to you for forwarding a special copy of the April number of the 'Review of Reviews for Australasia.' The magazine is so well got up, and, to judge by the number sent, is calculated to do much good in diffusing knowledge of what is going on in the world, at a low price. . . ."

General S. F. Grenfell, Governor of Malta, writes:

"I am grateful for the copy of your 'Review of Reviews,' which I greatly admire."

Lord Thring writes from the Reform Club, London:—

"Many thanks for the copy of the Australian 'Review of Reviews,' which I have read with the greatest interest. It is animated by that admirable spirit which has brought the Australian colonies so close to the mother country in a time of trial."

Sir G. T. Carter writes from Government House, Nasau:—

"Let me acknowledge with many thanks the copy of the Australasian 'Review of Reviews,' which you have been good enough to send me. Apart from the special object of the present issue, it seems to me that the magazine is admirably got up, and contains a mass of very interesting matter. I am quite sure that such a publication cannot be otherwise than a great success, and it has my very best wishes for a long and prosperous career."

Australian Cities.

A correspondent writes from Adelaide, complaining that some of our remarks comparing Australian and European cities are misleading, and "one, at least, is quite inaccurate":—

"The fact that the population of Australian cities is reckoned on a basis almost or quite unknown elsewhere, is entirely overlooked. The figures are made up by taking the inhabitants within a ten mile radius of the Post Office. If this were done with many cities in other parts of the world, the effect would be remarkable. For instance, Leeds, with about 430,000, is only eight miles from Bradford with about 240,000, and possibly there are many neighbouring towns which would largely add to the total. The figures for Boston would, I believe, increase enormously if Australian methods were in vogue. The statement that either Melbourne or Sydney is larger than any German town except Berlin is entirely wrong, as Hamburg, according to Whittaker's Almanac for the current year, has 568,666, which, apparently, is independent of Altona, really part of the same place, and which has 143,249."

THE FEDERAL FLAG COMPETITION.

FOUR "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" COMPETITORS SUCCESSFUL.

What is the flag of Australia? The design on the cover of the present issue "gives answer" —for it has been chosen from over 30,000 others by the five expert judges, and recommended to the Government for adoption as the Commonwealth flag.

The staff of workers, under the superintendence of Mr. J. S. Blackham, of the Melbourne "Herald," were occupied for some weeks in cataloguing and arranging the exhibits in the Melbourne Exhibition Building.

"You have set us a pretty tolerable task!" said one of the judges as they walked into the Exhibition, and some hundreds of square yards of coloured designs blazed on their view. And even when the caricatures had been separated from the serious sketches; the day-dreams—and, in some cases, the nightmares—from the practical plans; the possibles, in short, from the impossibles, it was still difficult to choose the most suitable.

Several important matters had to be considered. Due regard had to be paid to history, heraldry, blazonry, distinctiveness, utility, and cost of making up in bunting. It was apparent, thought the

judges, that a Commonwealth flag, to be representative, should contain the Union Jack, to stand for Great Britain, the Southern Cross for the continent, and some symbol to signify the unity of the six States. When those designs which would have served for kindergarten object-lessons, decorations for a Chinese pagoda, or patterns for cheap linoleums had been turned aside, it was found that a large percentage of the remainder contained the Union Jack, the Southern Cross, and suggestions of the States in various forms.

But a very large section of the competitors had made originality their chief aim, and a cheerful disregard of the elementary rules of blazonry and heraldry in the arrangement of their symbols put them out of court. The Union Jack could have but one place on a flag, yet it appeared in the centre, and at all the corners in turn; occasionally it was mutilated, and sections placed in each of the four corners, whilst, in other instances, it was set in a plain or ornamental border.

In spite of Mark Twain's ridicule, there is more in the Southern Cross than meets the eye, and, apparently, the competitors found this out, for



A FEW "REVIEW" DESIGNS AT THE EXHIBITION.



MR. L. J. HAWKINS,
Sydney.



MR. IVOR EVANS,
Melbourne.



MR. E. J. NUTTALL,
Prahran.

only a minority managed to place the stars in the proper position, or to draw them correctly. Some totally ignored the fact that the stars are but the points of the Cross, and boldly ruled in Roman or Greek crosses according to fancy.

The greatest scope for originality, of course, lay in the representation of the Commonwealth, and some excellent suggestions had to be turned aside as impracticable in a flag. Triangles and circles, however cleverly interwoven, would puzzle

the shipmaster, who would require one of Sam Weller's magnifying glasses to decipher them; whilst rainbow combinations are strictly prohibited. One competitor conceived the idea of an Australian-wheel, on the lines of the Manx-wheel; but the six clenched fists for a hub, and the half-dozen muscular arms for spokes, rather robbed the wheel of its gracefulness. On the fly of another design appeared six hands, a circle of index fingers pointing towards the centre, where

Britannia tried to appear unconscious of a lack of winter clothing. Six boomerangs scurried in wild flight across one field, a six-tailed kangaroo was browsing in a second, a six-rayed comet in colours adorned a third, whilst the fly of a fourth, which might have done duty for a menagerie advertisement, was intended to bear a typical native animal of each of the six federating States. The designer of this elaborate flag explained that should other States come in it would be a simple matter to add an animal or bird for each to his zoological collection—a moa for New Zealand, and so on.

Finally, the judges decided on the pair of flags which appear in one of the accompanying photographs. A large number of designs carrying more or less the same idea were received, and five of



MR. W. STEVENS,
Auckland, N.Z.



MISS ANNIE DORRINGTON,
Perth, W.A.



THE WINNING PAIR OF DESIGNS.



THE JUDGES AND OFFICIALS.

First Row: Mr. J. S. Blackham, Capt. Clare, Mr. G. Stewart, Lieut. Thompson.
Second Row: Capt. Edie, Capt. Mitchell, Capt. Evans, M.H.A.

these were sufficiently alike to warrant the judges in dividing the prize money between their originators.

It was mentioned in a previous number that designs had been received by us from all parts of the world, and a curious proof of this was the fact that four of the five successful designers had sent their flags to the "Review of Reviews," one coming from Sydney, one from Perth, one from Auckland, and one from Prahran. The fifth prize-sharer was a Melbourne man, who sent his design direct to the Government.

This was supplied by various forms, such as by coloured bars, shields, devices, stars, figures, letters, animals, etc., introduced in various colours, forms, and positions on the several designs.

It was apparent that a Commonwealth flag, to be representative, should contain:

The Union Jack on a blue or red ground; a six-pointed "star," representing the six federated States of Australia immediately under the Union Jack, and pointing direct to the centre of St. George's Cross, and of a size to occupy the major portion of one quarter of the flag; the Southern Cross in the fly, as being indicative of the sentiment of the Australian nation.



Harvey and Sutcliffe, photo.]

Some designs sent in through the "Review of Reviews" awaiting arrangement. The portrait given is of Mr. J. S. Blackham, who superintended the classification and arrangement of the flags.

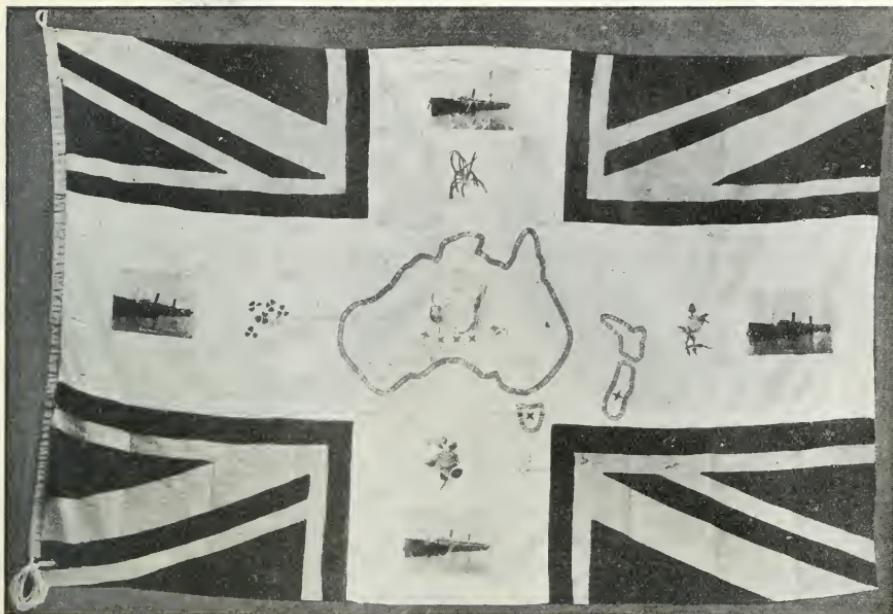
When the judges had completed their task, the Flag Exhibition was thrown open to the public on September 3, the Countess of Hopetoun and Mr. Barton, the Prime Minister, performing the opening ceremony.

Mr. Barton read the following report from the judges:—

Sir,—Attracted by the loyalty and sentiment of the Australian people, as represented by the 30,000 designs of a national flag (the great majority of which contained the Union Jack and Southern Cross), it was felt that the only additional emblem required was one representing the Federation of the six States.

Such a combination should be easily distinguished as a signal of distress, as original in character, and should be agreeable to the home authorities, as they have already given their sanction to the Southern Cross being shown in some of the State flags, such as New Zealand, Victoria, etc., and exception could not be taken to the one star under the "Jack." Many designs somewhat similar were rejected as not being in accord with heraldry borders round the Union Jack, contrary to the heraldry and blazonry of flags, crosses, coloured stars, stars too small to be seen at a distance, and otherwise faulty in design.

In conclusion, we may state that our task was no easy one, but our desire was to give to the people of our new-born nation a symbol that would be endearing

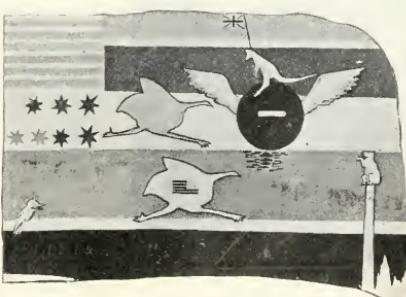


ORIGINAL, BUT IMPOSSIBLE!

The above design comprises a distorted Union Jack for background, a map of Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, edged with green silk, water colour drawings of the Australian coat of arms, the English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh emblems, and gelatine photographs of four steamships. The designer evidently forgot that the Australian flag might also have to "brave a thousand years the battle and the breeze"!



A COMPETITOR WHO FANCIED THE KANGAROO.



TYPICALLY AUSTRALIAN.



THE OBVERSE DESIGN,
By Mr. D. H. Souter.



THE REVERSE DESIGN,
By Mr. Blamire Young.

THE COMMONWEALTH SEAL.

and lasting in its effect, and, with that end in view, we hope we have been successful.

We have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servants, on behalf of the judges.

J. W. EVANS,
J. A. MITCHELL.

To the Right Hon. E. Barton, M.H.R., Prime Minister.

The prize, said Mr. Barton, consisted of £75 awarded by the Government, £75 donated by the "Review of Reviews for Australasia," and £50 added by a private firm. He then opened the envelopes bearing the noms-de-plume of the winners, and, amidst applause, read the list, which was as follows:—

"Ahasuerus," Annie Dorrington, Winkfield Bazaar Terrace, Perth, W.A. ("Review of Reviews" competitor).

"Elpis," L. J. Hawkins, Leichhardt, Sydney. ("Review of Reviews" competitor).

"Six-pointed Star," E. J. Nutall, Williams-road, Prahran ("Review of Reviews" competitor).

"Zoe," William Stevens, Upper Vincent-street, Auckland, N.Z. ("Review of Reviews" competitor).

"Simplicity," Ivor Evans, Elizabeth-street, Hay Market, Melbourne (Government competitor).

The selection of a nom-de-plume was evidently a matter of grave concern to not a few of the competitors. Naturally a goodly number hit on the same name or phrase, but even in the choice of a pseudonym, there is plenty of scope for originality, and some truly remarkable results were achieved. The



MR. D. H. SOUTER,
Bondi, N.S.W.



MR. BLAMIRE YOUNG,
Melbourne.

most popular signature was "Pro bono publico," which one ingenious individual, doubtless with frequent references to the back of his dictionary, enlarged into "Pro noster bono republico, sub stella Australis." "In hoc signo vincis," was another favourite, whilst "Advance, Australia" was a third. An individual, probably with an eye to the main chance, ventured on "Advance, Bartoni"—but, unfortunately, the Prime Minister was not one of the judges. A second tried "A spark of hope," but it was not destined to be kindled. A third, who sent in several pairs of designs, apparently christened them after the members of the family, then after the Virtues; and when this list was exhausted, turned to heathen mythology for terms. "The six sisters" looks better than it pronounces, whilst such noms-de-plume as "Rats," "Boomerang," "Whiroo," and "Kangaroo-ster," give some idea of the designs under which they appeared. The signatures under the winning designs were: "Simplicity," "Ahasuerus," "Elpis," "Six-pointed Star," and "Zoe."

All queries regarding the Federal Flag Competition should be addressed to the Secretary, Department of External Affairs, Parliament House, Melbourne. The Government does not guarantee to return all designs; but every effort will be made to return any designs for which special application is made.

The Federal Seal.

In conjunction with the Flag Competition the Government called for competitive designs for a seal for the Commonwealth. A prize of £75 was offered, to which a business firm added a further sum of £50. Some 300 designs were submitted, in many of which excellent artistic skill was displayed, though it must be confessed that only a comparatively small section of the competitors had more than a vague idea of the essentials of a national seal. A point that puzzled some was the request that in all cases an obverse and reverse design should be submitted. Quite a number of designers worked out their ideas, with the evident expenditure of a great amount of time and skill; having thus produced what they considered an "obverse" picture, they just as carefully re-drew it backwards, forgetting that a medal is two-sided, not transparent.

The judges commented that the display was, on the whole, a most creditable one. They had decided, after careful consideration, to select the obverse drawing from one pair, and the reverse from another. When Mr. Barton opened the sealed envelopes, it was found that the prize-winners were Mr. Blamire Young, of Carlton, and Mr. D. H. Souter, of Sydney, both of whom are known by their work in the illustrated papers. The prize designs and the photos of the artists appear on previous page.

Who Wrote Shakespeare—and Everything Else?

In the "National Review" Mr. A. P. Sinnett revives the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy with a vengeance. In a paper, entitled "New Light on Shakespeare," he calls attention to what he describes as:

The dazzling discoveries set forth in the last great book on the subject, "The Bi-Literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon," by Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup. The lady mentioned discovered this cipher while helping another Baconian student of America, Dr. Owen, in the elucidation of another cryptograph of which it is unnecessary to say more than this. It confirms the story of the bi-literal cipher, though this last appears to have been used for the fullest exposition of the story the author of the cryptographs wished to imbed in the plays.

Mr. Sinnett is very confident about it. He says "if," and there is a great virtue in an if.

If the cipher can be verified there is an end to all rational dispute. The people, if there should be any, who would thereafter continue to regard the manager of the Globe Theatre as the writer of the plays produced under his name, would be the literary counterparts of the flat earth men who still survive here and there for the amusement of the sane inhabitants of the world at large.

But Mr. Sinnett does not seem to possess any sense of humour; otherwise he would hardly have written the following:

The bewildering part of the discovery is that the same bi-literal cipher runs not merely through the Shakespeare plays, but also through a quantity of other Elizabethan literature, suggesting the conclusion that writings published under the names of Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Spenser, and Burton were all really from the pen of the one prodigious genius.

After this we may be quite prepared to know that Bacon was the one and only person that has ever appeared in print from Homer down to the last number of the "Review of Reviews."

CHARACTER SKETCH.

FRANCESCO CRISPI.

BY GIOVANNI DALLA VECCHIA.

Crispi has been the best loved and the most hated statesman of Modern Italy. He has had moments of great popularity, during which no one, from the King downward, was greater than he; and he has had moments of strong unpopularity, during which the worst scoundrel appeared to be the better man of the two. There were periods in which Crispi seemed to be the pivot of the national life, and there were also periods in which no one knew or cared to know where Crispi was and what he was doing. Crispi was often compared with Bismarck—a most fantastical comparison indeed. Were it possible to compare one statesman with another, the statesman who most nearly approaches Crispi's character is Mr. Chamberlain. In the life of these two statesmen there are many points of a striking similarity. Both went from one extreme wing to the other, both had their mind fixed on the African continent, both had many admirers, many haters, but very few personal friends. Crispi did not care for such, and he was of too superior a nature to make it possible for anyone to feel his equal. He was truly loved by many, but their relationship to him was that of admirers toward the object of their admiration. Many of his deadly opponents would have been reckoned among his admirers had he not offended them by his abruptness or had he pelted them when they approached him. He did not fear foes nor did he flatter friends, as his haughtiness did not allow him to do so, and consequently he had a troublous life.

The name of Crispi has been written in golden letters in the history of Italian independence, and though two opinions are possible, both as to his personal character and his Ministerial life, as to his patriotism there is but one opinion. He deeply loved his country, though one may say with Shakespeare, "He loved not wisely, but too well." Before he was twenty he was foremost among the members of the "Giovine Italia," Mazzini's organisation for the redemption of Italy. The House of Bourbon have never had in Sicily a more determined opponent than this young Albanian, because Crispi, though a Sicilian by birth, was an Albanian by race, and in his patriotic aspirations often included the deliverance of Albania from the Turkish yoke. He was a born conspirator, and conspiracy was his natural element. So long as there was a Bourbon to conspire against, all his energies were turned in that direction; then he conspired against the Italian Moderate party and the Italian Republican party, and when in the fulness of time he reached the highest place in the government of the country he seemed to see everywhere conspirators against him. Events wrought his fortune, but he worked out his own ruin. At the time of the 1891 crisis a friend of his regretfully stated that Crispi's greatest enemy was Crispi himself, and there was much truth in it, as will be seen later on.

When the Revolution of 1848 broke out, Crispi took a prominent part in the overthrowing of the Bourbon sway in Sicily. Reactionary Europe helped the restoration of the House of Bourbon, whose government,

however, was soon afterwards denounced by Gladstone as "the negation of God."

Crispi had to flee the country, and he went successively to France, to England, to Malta, and lastly to Turin, then called the Mecca of the Italian National Party. The ancient capital of Piedmont was then overcrowded with patriots from every part of the country. Crispi, being still under the influence of Mazzini, was precluded from approaching the Cavourian party. Private means he had none, and as a lawyer he could not find work, as there were a multitude of briefless barristers at the time in Turin, and therefore he found that place anything but comfortable. In a moment of despair, he applied for the post of town clerk of a village district, to which was annexed the handsome salary of £28 per annum. His application was not accepted, and well it was for the nation that it was not.

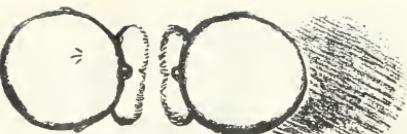
Crispi then turned his attention to his native Sicily. He paid a flying and secret visit to the island, and afterwards informed Garibaldi that the ground was fully prepared for an early insurrection, and Garibaldi, induced by Crispi and Bixio, started on May 5, 1860, for his immortal campaign. Crispi on that occasion performed a magnificent service. He was Garibaldi's right-hand from Genoa to Palermo, where Garibaldi appointed him head of the temporary Government under the pro-dictatorate of Depretis. Crispi asserted his power too strongly against the Moderate party, and in a manner to render the Constitutional party hostile to him, and this greatly hindered his political career. If he had acted otherwise, most probably he would have had a much earlier Ministerial career, and I have no doubt whatever that if Crispi had been a member of the Rattazzi administration, Aspromonte and Mentana would have had a different beginning or a different result.

In 1860, Cavour was at the highest point of his career, Crispi was but beginning his; yet I am almost sure that if Crispi could have been brought under the influence of Cavour, Crispi's future work would have been much more useful. As a matter of fact, only three years after Cavour's death Crispi made his historical declaration, "The Monarchy unites us, the Republic would divide us," and thereby he entered the Monarchical party. Mazzini did not spare him his thunders, and the friendship between these two old conspirators came to an end.

From 1866 to 1876 Crispi took an active part in the Parliamentary discussions as one of the leaders of the Opposition. He was then much inclined to personal attacks, and for a better display of the same he started in 1867 his newspaper "La Riforma," in which he accused several members of the Ministerial party of corruption. A Parliamentary Commission was appointed to inquire into Crispi's indictment, and the verdict went in the whole against the accuser. Crispi gave then the nation a bad example, which was followed, twenty years afterwards, by Cavallotti, and against Crispi and his friends. Another Parliamentary Commission was appointed, and the accused this time were censured. Therefore, Crispi was struck by the

same weapon he himself had wielded against his own opponents.

On March 18, 1876, the Moderate party, which had ruled Italy for sixteen years, was defeated in the House, and the King sent for Depretis, the leader of the Opposition. Crispi was left out of the Ministerial combination, but Depretis appointed him President of the Chamber, an office of great importance, but with no emolument attached to it. Crispi, poor or rich, always loved a life of great splendour, and as soon as he became President of the Chamber of Deputies he assumed a more princely air. During the Parliamentary holiday of 1877, he travelled in state through Europe, visiting, among others, Bismarck and Gambetta. This Presidential journey—unprecedented and never to be followed—attracted for the first time the attention of Europe to Italy's rising statesman. He had only just returned to Italy when Giovanni Nicotera, the Home Secretary, was defeated in the House. Depretis offered that office to Crispi, who accepted on December 23, and two days after, being Christmas Day, he committed in Naples the greatest blunder of all his life. On that day he married secretly the lady who ever since has been known as Signora Crispi. Crispi had another wife, known to all Crispi's friends. Morally it was a bigamous marriage, and an ungrateful act toward the previous wife. It has often been stated that it was Queen Margherita who first discovered that Crispi had suddenly changed his wife, and that she spoke about it to Nicotera, who was a favourite of the Court and a rival of Crispi. Nicotera enquired into the matter, and a few days after he pub-



"Pasquino," 1889.]

To those who think that the heads of Bismarck and Crispi, seen from above, could be confounded!

lished in his paper, "Il Bersagliere," the full story of Crispi's secret marriage. Crispi had too many enemies to escape punishment, and was compelled to resign in disgrace. No one arose to defend Crispi; the only plea of justification put forward was that Crispi married the new wife in order to legitimatise a girl she bore him fifteen years before. The moral sentence was very severe, and it was not lessened by the fact that the legal sentence was in favour of Crispi. He was acquitted by the court on the following reasoning: "When Crispi married for the third time, his first wife was dead; the second marriage was not legal because contracted during the lifetime of the first wife, and therefore the third marriage was legal." I am now talking of a matter which twenty-three years ago produced in Italy the greatest commotion possible. Crispi's best friends heartily deplored this marriage, because by it he repudiated a woman who had been his only comfort, help, and support during the long years of his exile, and because she had been his companion during the campaign of 1860, for which she received the medal of the Thousand. Nothing was then known of the character of the new wife, but her scandalous conduct afterwards made Crispi's blunder more deplorable. One of Crispi's admirers, in justification to Crispi, made the following statement: "Crispi, notwithstanding his shrewdness and abruptness, is but a baby in the hands of a woman; a woman, if pretty, has but to smile on him to make him love her, and he thinks he must marry every woman he loves." I consider this a very fine way to put it, and one which in Turkey would be most rational and praiseworthy. Unfortunately for Crispi, Western civilisation had set a different rule of life, and he could not act in Italy as he could have done in the land of his forefathers—Albania.

Lina Crispi soon became a power in the State. She knew how to order her husband about. In the winter of 1887 she was at Syracuse; the principal lady there was then the Duchess of Torlonia, wife of the Mayor of Rome. The Duchess entirely ignored the wife of the Premier, and Donna Lina wired to Crispi asking, so to say, the head of the Duke Torlonia. Crispi dismissed him under the pretext that he had paid a complimentary visit to the Cardinal Vicar-General of Rome. Bismarck's wife, Gladstone's wife, Harrison's wife, have been true helpmeets to their husbands; but Crispi's wife has been his ruin, morally and politically. It is very hard to have to accuse a woman in order to render the aspect of a man's life less ugly, yet there is no other way out of this. The late Mr. Stillman had been a great admirer of Crispi—undoubtedly the most disinterested and enthusiastic of all his admirers—and what he said in his autobiography can be quoted here as the personal testimony of one who has had many opportunities of forming a judgment of the whole situation:—

At the receptions of the Queen (wrote Mr. Stillman) Signora Crispi, who was really an antipathetic person, had her seat in the Royal circle, where she sat as com-



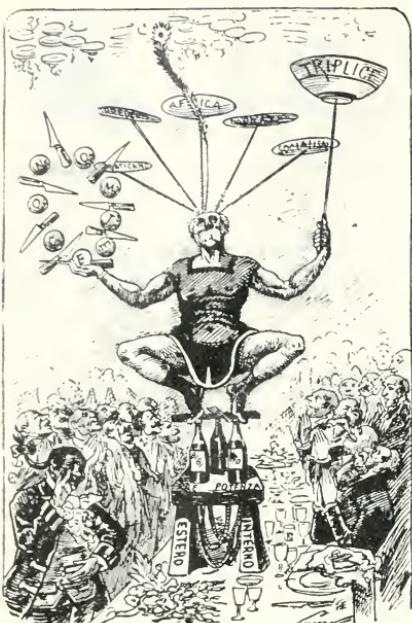
"Triboulet," 1888.]

THE ITALIAN BOOT.

Crispi: "Does it fit?"

Bismarck: "Like a glove."

France: "Take care, it is on the wrong foot."



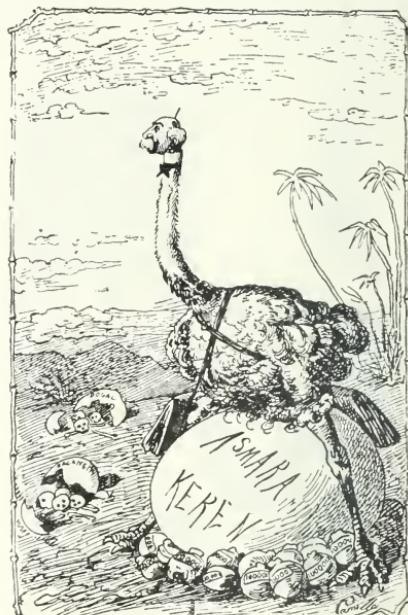
"Fischietto," 1890.]

THE CONJURER.

pletely ignored by all present as if she were a statue of Aversion. I am convinced that the larger part of animosity shown for Crispi by the better classes in Rome was due to her. On one occasion I heard General — (one of the Thousand) saying to another person, "Poor Crispi, he has not a friend in the world." "Nonsense, he has thousands of friends," replied the other. "No," returned the General, "if Crispi had one friend he would kill that woman. . . ."

Crispi's third wife was bad, and her entourage, which became his, was worse still. It appears to me strange and almost incredible that a man of such power, determination and strong-mindedness should have become a tool in the hands of an unscrupulous woman. No one can understand how a man, who in the political life played the role of a Bismarck, should be within his own house utterly powerless, impotent alike to prevent evil and to do good, impotent even to save his reputation as an honest man. Crispi's subserviency to his wife was beyond self-respect. She wanted money—much money—and Crispi without a moment's reflection procured that money for her from the banks, thereby losing his power over them. I shall not be surprised to hear that Crispi has died relatively poor. No one ever expected he would die a rich man, as he always had the reputation of spending much more than his income allowed him to do. Under this aspect Crispi has given his countrymen a very bad example; but the Italians may easily forgive him for this, as in the Italian political world the two feelings which prevail over any other are forgiveness and forgetfulness. However, the consequences of Crispi's bad example are still noticeable.

Crispi's motto could have been the following one: "Money no object," as both in his private life and as a Minister he acted upon this principle. Somebody has given to the Italian the following paradoxical axiom: "The more one spends, the more one gets;" and Crispi believed in it. The financial situation of Italy—not always flourishing—has never given Crispi a moment's trouble. His ideal of Italy was a great and powerful country, a country second to none, and by stating this he became popular and was much praised; but I beg leave to say that if the duty of a statesman is to limit the aspirations of the nation to her means and to what is practicable, certainly in the performance of this duty Crispi utterly failed. Again, if the principal characteristic of a statesman is foresight, Crispi has shown himself to be a poor one. He never inquired into the future, he never took counsel from the experience of others, and he attempted things which no other statesman would ever have dreamed of doing, and he failed to achieve ends which statesmen of much less intellectual calibre and vigour than he could have very easily achieved. But, if statesmanship consists chiefly of single-mindedness, determination, and daring, undoubtedly Crispi deserves to be reckoned as one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century. It may be said that he misread the mind of the people, that he miscalculated the resources of the nation; but no one can say that Crispi did not know his own mind and the full extent of his power.



"Fischietto," 1889.]

The ostrich continues to sit upon the African egg. Let us hope that the result will not be the same as before.

[Subsequent events proved that the fear expressed above came only too true.—Ed.]

I think it is not possible to judge Crispi fairly without taking into account the social and peculiar conditions at the time when he was entrusted with the administration of the Government. He became Premier for the first time in 1887. Italy had just passed through a period of great perplexity. Cairoli was deceived in a very cruel way by France concerning Tunis, and Manicini—to repair the blunder committed, when Italy refused Lord Granville's invitation to co-operate with England in Egypt—had embarked in a colonial adventure in the Red Sea. Crispi's mind was well known as to the Tunis affair and as to Lord Granville's invitation. He would have opposed France in Tunis by any means, or taken Tripoli as compensation, and he would have accepted Lord Granville's invitation. On these two points the majority of the nation was with him. I was in Rome at the time when Depretis reformed for the last time his Ministry, and Crispi was called back from his retirement and appointed Home Secretary. The return of Crispi to power, after nine years of banishment from Ministerial life, was hailed with satisfaction by many, as the need of a strong hand at the helm of the State was then much felt, and because it was generally understood that Crispi was going to be Depretis' successor. Crispi before accepting office had a long interview with Depretis, of the details of which I was informed an hour after the interview. The point chiefly discussed was the African Colony. Crispi was in favour of the same, but in the north—Tripoli—and not in the east of the African continent. Eventually Crispi changed his mind as to the Red Sea Colony, and in due time became an enthusiast over the same. Depretis died soon after, and Crispi was commissioned by the King to form the new administration. He went to Turin to make his first speech as Premier, and he spoke with a vigour that endeared him to all Northern Italy; of the Southern Italy he was the natural representative. To show the world that Crispi

was Crispi, he introduced, like a director of a dramatic company, to the Assembly his Ministers one by one with a personal complimentary remark for each. The remark which mostly impressed me at the time was the following one: "And this is Agostino Magliani, who has placed the finances of the country on a granite rock." Crispi never understood finance, never read in the future, or he would have spoken of a foundation of sand instead of a granite rock. Magliani sacrificed the finances of the country to the love of popularity, and a pretty mess he made of them. The way, however, Crispi spoke of his Ministers was not purely incidental: A month afterwards he made the following statement to Parliament:—"Ministers are public functionaries; they are responsible to me, and I answer for them all before the Parliament." The novelty of the thing helped to pass off this constitutional heresy. But be it said to the credit of Crispi that he remained faithful to his Ministers, and he did not sacrifice any of them to prolong his lease of office. Both Crispi's immediate predecessors and successors when in difficulty did not hesitate to throw overboard the Minister who happened to have incurred the displeasure of the Opposition, and appointed in his stead a Minister selected from the Opposition bench. Of this mean trick Crispi remained guiltless. Crispi continued in power for over three years. His majority was chiefly composed of the Moderate party, but on one occasion he forgot it, and, being attacked by a member of the same party, insulted the lot, and by losing his temper he lost his premiership, as the majority turned against him, and he was left in a minority. Four years afterwards Crispi formed his second and last administration.

Crispi identified himself with the two principal features of King Humbert's reign—to wit, the Triple Alliance and the Italian Colony in Africa. The Triple Alliance was formed long before Crispi was a Premier, and did not die with him, yet for a long period of years the Triple Alliance and Crispi seemed to be synonymous. This was because Crispi most unwisely gave to the Alliance the character of hostility to France. I happened to be in Rome the day on which Crispi started for his first visit to Bismarck. This visit can be considered as the fundamental mistake of Crispi's foreign policy. Count Rabilant told me here in London that Bismarck, in 1886, wrote to him expressing the desire of a visit, and that he answered back, "No, thank you." Rabilant was a diplomat, and he could see what an effect a visit would have had in France. Count Rabilant's successor could not see this, and hence his journey to Friedrichsruhe. I am not judging of this with a posthumous wisdom. On the very evening of Crispi's departure from Rome, I wrote for an Italian paper my impressions thereupon, in the course of which I said: "If Crispi does not come back from his visit to Bismarck, with the commercial treaty with France signed, Italy will have to pay very dearly for that visit." Before Crispi returned from Germany, the ominous news reached Rome that the French Parliament had refused the treaty with Italy. Undoubtedly, Crispi did not expect this, but surely, if he had wished for such a commercial rupture, he could not have done better than visit France's most hated enemy. In this way Crispi became France's second best-hated man, and, be it said to Crispi's justification, the more France hated Crispi the greater was his popularity in Italy; and if popular favour may atone for the blunder of the statesman, Crispi's sins have been entirely blotted out by the approval of the nation.



"Pasquino," 1889.]

CRISPI FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW.

A WAR PICTURE FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

By "LINESMAN" (BLACKWOOD).

In "Blackwood" for August, "Linesman" gives another of his exquisitely written war sketches. The London "Spectator" declares "Linesman" is the literary heir of Robert Louis Stevenson. Certainly he is the master of a singularly forcible and expressive literary style. We reprint extracts from the article, as they give a vivid idea of the guerrilla style of fighting which now prevails in South Africa:—

There is unusual animation this windy May morning at dusty, dusty little camp squatting, like a mushroom clump, alongside the railway on the high veldt. A train or two stand in the red-roofed station, nodulous and spiky looking trains, with mysterious things bulging beneath tarpaulins, and red-nosed men, pierced with the cold of an early journey, clinging to the bulges, or lying so interlashed with wheels, boxes, wagon-shafts, and other indefinite lumber, that a person unused to supplying trains and their inhabitants would risk a little currency on their never being able to extricate themselves. Over the high sides of two or three trucks protrude the grave, inquiring faces of heroes, their pointed ears turning in a thousand directions in half as many seconds, as people dash about noisily on the little platform, lifting and dropping wooden cases, shouting to friends or assistants within a few feet of them, losing their own things, and finding the things of others in the way that people on platforms have done ever since such places have existed to render a habitable globe less habitable. The secret is out—a column is in process of formation, and the dusty little camp is being fed from the base, thirty miles away, by means of this noisy station, like a patient through a cannula. The noise increases; down with a clang fall the iron sides of the trucks on the leading train. Some of the red-nosed men are unlacing the tarpaulins, which, released, flap and crack in the wind like the mainsails of a twenty tonner. Off they come, and lo! beneath squat ugly khaki guns, nozzles upwards, as if yawning at being rudely awakened, three on a truck: what potentialities that truck bears this day! One can never look at a gun at rest without saying to oneself "When?" or at a gun in the very act of belching its flame-girt horror without ejaculating "Now!" I have heard a whole regiment of onlookers do that in unison. There is more than steel and thunder in a cannon; there is that of the uncanny, of which it is impossible to write, which, if written, would excite the derision of the very men who feel it most.

Meanwhile, in camp, Colonel Jones is standing at his tent-door, watching the fighting portion of his command converging upon him from the four points of the compass. A company is just marching dustily in from Platsspruit, ten miles away; another is expected from Zandkop on the other side; a third from Paarde Rand, a hill-top station wide of the line. These, with the three companies, the normal population of the camp, will form his infantry, the backbone of his fighting body. On the round green bosom of the veldt, miles away, his keen eye perceives a square black spot, with smaller spots in advance of and around it. These, he knows, are his cavalry, on their way to join,—two squadrons of the famous old 25th Dragoons, who so far have had the chance of doing little more with their fine horses than eat them in beleaguered Ladysmith. The black spots become

invisible in an invisible dip, they reappear, bigger and blacker, they will be in soon, and old Jones wonders if old Brown is in command, hoping he is, because he hasn't set eyes on him since, let me see, those jolly days at Baccilly, when they two quarrelled complacently over Miss Robinson, the Commissioner's daughter, unwitting that she was already secretly married to young Jenkins, of the 150th Bengal Lancers, and afraid to tell her father!

But the camp already possesses cavalry, to wit, 150 men of one of those harum-scarum, dare-devil Colonial corps which have done such fine service throughout the war—jolly, reckless fellows, the courage of all nations, with men in the ranks who have fought in Cuba, in Texas, in Timbuctoo. A useful lot, thinks Colonel Jones, but somewhat of an anxiety to his sealed-pattern soldier's mind, not sufficiently regardful of keeping touch with plodding infantry, and apt to cover the scenery for miles with the scandalous spectacle of wild horses scampering madly before a brace of yelling troopers—apt also to return to camp, grinning, in the evening, with deceased poultry dangling from the saddle "D's."

By sundown all units have been reported in camp, orders are issued for to-morrow's move, and Colonel Jones, as he turns into his blankets, breathes a little prayer, more to Fortune than his God as is the soldier's wont, that chances will be given him to show what manner of man he is. Around the evening campfires his orders and he have been discussed, until fatigue and irate orderly sergeants combine to silence every sound but the deep breathing of a thousand sleepers.

Sleep well, oh column! You are but a side-show, no deep-sea cable vibrates with the news of your concentration, the men in the big arena have scarce time to hear of your sixpenny arrival in the greatest war-show on earth; but here you are, all the same, a thousand fighting men, no mean thing in your own perspective, and as prepared to, and as likely to lose your lives and fall eternally asleep as any amongst the Titans. Sleep well!

The Start.

'Tis a fine hunting morn, and off goes the hunt at dawn, a chilly dawn, with a mist like the smoke of fine tobacco curling around the grassy hummocks of the veldt, and the air so still that the breath of the horses puffs upwards in little blue jets. The procession streams anyhow through the gap in the wire entanglement, from every spike of which hangs a diamond drop of dew and the delicate tracery of a wet spider's web; a company here, a gun there, a mounted officer pushing forward here, another there trying to turn his "bobby" horse to get back. With a rumble-dumble and metallic jingle the two field guns bump over the sun-baked ruts, and behind them groans a 4.7 naval gun, long of snout, elephantine of carriage and wheels, Jack ashore in every lurch of his rolling gait behind the plodding oxen. The cavalry, who have extended on the move, now cover the country in front for three miles, with little clumps on either flank; and seeing this Colonel Jones gives the word, and off again lumbers the whole caravan, due northwards, heading straight for—what?

For a little laager of a hundred Boers, comfortably ensconced in a hollow designed for surprises, says the Intelligence officer. The laager is there right enough, its garrison also as reported, a hundred men and no more, but within two hours' ride there lies a town, at present the two hundredth that has done duty as the headquarters of the Boer Government and army, and who knows but that handsome, untruthful Louis Botha, getting wind of our venture, may not descend to the assistance of his outpost, turning our side-show into something more suited to the big arena, no pleasant prospect for performers so modest as we? But possibilities such as these are not for the common ear, and the columnar private soldier, glad to be stepping it out again across the fresh green veldt after his long term of hard-labour at patrolling and sentry-going, as guardian of the line, sees ahead of him only ridge after ridge of grass, each with its little puckered eyebrow of stones atop, and the prospect of an immensity of fun when the time for rushing the laager shall arrive. He knows (though he should not) that other columns such as his own are marching from various points, converging upon the selfsame laager, and to himself and his pals, with wealth of metaphor and prognostication unlimited, he pictures the doomed Dutchmen therein as scorpions within a ring of flame, as chickens already hatched. Cheery British soldier, this is no place for his eulogy; but who can help admiring his plumb settlement of the uncertain before he wins, his grin certainty that he is winning when he is already beaten!

And now behold him footing it smartly over the grass, helmet awry to turn the sidelong rays of the two hours' old sun, tobacco smoke and badinage issuing alternately from his mouth, in one extreme corner of which hangs his short pipe, with inverted bowl. Suddenly there is a distant sound ahead, which sends an electric shock through all the lines of marching men. At home in London town we should know well enough what it was, —a boy on the trot drawing his stick along the area railings; but out here we know what it is too, a score of Mausers in action. So ho! The cavalry have drawn them already; precious little surprise there is going to be about this! Some put their pipes away, others, who had not been smoking, pull out and light theirs, and all increase the pace up the rise, until halted by command.

The First Shots.

From the top one can see—nothing! The hurried clieck-clack is still audible, apparently coming from a low stone-topped ridge overhanging a farm about two miles ahead, but not a living soul is in sight, Boer or Briton. Then, as from the very ground itself, a galloping rider appears speeding towards us. "Bring up the gun," says Colonel Jones, standing by his horse, telescope to eye; no need to ask "which gun?" the old salt behind the team of bullocks has lurched up the rise and is alongside in no time. "Action front!" Round swings the twenty-foot tube, there is a business-like bustle amongst the gunners, and "old Nelson" is ready, gaping cavernously, the cynosure of every eye. The horseman dashes up to the colonel, his horse trembling and sweating. "Thirty Boers on that ridge, sir; our men have dismounted in the hollow." "Let drive!" says Jones over his shoulder to the eager youth in charge of the big gun; spruce lord of the thunder, this is a happy moment for thee! The officer runs to his charge, the massive breech opens and shuts with a clang like that of the door of a safe, there is a squinting along the twenty feet of khaki steel, a breathless

pause, and then—! No word can picture the catastrophe when heavy ordnance speaks at close quarters. Earth, air, and sky are momentarily no more, every sense is slain, even that of hearing; the very horses do not start and rear as they do at lesser sounds, but stand with trembling legs and distended eyes. But the echoes die away, and only the thin dry shriek of the receding shell is heard high in the air. All glasses are levelled at the ridge, from which no sound of rifle-fire comes, for the Boers must cower tight to the earth with that thing in the air, as a covey of partridges crouches when the peregrine's call is heard above them. A good shot! Up rises a warm brown column of earth from the very eyebrow of the ridge, and after an interval back comes the faint roar of the exploding projectile. Another shell is sent howling on its way, falling this time over the crest line, only the sound of its burst reaching our ears. Up from the ground below, again, little spots appear and begin to creep upwards; the cavalry scouts are going to try their luck once more. They creep higher and higher, backed up by many other spots; they top the ridge and disappear over it. Then a helio begins to wink its bright eye at us; "all clear," "limber up," on we go again.

But the damage is done; back to the laager fly those thirty Boers. "The British are coming, commandant!" "Enteric seize them!" grumbles that officer, a gallant man and a bibulous, who has held his laager here for six months now undisturbed, with maledictions when news comes of other laagers evaporating into the thin air of "handsupdorp." Grumbling still, the stout Dopper beckons to two trusty Burghers, and bids them speed to headquarters to the Commandant-General, that handsome, untruthful man, asking for reinforcements, or at any rate, for orders. But there is no time to wait for either, the British are inconveniently close, and enteric can hardly seize them before they arrive at that ridge dominating the camp. The commandant points one finger at the ridge in question, and in a twinkling his men are upon it; no word of command, no standing upon the order of their going, just going, and in the very cunningest manner, here a man there a man, wriggling around hummocks, trotting up little rain-washed dongas, little, but good enough to hide a Dutchman, galloping across hollows, finally dismounting just under the crest, and crawling each man to a stone. There is a hasty adjustment of bandoliers, in go the clips, and the ridge is occupied and ready; the English, for all their Zeiss glasses, have not seen so much as the crown of a hat, nor will they unless a man drops his when the time comes to bolt.

Carrying the Hill.

But look, over the rise a thousand yards ahead appear not hats, but helmets, one, two, three, and more to follow, then faces, then burly English bodies. The crouching Boers grunt; "wait!" growls a voice, and they wait. The silence is intense, and, to the on-comers, reassuring; a dozen helmets appear, all at identically the same interval the one from the other; there is a pause, and then tituppy-toppity the advanced scouts canter over the ridge in full view. "Now!" growls the same voice, there is a rattle and a roar, around the approaching horsemen spurt a hundred little geysers of yellow dust. One man is down, no, it is his horse only; the rider leaps to his feet and scuttles, rabbit-wise, behind an ant-heap, the others, as if pulled by one string, swing round and are over the ridge again before you can say knife, at any rate before the Mausers can be recharged. But the Burghers are not to have all the shooting, and are soon lying as flat as

flounders behind their stones, as the British scouts, having found a good spot, begin to pepper the ridge; buzz, buzz, come the bullets, hitting the stones with a smack that makes the squab faces behind them shrink and start. Even that dismounted pig is seeking to take revenge from behind his ant-heap for his slain horse, which lies like an inverted table, all four legs stiff in the air, and a good shot he is, verdom him! Now, too, away on the right, out of range, a considerable party of horsemen is stealing fast over the grass, like the shadow of a wind-swept cloud, appearing, disappearing over the billowy rises and in the dips. They are galloping for the right of the ridge two miles away, thus outflanking the Boers who hold the left thereof. They reach its foot, spread rapidly upwards, fan-wise, and in a few moments are on the summit: time to go, Burghers, if you mean to go! "Go!" roars the 4.7 from away back in the haze; "Go!" yells the immense projectile from the heights above, from middle air, from the riven earth, as it plunges, with uproar terrific, amid whirling stones and steel and sheets of crimson flame ten yards in front of a sanguar. The squab faces blanch as they press themselves against the ground in homage to that awful avtar. "Go!" again commands the angry far-off sailor with thunderous voice. They go; crawling and sidling down the hill, pale faces over shoulder, distended eyes marking the unseen track of the oncoming shell in the air. "Look where it comes again!" It bursts over the crest-line, hurling its fragments after the flying men. The latter reach their ponies leap into the saddle, and are off like the wind, bending low over the saddle-bow, still looking backwards. A dozen bullets from the cavalry, now on their left, sighing over them like a little breeze, send them faster, as bending yet lower, they speed up the opposite ridge, halt on its summit a second, and disappear all together, like dabchicks on a pond. On rolls the British column, one! two!—one! two!—as irresistible in its small way as the immense purpose it represents, no hurry, no lagging, no superfluous display of interest; how maddening to an enemy must be the steady middle-class determination, which, having with little pothor agreed that a thing, a ridge, a country, an empire is desirable, straightway proceeds to take it, the more certainly and silently the more buffets come in the taking.

But a Boer in flight is in his element, and never so full of resource and nerve. He is, therefore, the most recuperative soldier on earth, given a strong man, with a long, strong tongue to meet him in cursu, to turn him, or at least stop him with horrible revilements, and with a genius too common among Boer leaders to be properly termed genius, to point out to him a position as good or better than the one he has quitted. Nor do these particular Boers lack such a leader; they are stopped and turned, like a pack of riotous hounds on a false scent by the huntsman's rating, and sulkily consent to lie along the hill-crest for positively this night only. So throughout the bitter cold night they lie, blanketless, foodless, not over-sanguine of their commandant's blasphemous-pentateuchical promises of belts on the morrow, a line of shivering Micawbers, under the winter moon. Meantime the side-show medically occupies their late ridge, methodically dines, and methodically lays itself down to slumber, all but the sentries, who stand, rifle over shoulder, looking like black pumps against the sky, thinking of the village pub, with its warm red blinds, and its amber beer, glowing with ruby and opal lights when held between the eye and the roast-

The Morning.

Who has not felt a longing to apostrophise that romantic, uncanny, desperately uncomfortable hour which precedes the dawn? Old Jones, muffled to the tips of his ears, is ready; old Nelson is ready, with an icicle dependent from the end of his twenty-foot nose, sniffing the morning air with an elevation of 3,000 yards, that being the distance of the ridge in front. During the night more than one message, flashed deviously by lamplight, has been received from the other three columns engaged in the converging movement. If this commando can only be induced to stay where it is for the present, by judicious coqueting on its front, the other columns may make up lost time this day, and by evening the cordon be completed. The only force in position to do this being Colonel Jones', he, on this frosty morning, ponderously determines to coquet, starting his delicate advances by sending his cavalry forward to "draw" the ridge in front.

The Horsemen.

They go warily, every horse stepping like Agag, ears cocked, held short by the head, fearing the worst. A reconnaissance must be agony to a horse, with his uncanny premonition of danger, and his anxious responding to anything tense in the atmosphere. But the ridge ahead is silent: higher and higher work the scouts, the taut reins relax, finally the leading men, as if by common impulse, take the bull by the horns, and trot briskly to the summit. It is empty! What game is brother Boer up to, that he lets the first trick go thus easily? On go the cavalry main body, over the crest, disappearing from view down the reverse slope. There is a pause, the intense silence of the early morning on the veldt rendered more intense by the stamp of a horse and the rattle of his head-chain. Then, like the roll from a tenor drum, the sound that all have been awaiting comes pulsating through the frosty air, rub-a-dub-a-dub-a-dub, the querulous rattle of Mausers making the most of their time, with a transient target in front of them. It comes from a long, low spur to our right front, pointing sideways like a huge index-finger across the slope down which our cavalry have trotted, and separated from it by a rocky stream. Back like the wind thunder the latter, reappearing on the crest like a mob of wild horses,—no place for cavalry, an open slope under hot fire from across stony spruit! Old Jones snorts like a war-horse. "I must have that spur," says he, as indeed, he must, seeing that it leads cunningly up to high ground from which the enemy can utterly command and enfilade our position. Who better to give it to him than those jolly harum-scarums the Colonial Irregulars? There is a bustle in their lines at the order to move out. A few moments' hurried conversation between old Jones and their white-moustached commander, then out they go, bump, bump, gingle, gingle, sombrero hats flapping as the pace increases, down into the valley and over the spruit, then with a hurroosh and a scamper up the opposite slope, straight for the razor-back of the spur, whilst the big gun lobs his shells deftly over them, dotting the razor-back with columns of powdery earth and smoke. The Boers, whose nerves are not as good as they were in those halcyon days in Natal, do not await the rush, but fly on the wings of terror down to a big donga they know of at the base of the spur. There, with the courage of rats in a hole, they turn and begin to pepper the ridge.

Jack and His Gun.

The latter replying with interest, there is a fine set-to of musketry, which comes pealing across the valley to

us on our hill, like the sound of rain upon a tin roof. The Boers have their backs to the wall, evidently; or can it be that they are being reinforced? Out with the telescope. Ah! what is that winding down the mountain-side beyond, now hidden beyond a spur, now appearing over the smooth slope like a long black caterpillar? Boers, by all that is unfortunate, and in strength—500 at least! See also on the high ridges in prolongation of the mountain, more Boers, dotting the skyline for miles, motionless as statues, no doubt scanning the punch-bowl below them with field-glasses, ready enough if wanted. The commando on the mountain disappears in the vast recesses and kloofs at its base. The storm breaks; there is a roar from the razor-back, an angry-spitting reply from the donga—worse, from the height commanding the crest of the spur on its right. From our ridge we can see black spots hurrying over the lofty downs; they have outflanked our fellows, by jingo! Now, Nelson! The old salt gravely swings round half right, takes one careful squint at the speeding figures, then boom! "Bang in the middle of 'em!" yells everyone. Well done, the spruce lord of thunder. Boom! and boom! again, before the first shell can land. Not for nothing has the big gun the magic letters Q.F. (quick-firing) emblazoned on his breech-lock: he can hurry when there is need, can the old salt. It is too much for the Boers: they check and dawdle undecidedly, a splendid target. Boom! a bull's eye! they turn and flee whence they came: the flank is clear again. But the gallant Colonials have not got off scot-free either; an officer and two men are lying dead, gripping the long grass. No mere side-show for them, their little part is played. They are buried where they fell, and we from the ridge note in silence through our glasses the picks rising and falling as the grave is dug, and later the little group that stands around it, commanding to God the vanished ethereal of the earthly which lies so pale within it. Oh, the pity of it! Other two are jolted into us severely wounded; one dies as soon as the white-covered waggon creeps behind our lines. At nightfall he, too, is laid to rest, and a sudden silence falls on chattering groups around the fires as the "Last Post" calls with an infinity of pathos from the little valley behind up to his ascending soul, Good-bye! good-bye! Your duty done, comrade, turn into rest, awaiting the tremendous reveille which shall waken all men.

On the approach of night the colonel sends orders to those on the spur to evacuate, and to retire on to the main position. . . . There is a sudden exclamation from a sentry, and a bustle at the signal station. Is that not a lamp flashing away close by to the north-west, blink-a-blink, blink-blink? So the column on our left is in touch after all; now we shall see what we shall see.

Dawn again—no lazy sergeant-ridden dawn this time, but all men astir and ready at the first streak, looking towards the ridge from whence the lamp was blinking last night. Here they come, making best pace across the rolling veldt, horse, foot, and artillery; their advanced scouts are already within hail. The colonel trots down the slope to meet the commanding officer, his plan already made. There are some farms nestling below the long slope, of which the spur seized yesterday is the summit, and they are known to contain supplies and forage, possibly women; all three munitions of war to the enemy—the latter, perhaps, the most valuable.

The Charge.

So in these farms below us is something worth the taking, and the colonel means to take it. The spur must be recaptured as a preliminary: the Mounted Infantry of the new column shall try their luck this time. Away over on the spur the Boers are standing up watching our movements, being particularly thick on a little stony knob half-way up the sweeping slope, making the summit look quite bristly with their crowd of tiny upright figures. The two field-guns, arrived with the reinforcement, mark them for their own, and bellow simultaneously at the precise moment chosen by old Nelson up on the ridge behind for his sonorous "Begone!" The figures disappear before the projectiles can reach them, shell follows shell as the Mounted Infantry move out to their appointed task. They are in good hands are these "mounted foot"; no more dashing commander than their gallant captain, late of the Huzzars, has ever galloped before his men. See how they extend whilst at a fast trot, which, as they bcast the opposite slope, changes to a canter, then a gallop, then a swift, irresistible rush as they near the summit; they are upon it in a twinkling, despite an agitated pop! pop! from the boulders which cover it—a gallant sight, beholding which the breath is held in anxiety and admiration. Not legitimate Mounted Infantry work, an Aldershot critic would say, this charging of kopjes. Perhaps not, but something very much better, my purist friend—soldiers' work; the work of the handy man, who, seeing a job ahead, does it in the quickest possible time without reference to a text-book. This time the Boers, thoroughly unnerved, do not stay their flight, but gallop madly back to the high hills beyond, pursued by the shells from the 4.7 to the extreme limit of his range. One, dropping a few yards in front of the mob, turns them as a flock of sheep are turned by the dog. They race up a donga to the left and pull up out of range, but in full view, on the side of a mighty green down. Oh for that missing north-easterly column of ours! Would British troops but appear where they should appear, on the higher ridge behind them, that commando would be on the march to Handcupdorp to-night. But the farms are clear at any rate. No women, only a confused mass of bedding, furniture, and household goods; the buildings are fairly stuffed with the stuffy belongings of a Boer family or families. In one room alone there are seven beds ranged alongside one another; a regular barracks, this farm, and an ordnance store to boot, for the lofts are full of fodder and mealies, refreshing for man and beast. Out with them all, no time to dawdle with that commando angrily looking on from the shelf above: already a few of the more adventurous spirits have crept forward and begin to snipe at the groups around the farms.

It is now near closing time for our Side-Show. The big arena calls two out of the four performers in it to more heroic "turns," and the other two must return whence they came, to duties even less tinselled and exciting—the dull daily round and common task of guarding the lines of communication. Once more, then, see the column on the march, baggage in front this time, stepping it out for home, pipes afloat, helmets awry as before, one! two!—one! two—as imperturbable with purpose defeated behind them as when it was unknown before them. Is not this a more unique trait than the other in the psychology of nations, and to a foe more disheartening? Curses on this wooden battering ram of a people, they falter neither in defeat nor victory; can nothing shake them?

TWO NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

I.—From the Stage to the Cloister; or,
The End of Evelyn Innes.*

Seven years ago Mr. George Moore conceived the idea of converting an opera-singer and leading her to bury her talents and end her life in a convent. It was to be a romance showing that fate is stronger than circumstance, that an idea can triumph over all material obstacles. The story, written and rewritten, grew into a considerable volume, but "Evelyn Innes," published three years ago, only brought the heroine to the threshold of the convent, and to the conviction that she must give up her lovers. To-day "Sister Teresa" gives us the sequel to the tale, or, rather, it gives us the continuation of the story as it was originally conceived. It traces for us step by step the influences which transformed the brilliant opera-singer, the mistress of Owen Asher, into a nun of a contemplative order vowed to a life of prayer and expiation. To all lovers of feminine psychology, to all students of religious phenomena, the book will present a study of unusual interest.

Mr. George Moore as Convent Revealer.

Of convent stories we have hitherto known only two kinds: pious little Catholic tales written solely for edification, and lurid Protestant fables written mainly for vilification. Neither can rank as literature; neither has revealed anything of normal daily life within convent walls. Mr. Moore is the first novelist of recognised ability to attempt the task in the English language. It is one of enormous difficulty. He has set himself to show how, beneath what in the eyes of the world are petty observances and cramping regulations, a pure spiritual flame may burn, an intense impersonal life find food and encouragement. And he has the further task of making it plain that his heroine, in entering the convent, is acting, not through caprice, but in obedience to one of those deep spiritual impulses which can no more be resisted than the waves of the sea. He writes as one wearied of the material things that fill the life of a man of pleasure, to whom has come a sudden understanding of the old Christian truth that happiness is found in renunciation and peace in prayer.

Evelyn Innes' Spiritual Pilgrimage.

"Evelyn Innes" closed as the singer drove back to London behind her chestnuts from a week's stay at the Wimbledon convent; and "Sister Teresa" opens as she drives up Park Lane to her own door. There Sir Owen Asher awaits her, bent on making love, but the convent prayers seem to shine out of her eyes, and he suddenly refrains. Some weeks later Evelyn's conscience compels her to send him definitely away, and to give up the house in Park Lane he had provided for her. Then, when she is living with the faithful Merat in a little fourth-floor flat, Ulick Dean returns from abroad; and he and Evelyn drift into a sentimental friendship, very sweet to her in her loneliness, and which she believes to be entirely harmless. Ulick preaches a vague, beautiful pantheism, a love of the earth and all that grows, which is far more in harmony with her mood than Owen's narrow materialism. Yet

after a time Ulick, too, comes between her and her conscience; he asks her to marry him, to go away with him at once, and again some unseen influence holds her mysteriously back.

The Temptation of St. Anthony.

Amid a terrible lassitude of mind and body she is being slowly weaned from the world. It is fate that drives Evelyn to the convent. She cannot help herself; she tries philanthropy in a flat, and her life is a void; she tries a concert tour, and it is a failure; impelled by her conscience, she goes once more to live with her father at Dulwich, and he is summoned to Rome to take charge of the Papal choir. And all the while the convent is calling her. The nuns are in financial difficulties, and her money will save them. The Prioress dominates her, Sister Veronica attracts her, and she believes more and more that the convent and the nuns' prayers can alone save her from her besetting sin. On her concert tour she pays a disastrous visit to Lady Ascott, at Thornton Grange. Asher is there, and all her old friends, and she finds herself back in the atmosphere of sensuous luxury, which is always fatal to her.

The chapter is, perhaps, the most dramatic in the book, and the description of Evelyn's physical temptations in its poignant intensity is only equalled by a similar scene in Huysmans' "En Route." In the night, half waking, half dreaming, she suddenly hears voices singing:

It was a sad, wailing song; she seemed to have heard it before: voices singing as they walked in procession. She was not sure whence the voices came—outside or within the house, as if they were echoes borne from afar by the wind, or if they were in her own brain. The voices grew more distinct, and she recognised the hymn—the beautiful *Veni Creator*.

Next morning she hurries from the place, feeling she has been saved by a miracle, and not daring to remain another night under the same roof as Sir Owen. "That damned stupid creed, which has reduced half Europe to decrepitude, has robbed me of her," the baronet declares at lunch in his anger. He goes round the world, and after a year's absence, as deeply in love as ever, he calls at Evelyn's flat and learns from Merat of her simple, prosaic life, her morning Mass, her visits to the poor, her week-ends at the convent:—

They continued to deplore the change that had come over Evelyn. They exaggerated their disapproval in the hope of convincing themselves that they were right and she was wrong, that she was a poor misguided person, worthy of their pity, but they only succeeded in convincing themselves superficially. . . . Suddenly they heard her latch-key in the door, and when she came into the room he sat looking at her, trying to puzzle out the enigma of the change which, in spite of himself, he could not but admire. She was not cleverer than before, nor more beautiful, but she had gained in character, and he could not hide from himself that her present self was superior to her former self, that she was nearer to the truths of life than when she used to act on the stage.

And he understood at last that the old life of lovers and opera-singing into which he had led her had become a moral impossibility to her.

Back to the Convent.

When old Mr. Innes departs for Rome, full of the musical reformation he intends to carry out, Evelyn is

*"Sister Teresa." By George Moore. (Fisher Unwin.) 6s.

free, and returns joyfully to the convent. Indeed, there is nothing else left for her to do with her life. The chapters telling of her postulancy, of her initiation into the rule, of her physical difficulties, and *yet* of the sense of peace that comes to her in her new surroundings, are among the most charming in the book. Mr. Moore has grasped with surprising precision the impression, as it must have stamped itself on Evelyn's brain, of the contrast between the stage and the cloister, between a life of pleasure and a life of renunciation. In a letter to her father, Evelyn indicates the eternal truth of which she has just received so startling a verification:—

Shall I ever forget Owen Asher's persistent worldliness; he sacrificed everything to the enjoyment of the moment and was the unhappiest man I ever knew. He was unhappy always, and the happiness which I could not give him and which he could not give me I see shining out of the eyes of the nuns, out of the eyes of these women who have renounced everything that is said to make life pleasant.

The Attraction of the Cloister.

Later, when other and more complicated motives are introduced, the effect becomes somewhat blurred, and the distinctive features of convent life stand out less decisively; but in these early chapters Mr. Moore has painted convent life in its normal everyday aspect as no English novelist—Mr. Moore is an Irishman, but he writes in English—as yet has ever painted it before. There are a succession of charming little scenes, full of verisimilitude, Veronica in the sacristy, the prioress introducing Evelyn to the aged Sister Lawrence among the roses on the terrace, Sister Mary John and her jackdaw. There are careful pen-portraits of the nuns, each with a clearly-defined outline—a little gallery of chaste women striving each according to her lights to attain a spiritual ideal. There is a detailed picture of Evelyn's first day in the convent, of the silent meals in the refectory, the wearisome recreation in the novitiate, the chatter of the novices, the parcelling out of every hour in a little round of methodical duties. But throughout the external trivialities of the day is interspersed the constant call to prayer, and Evelyn, with her quick, responsive nature, keenly alive to every form of beauty, discovers from the outset the deeper spiritual purpose, which, in a convent, should be pursued with passionate desire:—

Suddenly the bell rang out its warning notes, and the recreation hour had come to an end. Mother Hilda stood up and began the *De Profundis*, the sisters repeating the alternate verses. The beauty of the prayer, of this appeal for the peace of departed souls, sounded strangely beautiful in the still, evening air; its beauty entered Evelyn's heart, and in a thrill of anticipation she seemed to foresee that this cloister life would mean a great deal to her one day. She seemed to divine the spiritual fulness which lies beneath the childish triviality which had tried her all the evening; and kneeling among the community in church, she began to understand the importance a church is to a community; how much it means to each individual member, and how on entering her church, each enters the mysterious and profound life of prayer. She felt she was no longer a solitary soul fighting a lonely battle; now she was a member of a spiritual community, and her wandering thoughts would be drawn into the streams of petitions going up to God.

Had She a Divine Call to be a Nun?

The ultimate decision concerning Evelyn's vocation is held over for a time; then a telegram comes telling her of her father's serious illness, and she hurries to Rome to nurse him. On her return after his death

her future has to be faced, and, broken down with grief, she begs to be given the religious habit. But are her motives sufficient? Primarily, she wishes to be a nun to rid the convent of debt, for unless she takes the veil she is not in a position to offer, neither is the convent entitled to accept, the £8,000 of which she can dispose. Secondly, she is in terror of falling back into her old life of sin should she return to the world. But neither motive constitutes what may be called a normal vocation, and the question of her acceptance or rejection is warmly debated by the Sisters. We have here a complication of human motives, in the due balancing of which Mr. Moore shows his skill as a psychologist. The aged Prioress, conscious of her own moulding influence over Evelyn, conscious, too, of all that is at stake—Evelyn's future and their own—is firm in her determination to profess this bewildering postulant. Kind-hearted Mother Philippa warmly supports her. But the novice-mistress, Mother Mary Hilda, protests; she fears Evelyn's worldly influence, she sees in her a constant source of distraction to the simple-minded nuns, she doubts her perseverance. Monsignor Mostyn himself has doubts concerning his penitent, and asks the indomitable Prioress whether her attitude towards the religious life is normal. "Sister Teresa will never be normal," the old nun replies; "but her genius has enabled her to assimilate our rule."

An Opera-Singer in a Nunnery.

Yet hardly is Sister Teresa professed, and her irrevocable vows pronounced, than some, at least, of the dangers foreseen by Mother Hilda begin to manifest themselves. Imagine an opera-singer with a stormy past suddenly introduced into a household of innocent, child-like women! Some moral disturbance was bound to ensue, and our only quarrel with the author is that he has not made it sufficiently plain that in his later and less pleasing impressions of convent life, the phenomena described do not belong to normal conventional conditions, but owe their existence to special and transitory causes. They are due, too, to the fact that even in the most subjective of novels some episodes are necessary, whereas it is of the very essence of the contemplative life that it should have no external history to chronicle. As a result, the non-Catholic will probably find many of his little prejudices concerning convent life confirmed rather than dissipated by Mr. Moore's description, and will lay down the book with the conviction that, after all, nuns are very childish people, addicted to petty quarrelling, and eager to make money—an impression the very reverse of that which we believe Mr. Moore intended to convey. The Catholic reader will discern his intention more easily, will have no difficulty in distinguishing between what is accidental and what is essential, yet he, too, will be puzzled by the curiously un-Catholic phraseology in which at times Mr. Moore clothes his religious conceptions, which contrasts oddly with his very full knowledge of the religious life.

The Snare of Personal Affection.

The first result of Evelyn's permanent presence in the convent is the departure of Sister Mary John. She comes, cloaked and bonneted, her caged jackdaw in her hand, to say good-bye to Sister Teresa, without a word of previous warning. It is a matter of conscience with her. Evelyn has come between her and her prayers. The music they have played together—for the Sister is the convent organist—and the charms of Evelyn's personality have so filled her mind that the friendship has become a snare, and so she begs the

Prioreess to transfer her to the mother-house in France. Evelyn is thunderstruck: she cannot understand the nun's scruples; to her Sister Mary John has only been a help and an encouragement, and her friendship one of the sweet solaces of convent routine. Sister Mary John's fine generous nature, penetrated by her intense personal love of Christ, was, unknown to them all, like a flame that called forth a corresponding glow from every heart, and once she is gone, the spirit of the convent declines.

The Spirit of the World.

It was her example that shielded them from pettiness of vision, the chronic danger of conventional life. Meanwhile, Evelyn's singing at Benediction continues to attract a crowd of visitors, who invade the parlour and garden, bringing with them the spirit of the world. A slight jealousy of Evelyn takes root among the less spiritual-minded of the nuns, and the practical, restless Sister Winifred conceives the plan of starting a school by which to pay off the remainder of the convent debt, independently of Sister Teresa. Others suggest a laundry, others, again, a poultry run; in a word, the nuns pine for practical activities, and the convent finds itself in the throes of one of the eternal controversies which have agitated conventional life in all ages—the active as opposed to the contemplative ideal. This fundamental problem which has appealed to the author gives force and pathos to what might otherwise appear a somewhat trivial little dissension. For years the strenuous rule of the Prioreess, assisted by the passionate, mystical faith of Sister Mary John, had kept the community up to a high pitch of spiritual fervour, but now the Prioreess is on the brink of the grave, Sister Mary John has left, and it is Evelyn herself, whom the Prioreess loves as a daughter, who apparently has introduced the seeds of disintegration.

Dissensions.

"All the hopes of my life are at an end," the Prioreess confesses in the bitterness of her soul. "Sister Winifred will have to manage the school herself; I will resign." But she has still strength to deal a decisive blow. The malecontents had won over to their side the convent chaplain, Father Daly, a narrow and worthy man who—after the manner of nuns when their chaplain happens to be a secular priest—was treated with somewhat scant courtesy. In an admirable scene he reaches a sermon condemning the whole convent ideal, almost suggesting that the nuns lived in idleness. The community is aghast, but the Prioreess is equal to the occasion, and a firmly-worded letter to the Bishop procures Father Daly's removal, and for a time, at least, quenches the hopes of the revolting faction.

Boredom.

Evelyn keeps apart from these discussions; she suffers herself from far graver trouble. After the fervour of her novitiate comes the inevitable reaction. When once she is duly professed, and the financial embarrassments of the convent temporarily met, there seems nothing in particular to look forward to. She is attacked by an overwhelming weariness, and the convent routine grows unbearable to her. "Am I going to spend the whole of my life with these women, who are no better than little children?" she asks herself, when she has been watching the novices wheeling Sister Bridget round the refectory on an improvised elephant in honour of the old nun's jubilee. All her life Evelyn has acted on impulse; even in her singing she could not be trained on conventional lines. So in her religious life she is emotional, spasmodic, wholly dependent on

sensible piety, instantly discouraged by the times of aridity that come to every passionate soul:—

She noticed the quality of the food, and the length of time in chapel, and every day she found it more difficult to think of God, more difficult to keep her lovers out of her mind, and the music she used to sing for their delight.

Doubt.

Her state of lassitude is complicated by her old difficulties concerning faith. She had always felt that belief in the teaching of the Catholic Church was centred in believing in the Real Presence, and neither Sir Owen's arguments nor his jeers had ever been able wholly to efface her instinctive reverence for the Mass. And since her return to the faith her Communions had been to her an exquisite joy which had more than compensated for the deprivations of her life:

There was a time, she remembered it well, when her Communions alone marked the passage of time. She remembered how she used to count the hours which divided her from God, how she welcomed sleep, for sleep obliterated consciousness of time. And she remembered how she used to awake in the morning thinking that the hour of the Lord was by. She used to go to the Communion table with a wonderful flutter in her breast, keen hunger for the divine food.

One of the attractions of the Passionist convent was that the community was vowed to Perpetual Adoration, vowed, that is to say, to a most special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament exposed daily on their altar. Every nun spent an hour each day kneeling in prayer and adoration before the Host, and in the novitiate Mother Hilda taught them to feel that this hour was the pivot of their spiritual life. Yet, as a professed member of such a community, Sister Teresa finds herself assailed by all the familiar arguments against her cherished beliefs—by the materialism of Asher and the pantheism of Ulrick Dean—and she asks herself whether in truth the Sacrament is anything but a symbol, and in her terror of a sacrilegious Communion she stays away from the altar.

Evelyn nearly dies of brain fever; her delirium is full of the operas she had sung, and the nuns are scandalised at her persistent refusal to receive the last sacraments.

Give It Up?

All through the long weeks of convalescence she feels that it will be impossible for her to remain in the convent, and she silently plans a return to the world and the concert-hall. But a series of considerations delays the execution of her scheme. She comes to see how deep a grief her going would be to the Prioreess, and out of love for the old nun she delays her departure till after her death. Then she loses her voice through singing with an ailing throat, and her future has to be planned out afresh. When at length the Prioreess is dead, there is still the history of the convent to finish writing, which she had confided to Evelyn. So the months slip by—months during which she goes about her avocations "a quiet nun, gentle, almost demure," and when at last she feels free to leave, the opportunity fails her for a time.

Yes, but It is Impossible.

For she cannot face the displeasure of the community a second time, and has resolved to leave secretly:—

Her book was finished, and she awaited her opportunity—her opportunity was the accident that Sister Agnes should be called away suddenly and leave her keys on the nail; and the little portress rarely left her door, and when she did her keys were at her girdle. Winter passed into spring, and Evelyn still waited, and

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she sometimes said, "If the opportunity does not occur soon, I shall not have the strength," and she asked herself if she would have the strength to begin life again. The weeks went by, and one day in April the portress passed her in the passage, the keys were not at her girdle, and Evelyn walked down the Georgian hall and down the covered way, and taking the keys from the nail, she opened the door.

At that moment the pigeons left their roosts and flew towards the fields. The fields were shining in the morning light; thrush and cuckoo were calling; the spring moved among the first primroses; and Evelyn stood watching the springtide.

She had only to take a step to regain her life in the world, but she could not take that step. She no longer even seemed to desire it. In the long months she had been kept waiting a change had taken place in her. She felt that something had broken in her, and she closed the door, and having locked it she hung the keys on the nail.

And walking up the covered way, dimly aware that she was walking, she remembered that she would soon come to the end of the covered way and would meet Sister Agnes returning to her post. And then she remembered that she had left something undone in the sacristy, and she returned there quickly and began to arrange some flowers for the Virgin's altar.

Finale.

In the closing chapter we have, a year later, a last glimpse of Sister Teresa, "chatting with ready smile and simple glee" to her old friend Mlle. Helbrun concerning the children to whom she gives music lessons, for the school has been opened at last. Probably few readers will be wholly satisfied with the conclusion. It almost reads as though Mr. Moore himself had finished it in this way, less from conviction than from artistic necessity. He seems to suffer a pang at condemning his beautiful heroine to life-long enclosure; he clearly doubts her entire happiness, and it is just because of this that he has tried to justify himself by multiplying the material reasons for her strange perseverance. As a matter of fact, her action would have been more convincing had the author accounted for it less, had he allowed Evelyn to act simply on the spiritual conviction, gradually acquired, that she could serve God best by cutting herself off from the world—a conviction which is the basis of every real vocation to the monastic life.

II.—The Lord of the Sea.*

"The Lord of the Sea" is a very remarkable novel which confirms the conviction I expressed when I read "The Yellow Danger," by the same author. Mr. Shiel is a man of genius, with a great imagination, but he is somewhat of a rough diamond, and he will never realise the full possibilities of success that lie before him until he can take to himself a collaborator who will supplement his gifts, prune down his redundancies, and make the public recognise him at his real value. "The Lord of the Sea" is an original conception. In "The Yellow Danger" Mr. Shiel described in lurid colours the possibilities of the overwhelming of the white world by the yellow man, a possibility for the imagining of which he claimed no originality. "The Yellow Danger" has been the bugbear of the Russians ever since the days of Tamerlane. But it must be admitted that in his new story, "The Lord of the Sea," the central idea is brilliantly original.

* "The Lord of the Sea." By M. P. Shiel. London: Grant Richards, 1901. 496 pages. Price 6s.

Jews and Gentiles.

Now, it is hardly fair to Mr. Shiel to tell the story in detail, but a general outline of some of the incidents may be permitted. The first half of the story reads like a compound of "Never too Late to Mend" and the first part of "Monte Christo." The story begins with a supposition—unfortunately by no means an imaginable one—that 10,000,000 Jews, expelled from all the European countries, take refuge in England, where in a very short space of time they become a very formidable element in the body politic. In other words, the Jews dominate everything; and one particular evil Jew of the name of Frankl, who has a daughter beautiful as a Mahomedan huri, buys up the estate in which the hero, Richard Hogarth, is living with his sister as one of the tenants of the estate. This said Jew, Frankl, who is the villain of the piece, in the extravagance of his photocratic tyranny decrees that the people on his estate shall wear a fez. This the Hogarts refuse to do, with the result that they are marked down for destruction. The Jew squire makes love to the village maiden, Richard Hogarth's sister, and finding her not complaisant, wrecks a bank in which the family savings are deposited, turns them out of house and home, and after a variety of complicated villainies succeeds in getting Hogarth convicted of a murder which he did not commit, and claps his sister into a private Jewish lunatic asylum, in which her reason speedily gives way. Now, Frankl's daughter, the radiant vision of loveliness, had fallen in love with Richard Hogarth, and he with her; but as he was supposed to be a Gentle, marriage was impossible, even if differences of station had not existed. Note, however, as necessary for the due development of the story, that Richard Hogarth was not a Gentle, but was himself a Jew, Spinoza by name, heir to considerable landed property, but brought up by his foster-parents without any knowledge of his real ancestry.

The Hero in Gaol.

Hogarth's sentence to death is commuted to penal servitude for life, and he spends some years in Colmood. Mr. Shiel gives a sympathetic account of the miseries of convicts, following therein Mr. Charles Read, and all other writers who have had to deal with the organised brutality of our prison system.

When in gaol, Hogarth meets a precious rascal of an unirocked priest, who tells him a marvellously cock-and-bull story of how he was sent to prison on a false accusation of having stolen some diamonds, which diamonds in reality he had found as the debris of an aerolite, which had burst in the north-east of Europe, just before Hogarth had been sent to gaol. In reality the scoundrel was serving a term of penal servitude for endeavouring to outrage Miss Frankl—Hogarth's adored. Hogarth is offered two chances of escape, and refuses them both. The first he gives away to the scoundrel priest, who escapes; the second he gives to a man who is convicted partly upon his evidence of having committed a murder of which he was innocent. This poor wretch does not escape, for as he is being carried off through the air by the rescuing balloon, he is shot by the sentries and falls to earth.

Monte Christo Up to Date.

After this, the radiant gospel of the establishment of the millennium by land nationalisation dawns upon Hogarth in gaol, and in the presence of this brilliant truth he waives his scruples about escaping, but gives formal notice to the governor of his intention to escape at the first opportunity. He is maltreated as usual,

and confined in a cold dungeon without light or fire, flogged, and generally mishandled: but he then sets about to contrive his escape. Mr. Shiel, in this, ventures upon well-trodden ground and provokes dangerous comparisons; but even with the memory of Monte Christo fresh in our minds, it must be said that his readers will find his method of dealing with the problem exceedingly original. By great ingenuity and miraculous daring, he succeeds in attaching a line of strips of tin, made from his skilly can, from a lightning conductor to the great bell in the tower. He then waits until a thunderstorm comes along, in which the electric fluid diverted from the conductor to the bell, reduces the latter to silence. Having obtained some chloroform with the aid of the friend who contrived the two previous escapes, he reduces the warders in the infirmary to a state of insensibility, possesses himself of their keys, and climbs to the bell-tower. As a peculiar aggravation of the situation, the Cockney murderer, who was in the infirmary at the time, insists upon accompanying him. Hogarth, therefore, has not only to provide for his own escape, but also to carry with him this miserable scoundrel, on penalty of his raising the alarm. They climb up to the belfry, and conceal themselves inside the bell. The hue and cry is roused; the country is scoured for miles round, but of course they are not found. They are sitting, shivering and starving in the inside of the great bell. In a paroxysm of hunger and passion the Cockney murderer bites a piece of out Hogarth's shoulder and eats it, whereupon Hogarth bashes his face to pieces with his fist, and reduces him to temporary quiescence. The bell being indispensable for the maintenance of the discipline of the gaol, no time was lost in removing it from its position in the lofty tower, and when the bell came down the two escapees were lowered with it. It was placed upon a trolley, and carted out of the gaol. It was impossible, however, for them to raise the bell, and there seemed imminent prospect that they would perish of starvation inside. The bell, however, was at last hoisted on board ship, and put to sea. The same night a collision occurred, the ship with the bell went to the bottom, and Hogarth, after a long buffeting with the waves, was washed ashore, naked and senseless. When he was revived he rejoiced not a little to think that he was at least quit of his murderer.

Wealth from the Skies.

He made his way back to his native village, to hunt for the aerolite which had fallen in the wood in the Frankls' estate, the secret of which he had learnt in prison. He had not much difficulty in finding it, and exulted in the discovery that the aerolite weight was greater than he could lift, and was packed from end to end with diamonds of size and lustre greater than any that had ever been taken from the De Beers mines.

After passing through many adventures, in the course of which the scoundrel priest and the Cockney murderer turn up at the most inconvenient moment, to steal the diamonds, which are restored to him by Miss Frankl, Hogarth is at last in possession of wealth far in excess of Monte Christo's, and proceeds to carry out the project over which he had brooded in the cells at Colmoor. One of the weak points in the story of Monte Christo is that beyond satisfying personal vengeance Monte Christo did nothing at all with his wealth.

Modern Pirates.

After a period, during which Hogarth uses his wealth among other things to buy up the De Beers mines, and to pose before the world as the greatest living mil-

lionaire, he sets to work to realise his great design. It is this which makes him the lord of the sea, and gave the title to the book. Mr. Shiel declares in his preface that the two naval men to whom he has submitted his story have assured him—one, that the seizure of the sea, therein related, is perfectly practicable and feasible; and the other, who, he says, if anyone does, deserves the title of expert, declared that it would not be at all difficult at the present time. Hogarth strikes up an alliance with the Republic of Ecuador, and in the name of the President of the Republic orders the construction of eight gigantic floating islands, each of which is armour clad, and provided with an adequate flotation to stand the roughest storms of the Atlantic. Each of these gigantic floating fortresses he anchors or stations in some way, not quite clearly explained by Mr. Shiel, in positions commanding the trade routes of the world. The Boodah, which was the flagship, so to speak, of this strange flotilla of floating fortresses, came to rest just in the northern limb of the Gulf Stream where it divides, part towards Ireland and part towards Africa, and she remained in the middle of the trade route between Europe and the United States, a route which she covered for fifty miles, twenty-five to the north and twenty-five to the south, by her bigger guns.

A Wondrous Decree.

Each of these gigantic sea-castles was heavily armed and manned with trained crews of blue-jackets. When the eight were completed, the trade-routes of the world lay under the guns of Hogarth. Inside these floating fortresses everything that wealth could buy in the shape of luxury was provided, and a trip to these floating palaces was the favourite amusement of the wealthy classes throughout the world. Everything went merrily as a marriage bell, until all was ready for the carrying out of Hogarth's great design. Then suddenly, without a word of warning, he launched the famous decree, in which he proclaimed to the astonished world that he had become the Lord of the Sea, and that as landlords levied rent from all those who use the land, which had originally been given to mankind to be held in common, so he, the new Lord of the Sea, would levy rent upon all those who ventured to use the sea. No one should use the sea excepting by his leave, and every vessel plying upon the surface of the ocean must pay to him a rent of 4s. per ton for every voyage.

A row of eight lay in vast irregular crescent (its convexity facing Europe) from just outside the Straits of Gibraltar, where O'Hara admiraled the Mahomet, to the 55th of latitude, where lay the Goethe on the Quebec-Glasgow route. These commanded all the European trade with the States and with S. America, as well as with W. and S. Africa, and with Australia by Cape Horn. Another lay in the narrows of the Gulf of Aden, commanding the whole world's traffic by Suez with the East and with S. Africa. Another in the middle of the narrows of the Kattegat commanded all out-going and in-coming Baltic trade. Another, fifteen miles from San Francisco, and another a hundred and fifty miles from Nagasaki on the edge of the Black Stream, commanded the Japanese-San Francisco, the Australian and San Francisco trades, and great part of the Japano-Russo-Chinese. These were the principal trades of the world.

All unauthorised ships passing on my domain will in due course be destroyed. The German Atlantic liner, Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, was the first ship upon which this sea-rent was levied. The captain, when summoned to the Boodah, wrathfully refused to pay a farthing, and on leaving the Boodah ordered the ship to go full steam ahead. As the steamer forged ahead, Hogarth ordered out a flotilla of boats to pull after her. She was showing a clean pair of heels, and had already

put two miles between herself and the Boodah, when suddenly space seemed to open its mouth in a chasm and bay gruff and hollow, like old hell-gate dogs; and almost at the same moment, quite close by the Kaiser, a column of water belched with one dull hump of venom two hundred feet on high. When this dropped back wide-showering, with it came showering a black rain of wreckage. . . . A six inch shell . . . had half shattered her engines, killing two stokers; and a torpedo-nine had knocked a hole, five feet across, in her port beam."

The crew were rescued with her papers, mail-bags, and £270,000 in specie, and were brought back to the Boodah, where they were royally entertained by Hogarth, and kept prisoners for four days.

During those four days the disappearance of the great ship created profound consternation in Europe and America. When at last they were liberated news began to arrive of similar occurrences on all the other trade routes. Only seventeen ships were sunk, and by that time the whole ocean as well as the whole earth had learned the new conditions upon which it was to be permitted to use the sea.

The Great Coalition.

For three weeks the nations of the world stood paralysed before this audacious usurpation. Meanwhile Hogarth was steadily gathering in the rent-roll of the sea, amounting to £103,000,000 a year. At the end of that time a great European coalition was formed for the purpose of destroying the sea-castles. The Allies differed, however, as to what should be done with the sea-castles when they were captured, and France and Russia decided that the opportunity was favourable for making an attack upon England. Disregarding the threatened danger, the English Fleet with its Allies advanced to attack the Boodah—26 battleships, 20 cruisers, 7 torpedo boats, 4 destroyers, 4 torpedo-rams, and 3 sloops.

Hogarth having received a telegram from the sea-castle of the Straits of Gibraltar that the invasion of England was toward, sent word to the British admiral telling him of the danger which threatened England, and urged him to return in hot haste to beat off the Franco-Russian invasion. As might be expected, the admiral scoffed at him, and began the attack with the battleword of "Britannia," to which Hogarth replied by displaying the signal of "Justitia." The English had been joined by the Americans, who had brought six battleships and four cruisers. The vast armada encircled the Boodah, and then rained hell fire upon the

sea-castle. Every shot told, and for two minutes the Boodah seemed one mount of flame. One of her great 110-ton guns and four of her 6-inchers were shivered into fragments; in her casements seventeen men lay dead, but although all the top-hambers had gone, her thunder-marred visage looked grimly forth like a face new risen from smallpox. Up to this moment she had not fired a gun. But seven of her assailants were sunk or sinking. The batteries of the Boodah then began to play, and of the forty-three ships thirty-nine were hit, and seventeen foundered. The British admiral, seeing that success was hopeless, endeavoured to withdraw, only to find that he had been fighting over a great mine, the ocean for miles around having been strewn with torpedoes of all kinds, dirigible, automobile, and mine. The Boodah was a real shore, although she had no beach with pebbles on it, but for twenty miles round each of the great sea-castle submarine mines were sunk, and little boats of varnished cork, electrically connected with the fort by rigid wires, contained them. The whole network was charted to an inch, and co-ordinated with the range tables. Hence, of the seventy-eight ships which had begun the siege, twenty-one only—and several of these half wrecks—reached the twenty-five mile limit.

A Waste of Good Material.

It would be unfair to Mr. Shiel to tell the end of the story, which goes on with a succession of thrilling episodes, including an indefinite number of murders, assassinations, kidnapping, and sea-fights, culminating ultimately in the restoration of the Jews to Jerusalem, with Richard Hogarth, now at last discovered to be a genuine Jew, installed as the promised Messiah, and reigning till a good old age over the chosen people, with the former Miss Frankl as Queen, her evil father having been judiciously disposed of by the Cockney murderer, who for that service may be forgiven all his other sins.

This bare outline of the story is sufficient to show the lavish extravagance with which Mr. Shiel crams his romance with exciting episodes. There is enough matter in "The Lord of the Sea" to furnish half a dozen ordinary novels, and yet it is somewhat a waste of good material. It is like a basket full of diamonds, none of which are adequately polished and cut. Nevertheless, the reader who wants something thrilling on holiday will have to go far before he finds any stronger meat than that which is contained in the covers of Mr. Shiel's book.

"Suffrage and Service."

This is the significant heading of a paper by Mr. John H. Burton in the "United Service Magazine" for August. He traces the history of the relation between the two ideas from early times, and then proceeds—

it is impossible now to reproduce exactly in a modern state the old system under which every freeman bore arms and was allowed to take part in the folk-moot of his tribe as a community. The same principle, however, might be revived under modern conditions and the

Electorate made to correspond with the national army on the territory and under the Government they control by their votes. No citizen could then vote for a representative in Parliament if he did not belong to some military force. While no country has understood better than England that political privileges should correspond to political burdens, she does not quite see that these burdens should correspond to the privileges and the burdens must always include military service or a tax to pay for it. Colonial reinforcements now exist without any representation, yet it may come if such forces ever become permanent abroad. And it can only be in the Upper House, as the Lower has sole control over our taxation, with which others have nothing to do. Such representation would put an effective stop to any further agitation against the second chamber.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

How Trade-Unionism Affects British Industries.

The latest article on this topic appears in "The North American Review" from the pen of Mr. Benjamin Taylor, an editorial writer on the staff of the Glasgow "Herald," one of the foremost journals of Scotland, and Mr. Taylor's attitude may be seen when he says:—

In theory, the trade-union is an organisation for the protection of labour against the tyranny and oppression of capital. In practice, the British trade-union is an organisation for the restraint of labour and the manacling of capital. . . . The modern trade-union is a combination for the sole purpose of furthering the supposed interests of the workmen, without regard to the interests of the trade or craft as a whole. In the old system, there was the element of solidarity in the relations between capital and labour. In the new system, there is the element of antagonism. In the old system, the craftsman prospered according to his skill and industry. In the new system, skill and industry are reduced to one common denominator, called the trade-union rate of wage. If American manufacturers are enabled to undersell their British rivals, in some of their pet industries, it is not because the American workman is a better craftsman than the British—he is, indeed, often imported from Britain—but because he is an unfettered producer. That is to say, American labour is more productive than British.

The chief mistake of the trade-unionists, Mr. Taylor thinks, is "the fallacy that there is just a certain amount of work to be done in the world, which, spread out thin, will go all round the army of manual workers." This mistaken principle, he says,

ignores the fact that work creates work, and that the more cheaply work can be done, the more there will be to do. It opposes the teaching of experience that, as machine-tools displace labour in one direction, they create more labour in another direction. If Great Britain fails in the industrial race, it will not be because her workmen can not create as well as others, but that they will not. And we do not need to go much further than this in search of an explanation of the pressure of foreign competition—that a German or American workman will give equal attention simultaneously to three, four, or six machines or tools, whilst the British workman is compelled by his trade-union to limit his attention to one, so that employment may be given to half a dozen other men who ought to be busy elsewhere."

To come, now, to some definite instances of industries driven out of Great Britain by trade-unionism, Mr. Taylor goes on to say:—

It was, for example, the exactions and limitations of the Thames shipbuilders that drove the great shipbuilding industry from London to the northern rivers, where it has flourished ever since, while the Thames has now only one shipyard of any importance. It was the exactions and limitations of the trade-unions that drove lace-making from Nottingham to Scotland. It was the exactions and limitations of trade-unions that drove flint glass-making from England to Germany, and bottle-making from Scotland to Belgium.

The story of the flint-glass trade is a very instructive one. This used to be a very extensive and lucrative business in Great Britain, affording highly-paid employ-

ment to many thousands of workers. These workers had, of course, their trade-union. The union waxed fat, and kicked on the question of apprentices. And it succeeded in enforcing strict limitation to the number of boys to be allowed to enter the trade in any one year or in any one factory. Having secured this, they put the screw on wages until they raised the pay of an ordinary journeyman to between three pounds ten shillings and four pounds a week. The monopoly of labour was complete, but not the monopoly of supply. The Germans stepped in and took the trade bodily from under the nose of the Flint-glass Makers' Union, which now does not, in the whole United Kingdom, contain as many members as there are workers in many a single factory in Germany. The industry has gone, save two or three high-class concerns making costly table-ware for the wealthy; and with it the workers, who either emigrated to America or sought employment in other overcrowded avenues. Much the same kind of thing happened in the bottle-making industry. Apprentices and production were kept down, and wages were forced up, until bottles became so dear that Belgium sailed in and "scoped the market." German table-glass, and Belgian bottles now tell the tale, in every British household, of what aggressive and tyrannical trade-unionism can do for the industries of the country. Let it be noted that the initial cause of the ruin of these industries was the limitation placed on apprenticeship, for that is one of the most dangerous and lamentable features of trade-unionist policy as still pursued.

To give an idea of the extent to which the work of the men is curtailed by the union rules, the following paragraph is quoted from a report of the Employers' Association:

A. reports that, when making ammunition boxes for six-pounder cartridges some years ago, it was found that, in finishing up the hinges, any member of the society employed on the job used always to do exactly eight in a day. The foreman in charge knew that this was not a day's work, and he changed the men; but in every case, notwithstanding that considerable changes were made, the union men made exactly eight per day. A young Swiss (non-unionist), who did not speak English, was then put on the job, and the first day he did fifty. The same firm report that, in filing up the outside handles of machine-guns, it was found that any member of the society working on the job, generally did one a day. The firm knew that this was not a day's work but were unable to get a society man to do more. The work was then given to a gun-fitter not belonging to any society, and he did twelve a day.

In marked contrast to all this are the conditions in the American factories, in proof of which Mr. Taylor quotes as follows from a statement by Mr. George O. Draper, secretary of an American cotton-manufacturing concern:—

In spinning, the product of the machine has practically doubled in the last thirty years, and the capacity of the operative has not only doubled with the machine, but has trebled or even quadrupled. The improvement has been of such a nature that the increase in speed has been attended with benefit to the product. In weaving, the product per operative has easily trebled; it is certain that the product per operative in other departments of a cotton-mill has at least doubled. Formerly, a weaver tended but one loom, and that at a moderate speed. To-day weavers on the Northrop looms often tend twenty-four machines, running at a speed nearly double that of the original power looms.

Wanted an Economic Intelligence Society.

The author of "Drifting," discussing in the "Contemporary Review" for August What Remedies should be employed to arrest the Economic Decay of Great Britain, makes a somewhat sensible suggestion. He says:—

As the supply of economic intelligence is utterly insufficient for our wants, I propose that, by voluntary contributions from all industries of Great Britain, an Economic Intelligence Society, controlled by our industries, should be formed, which might work hand in hand with the Board of Trade, and which probably would be allowed to utilise and to reform the existing consular machinery. Its objects should be:

(1.) To reform the Consular Service, and staff it with competent men, who would be instructed to supply, at regular intervals and whenever wanted, the information required by different trades.

(2.) To boil down Consular Reports in order to make them generally useful. For instance, to come back to our boot manufacturer, a report should be issued on "The Boot and Shoe Trade in South America, being an extract from twenty Consular Reports."

(3.) To study, inspect, and report on all economic, social, and scientific progress, inventions, improvements, etc., in Great Britain and abroad, and to bring innovations, likely to be of use to this country, prominently before those interested in them.

(4.) To assist our industries by the personal advice of competent delegates, and to assist and advise commercial travellers.

(5.) To promote legislative measures, such as the simplification of legal proceedings and the creation of a stringent Company Law, which, without restricting legitimate promotions, should protect the public against the frauds by which it is now being impoverished. In 1899, £76,927,826 of capital was involved in companies liquidating, and 60 per cent. of the companies floated during that year were abortive, according to the official report. The society should also press for the introduction of proper Patent Legislation, studying the German and United States patent law; it should press for the adoption of the decimal system, and for more stringent adulteration laws to safeguard the health of the people.

(6.) Facilities should be provided for members of the Economic Intelligence Society to meet and discuss topics of general, practical, and scientific interest, in order to keep themselves and the public abreast of the times in economic matters.

In other words, this society should centralise and organise search for useful information, and should diffuse practical knowledge throughout the country. Nor should abstract science be neglected. In fact, such a society might work hand in hand with the Universities.

"A Hundred Years' War of To-Day."

Under this slightly hyperbolical—or prophetic—title, Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld describes in "Harper's" the effort of the Dutch Government to subdue the Achinese, in the north of Sumatra:—

The hatred of foreign domination, which led the Achinese to refuse English merchants permission to settle in their country, also led them to fight one European nation after another for nearly five hundred years; and there can be no better evidence of their tenacity and national spirit than the fact that their country is still practically independent and their fighting men unconquered.

When Java and Sumatra were returned by England to Holland in 1819, the latter undertook not to

conquer Achin. Achinese lawlessness led to the repeal of this treaty in 1871, and the Dutch have been fighting ever since to subdue these warlike Moslems. Dutch prisoners speak well of their Achinese captors. But though the Dutch hold the coast, the guerilla war goes on in the interior, and no one can foretell the issue. The writer remarks on the coincidence of seeing at the same time at Southampton a British transport laden with troops for South Africa and a Dutch Batavian steamer with Dutch soldiers on board bound for Achin. The troops cheered each other.

The Study of Man.

With all the scientific research now going on in the world, the complaint is made that the study of living man, as he is to-day, is sadly neglected. This would certainly seem to be a practical and even necessary line of enquiry, especially as regards the period of childhood and youth; but we are told by Mr. Arthur MacDonald, in the "American Journal of Sociology" for May, that child-study receives, as yet, but scant support, and that the first case in all history of a thorough scientific study of a human being is that made on the French novelist, Zola, in 1897, by a group of French specialists.

To illustrate some of the results from recent incomplete studies of modern man undertaken by investigators in various parts of the world, Mr. MacDonald gives a number of their conclusions. These statements are to be taken in a general sense only—i.e., as true in most of the cases investigated. Following are some of the most important conclusions of these investigators, as stated by Mr. MacDonald:—

Maximum growth in height and weight occurs in boys two years later than in girls (Bowditch).

First-born children excel later born in stature and weight (Boas).

Healthy men ought to weigh an additional five pounds for every inch in height beyond 61 inches, at which height they ought to weigh 120 pounds (Lancaster).

Chest-girth increases constantly with height, and is generally half the length of the body (Landsberger).

Chest-girth and circumference of head increase in parallel lines (Daffner).

The relatively large size of head as compared with body in children may be due to the fact that from birth on the child needs its brain and senses as much as when grown (Weissenberg).

Boys grow more regularly than girls, but the growth of girls during school years is greater than that of boys (Schmidt).

In boys in school the muscles of the upper extremities increase with age, as compared with those of the lower extremities, because of their sitting more than standing (Kotellmann).

Children born in summer are taller than those born in winter (Combe).

Boys of small frames often have large heads and are deficient in repose of character, and when the chest is contracted and mental action slow, this mental condition is due, probably, to lack of supply of purified blood (Liharzik).

Delicate, slender people are much more subject to typhoid fever than to consumption (Hilderbrand).

Some defective children are overnormal—that is, they are taller and heavier than other children (Hasse).

Growth degenerates as we go lower in the social scale (British Association for Advancement of Science). Dull children are lighter and precocious children heavier than the average child (Porter).

As circumference of head increases, mental ability increases; it being understood that race and sex are the same (MacDonald).

Urban life decreases stature from five years of age on (Peckham).

City children are more vivacious, but have less power of endurance, than country children (Liharzik).

The Search for the Missing Link.

In the course of a readable sketch of Professor Ernst Haeckel, in the August "McClure's." Mr. Ray Stannard Baker tells something of the scientist's mission in the island of Java. Professor Haeckel went to Java in September of last year, to investigate further along the lines of discoveries of Dr. Dubois, a Dutch army surgeon.

The "Ape-Man" of Java.

Dr. Dubois "found some fossilised bones, which, upon careful examination, proved to be the remains of a hitherto unknown animal, partaking of some of the characteristics of the ape, and some of man." Dr. Dubois gave this animal the name Pithecanthropus erectus (ape-man), and upon its exhibition at the zoological congress at Leyden in 1893 a number of the world's greatest zoologists and paleontologists at once declared that it was of a certainty one of the 'missing links' connecting man with his ape-like ancestors. Judged by the length of the femur, or thigh-bone—that of the left leg—the creature must have been nearly equal in size to a modern man. But the shape of the skull indicates that he was only a little more intelligent than the apes, the size of his brain being only about two-thirds that of a civilised man, although equal to that of a modern Veddah woman of Ceylon, the human being lowest in the scale of intelligence. This ancestor of ours was probably well covered with hair, was tailless, like the present-day baboons and men, and had the power of walking upright. His arms were doubtless long, so that he might climb and swing about among the trees of his native jungle. Curiously enough, also, certain growths on the thigh-bone of this ages-dead creature indicate that during life he was lame, suffering from a malady, to cure which in man requires the most careful hospital treatment. And yet there are evidences that the creature recovered, though possibly remaining lame, and it may have been that it was on account of this serious handicap in life that his skeleton reached the place where it was preserved through all the centuries, while his fellow-ape-men wholly disappeared.

He Lived 270,000 Years Ago.

In the jungles of south-eastern Asia and the islands near by, which have long been known to science as the cradle of the human race, and which are still inhabited by the very lowest orders of human beings, the Pithecanthropus lived with the elephant, tapir, rhinoceros, lion, hippopotamus, gigantic pangolin, hyena, and other animals, remains of which were found round about him. It has been computed that this ancestor

lived somewhere about the beginning of our last glacial epoch, some 270,000 years ago. In other words, about 17,000 generations have been born, and have died between him and ourselves. It will assist our understanding of what this relationship really means, to know that merely 250 generations carry us back beyond the dawn of history, 5,000 years ago.

To the discovery of these few bones the scientific world attached the utmost importance, as giving indisputable visual evidence of one of the steps by which the ape-form of creature has developed through the processes of evolution to the man-form. Yet the discovery, though immensely significant, was meagre enough. Here were two bits of bone, a skull-cap, and a femur and two teeth, very dark of colour, and thoroughly petrified—all too little to satisfy the knowledge-seeking appetite of the zoologist. Consequently, Dr. Dubois pursued his investigations in Java, spending much money in making further excavations, but to no purpose so far as the discovery of other remains of the ape-man was concerned. And, finally, Professor Haeckel himself determined to go to Java, hoping, yet hardly expecting, to find some further evidences of the "missing link."

The "Missing Link" Not Indispensable.

It is significant that, although he is now in the land of the pithecanthropus on such an errand, Professor Haeckel has long asserted that the story of the origin of man is complete in all of its essential details; all that remains to be done is to fill in here and there such concrete evidences as paleontological and zoological research shall reveal. To such a scientist as Professor Haeckel, therefore, there is in theory no "missing link"—the scheme of creation is complete. If there are links between different species of animals which have been lost in the lapse of the ages—and there are many such—the scientist may name and describe them with great accuracy, fitting them into his pedigree as hypothetical species. The "search for the missing link," therefore, becomes a search either for the actual fossil bones of missing species, or else for the living representatives of those species, already anticipated by scientists.

The feature of the August "Strand" is Dr. Conan Doyle's narration of another adventure of Sherlock Holmes—this time something connected with the "hound of the Baskervilles," a frightful hell-black hound of colossal size, which appears at different times to different members of the Baskerville family, and always in connection with their death. It has now appeared once too often, and Sherlock Holmes has been put upon its track by a country doctor who knows the legend, and who has seen its gigantic footprints round the livid corpse of the last tenant of Baskerville Hall, a lonely Devonshire manor.

To the August number of "Cassell's" Mr. Raymond Blathwayt contributes an illustrated interview with Miss Fanny Moody, the animal painter, and her work. Another paper is devoted to the new Holborn to Strand-street, which is to cost nearly five millions. Most timely in the season of excursions is an article on John Hampden's home in Hampden, in Buckinghamshire. It is well illustrated by photographs by its present owner, the Duke of Buckingham, a direct descendant of Hampden in the female line. It is one of the most interesting and best-known of England's historic mansions.

Man as a Creator of Worlds!

FORECAST BY AN ELECTRICAL SEER.

Nikola Tesla will be the greatest name of the Twentieth Century." With this prediction closes a paper in the "Humanitarian" on the Electrical Wizard of the West, which suggests grounds not a few for so daring a hope. The man, whose portrait shows a cool, self-possessed, and almost youthful face, was, it appears, born in 1857, of the Serbian race, on the borders of Austria-Hungary. His father was a parish priest of the Greek Orthodox Church. After serving as engineer in the telephone system of Hungary, and in the electric lighting of Paris, he arrived in New York in 1882, and at once entered Mr. Edison's employ. In a short time he left Edison and joined an arc-lighting company. He has now a world-wide reputation.

Messages to the Planets.

He confidently assured his interviewer that in time, not very far distant, most telegraphic messages will be sent across the ocean without cables, and at much lower cost. He claims to have shown that "it is perfectly practicable to produce on our globe an electrical movement of such magnitude that, without the slightest doubt, its effect will be perceptible on some of our nearer planets, as Venus and Mars." He avers "that we can send a message to a planet is certain; that we get an answer is probable."

Marvels to be Wrought by Tamed Lightning.

The transmission of electrical energy without wires he considers to be the all-surpassing task of the engineer, the practical consummation of which would mean that energy would be available for the uses of man at any point of the globe, in quantities virtually unlimited, from waterfalls.

Export of power would then become the chief source of income for many happily situated countries, as the United States, Canada, Central and South America, Switzerland, and Sweden. Men could settle down everywhere, fertilise and irrigate the soil with little effort, and convert barren deserts into gardens, and thus the entire globe could be transformed and made a fitter abode for mankind.

"Heat Without Fuel."

M. Tesla, who seems a cross between Swedenborg and Edison, had other inventions to forecast:

Tesla has also a wonderful plan for obtaining heat without fuel; he would literally harness the rays of the sun to the chariot of the earth, and make them obedient to man's bidding. He proposes to concentrate the rays of the sun on one spot (a glass cylinder) by a series of complicated mirrors and magnifying glasses until he obtains a terrific heat, which will do away with the need of coal and other fuel. "In this way electricity will be so cheapened," Tesla declared, "that it will be possible for the poorest factory-owner to use it as a power at a smaller cost than steam. Electricity will, in this way, supplant steam as a motive-power on all railways and—in the shape of storage batteries—on all water vessels. And the humblest citizen will profit by the new system of producing electricity; for he can have it

in his home to do all his cooking and lighting and heating, and it will be even cheaper for him than coal, wood, or petroleum."

The Secret of Matter.

But all these prospects fade into utter insignificance beside the bold dream of Man as Creator and as Destroyer which M. Tesla grafts on Lord Kelvin's theory of matter. He says:—

What can man, with his power of creating, in his striving toward the ideal, produce; what result can he attain which would be of the greatest consequence in this universe, his greatest achievement? A scientific idea which I advanced nearly two years ago in an unpublished address may serve to answer this question, from a point of view likely to be taken by an inventor or engineer.

According to the adopted theory, first clearly formulated by Lord Kelvin, all matter is composed of primary substance of inconceivable tenuity, vaguely designated by the word "ether." The atom of an elementary body is differentiated from the rest of this substance, which fills all space, merely by movement, as a small whirl of water would be in a calm lake.

Man Able to Create Matter.

All matter, then, is merely whirling ether. By being set in movement, ether becomes matter perceptible to our senses; the movement arrested, the primary substance reverts to its normal state and becomes imperceptible. If this theory of the constitution of matter is not merely a beautiful conception, which in its essence is contained in the old philosophy of the Vedas, but a physical truth, then, if the ether whirl or atom be shattered by impact or slowed down and arrested by cold, any material, whatever it be, would vanish into seeming nothingness, and, conversely, if the ether be set in movement by some force, matter would again form. Thus by the help of a refrigerating machine or other means for arresting ether movement and an electrical or other force of great intensity for forming ether whirls, it appears possible for man to annihilate or to create at his will all we are able to perceive by our tactile sense.

To Make Worlds at a Word.

This conclusion, though startling, is not contradictory to the adopted doctrine of the indestructibility of matter, and in the light of modern views it may be considered as a scientific possibility. It does not require the exercise of great powers of imagination to conceive that by harnessing the sun's energy and making his machines self-acting these processes of creation and annihilation might be made to go on without human intervention other than the control.

Could he do this, man would then have god-like power, for he could create any kind of material substance, of any size and shape, seemingly out of nothing, and he could make all perceptible substance revert to its primary form, lose itself for ever in the universe.

At his command, almost without an effort on his part, worlds would disappear and new worlds would be born. This, according to my ideas, would be the grandest feat which might be performed by man, the most consequential, his greatest achievement.

"He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." These words, then, are to be true of Man, as well as of his Unseen Progenitor.

In the August number of the "Woman at Home," Mrs. Tooley's interesting life of Queen Alexandra is continued. There is also a paper on Holyrood, and its connection with Mary Queen of Scots. Holyrood, says the writer, under King Edward, may again become a royal residence, and its ancient glories be revived.

Volapuk and Its Rivals.

In the second July number of the "Revue de Paris" M. Breal, in writing upon the choice of an international language, has produced a very interesting criticism of the various projects which have been brought forward to attain this end. In the first place, it must be understood that what is desired is not a language which shall take the place of existing ones, but a common auxiliary one which should be voluntarily and unanimously accepted by all civilised nations, so that an individual would merely have to acquaint himself with his own native language and this common tongue. The bearing of this upon the promotion of peace between nations is too obvious to need pointing out. A German savant has proposed the revival of Latin, which, as is well known, served in the Middle Ages as a great medium of communication between scholars in all countries. It would not be the Latin of Cicero, but that kind of dog Latin which was easily spoken in the schools and law courts of the Middle Ages, a flexible lingo which would readily yield itself to the introduction of new phrases and words, and at the same time be serviceable to traders.

M. Breal is inclined to reject this idea, because he does not think that Latin could ever fulfil the conditions required for a true auxiliary language for the modern world. M. Breal turns to the living languages, and ultimately reduces the list to two—French and English. As for French, he is opposed to its adoption, apparently because in that event his countrymen would only have their own language to learn; as for English, he does justice to its extraordinary flexibility and simplicity, its delightful absence of conjugations, and the boldness of its constructions; but he does not conceal the great drawback—namely, its hopelessly irrational spelling. So he arrives at a plan suggested by a retired merchant, which seems to him the true solution of the problem. By this plan a treaty should be concluded between France, England, and the United States, in virtue of which French and English should be associated officially in the education of the three countries. These two languages, thus made the means of communication between a hundred and eighty millions of men, would acquire an impetus which would go far to make them the universal language. The author of this scheme, M. Chappellier, considers that German opposition might be bought off by a shrewd perception of the commercial advantages of the plan.

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The "Sunday Magazine" for August is chiefly notable for two biographical sketches. Father Ivan, of Cronstadt, is limned by the Rev. J. Burns, and Mrs. Nassau Senior, originator of the Girls' Friendly Society, by Mr. F. D. How.

What Should Be Done in China.

WHERE AND WHY WE HAVE LOST GROUND.

The "Quarterly Review," in an article entitled "The Chinese Fiasco," maintains that England ought to undertake an act of policy in China which runs directly counter to the course advised by Sir Robert Hart and many other experienced observers. The following are the main points of the programme:—

(1) Restoration of the Emperor; (2) Selection of a liberal advisory council of the best men obtainable; (3) perpetual exclusion of the Empress-Dowager; (4) abolition of all class privileges of Manchus; (5) abolition of the Manchu Banner force. Such a settlement would establish a government of China by and for the Chinese, and might well be permanent.

The national pre-occupation with the affairs of South African war counts, in the opinion of the reviewer, for the secondary part we have played in China. The "Quarterly" Reviewer says that we have been exposed to rebuff after rebuff in the north, but some are apt to console themselves by thinking that we have consolidated our position in the Yangtze-Kiang:—

On the contrary, the foothold which other Powers are acquiring in that region is every day increasing, while we, at best, remain stationary. If the British public think that we have acquired any special rights in the Yangtze Valley, the sooner they are undeceived the better. Ten years ago the British concession at Hankow was the only concession, and all foreigners resident therein conformed to its regulations. Now there is a French concession, a Russian concession, a German concession, and a Japanese concession. Three years ago, with the exception of the China Merchants' vessels, the whole of the carrying trade was in the hands of the British. Now there are German and Japanese lines plying regularly between Shanghai and Hankow, subsidised, it is said, by their respective Governments. Hankow is the headquarters of the Franco-Belgian syndicate, now pushing on the Lu-Han Railway which will connect that city with Peking; and it has recently been announced that the same financial group have acquired a controlling share in the American syndicate which obtained a concession for building the continuation of the line from Hankow to Canton. This means, if true, that our Continental competitors, backed by Russia and France, have acquired the control of the whole line of future communication from Canton to Peking, or, rather, we may say, from Tonking to Manchuria. Russia and France, in short, will have joined hands right across our supposed sphere of influence, and we shall find it will next be claimed that we are thereby excluded from all the hinterland which lies west of that line. In other words, France will claim Szechuen, Kweichow and Yunnan; and Russia will set up exclusive rights in Shansi, Shensi, and Kansuh, besides Central Asia; while Great Britain, confined to the sea-board, will be deemed, even there, to have only equal rights with others. A paper partition of this sort may seem fantastical; but, when one looks at what has happened in Manchuria within the last few years, it is folly to dismiss it as an idle fancy. If the disintegration of China continues, something of the kind is bound to happen. Railway construction, in that case, is but a prelude to military occupation. If Chinese troops cannot protect the line, foreign troops will be moved in. Then comes a protectorate, and finally annexation. Three years ago no one would have questioned our right to the Yangtze Valley; but we are allowing rights to take root which will grow stronger year by year, and soon can only be got rid of by force.

By way of remedying this state of things, the reviewer would reserve all lines running east and west in the Yangtze Valley and crossing the Franco-Belgian lines for British capital. The lines on the Lower Yangtze, for which concessions have been obtained, should be pushed on without delay, and the British Government should insist on raising capital for their construction.

WHERE WE HAVE LOST GROUND.

The "Edinburgh Review" contains an article upon "The Situation in the Far East." Like most critics the writer begins by accepting as proven that we have lost prestige in China. In our handling of the Far Eastern Question, it is impossible, he says, to discover any traces of a reasoned and consistent policy. We have shifted from one policy to another. The acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei was absurd as an answer to Russia. When once we admitted that Russia had a right to an ice-free port on the Pacific, it was absurd of us to imagine that that port would not be fortified. Russia and France are the only Powers that have drawn any advantage from the recent troubles. The reviewer regards Russia's position in Manchuria as very strong and based on permanent factors of power. The reviewer concludes as follows:—

While Russia, Germany, and France have acquired important spheres of influence which, in the case of Russia and France at least, will be converted into annexations, we have obtained only enclaves at Wei-hai-Wei and Kau-lun. We have preached the doctrine of the "open door" and of the "equality of opportunity" to an unappreciative audience. These doctrines would have been admirable if other Powers had been willing to accept them; but this, unfortunately, was not the case, and as a result of events since 1897 the open doors are fewer, while equality of opportunity has ceased to exist over considerable areas of China. Powers pursuing definite objects and prepared to follow up their advantages have naturally, and with success, relied upon the process of squeezing the Government at Peking. The vague abstractions, which commended themselves to H.M. Government, could be realised only by international agreements never attained. Time alone can show whether the action of Russia, Germany, and France was wise; but these Powers, at least, attained their immediate objects. If, as Mr. Curzon stated, "the integrity and independence of China" were "the cardinal bases" of British policy, that policy has unquestionably failed.

A CHINESE VERSION OF THE CASE.

In the "Westminster Review" for August there is a somewhat remarkable article on "The Russo-Chinese Imbroglio," by Taio-Ko (Tian-Ti-Huwe) and Charles Stanford. There is nothing to show that either of these authors has any authority, nor have I the good fortune to know who they are. But their paper contains a good deal of out-of-the-way information. The writers say that "unless there be a considerable change in the attitude of the Allies, and a speedy settlement of the Far Eastern Question, the only alternative to a war with all Europe will be an alliance with one

or more of the European Powers against Russia, on terms that will ensure China's integrity."

THE RISING AN ANTI-RUSSIAN MOVEMENT.

They are very much against Russia, and do not seem to realise the fact that Russia is much more likely to form an alliance with China for the maintenance of Chinese integrity than any other Power. The Boxer plan of campaign, they maintain, was for the clans to rise in Feng-Tien, and while the Northern Empire drove the Russians back across the Amur, to march on to Port Arthur and Talién-wan. The rebellions both north and south of the Great Wall were ill-advised and premature; but although the anti-Russian movement failed in its main object, it resulted in the breakdown of the rival policy, in the reconciliation of conflicting interests, and the converging of the political forces of the Empire in support of the national policy. Since the national policy has forced the central Government to modify its relations with Russia, the rising was not in vain.

A GRAND INQUISITOR IN DISGUISE.

The following extract from the article contains a statement which I have never seen elsewhere, and which, if true, is of very great importance:—

The decline of prosperity and well-being consequent on the Russian occupation can be gathered from the report of a representative of the Board of Censors, who, at the end of 1897, or in the early part of the following year, was invested with the Imperial authority and despatched to enquire into the conduct of the Government officials in Manchuria. He disbanded his retinue and assumed the disguise of a merchant, the better to accomplish his purposes, and, mixing with all classes of the community, prepared a full account of what was transpiring. One village he found entirely deserted, and, on enquiring the cause, learned that the inhabitants had taken to the hills on the approach of the foreign soldiers, who had plundered their homes, and issued an order to the effect that if the villagers did not return, the houses would be burned to the ground. The people employed on the railway proved to be mostly criminals, reprieved from the torture and other punishments their misdeeds merited according to the law, on condition that they worked out their penalties in gratuitous labour. All wages were paid to a local official, who gave just what he pleased to the unfortunate people on whom he forced employment, thus reducing them to the condition of slaves. On the least pretext they were flogged and shot by the Cossacks, who, when not guarding the Chinese labourers on the railway, committed outrages and murders daily in their homes. In the meantime, the local officials were engaged in revelry and feasting with the foreigners, lulled to all sense of duty by dreams of illimitable wealth that would result from the exploitation of the resources of the country and the labour of the people in co-operation with Russia. The governors of the districts in the north, having refused Russian bribes, were threatened with diplomatic representations at Pekin, which would involve their degradation, and possibly cost them their lives. The Grand Inquisitor or Supervisor found the very heart of Manchuria, the "Heaven-ordained" province (i.e., Feng Tien) formerly a model of good government, with prosperous flourishing guilds and growing industries, which supplied all the wants of the people, converted into a nest of iniquity, with treason on the part of officials, and atrocities on the part of foreign soldiers, which surpassed any committed by the Ta-Tse bands under

Chiao, Tien, Hu, and other robbers, who at this time roamed the neighbouring hills and borders of the Gobi desert.

The Revolt no Wonder.

The Supervisor having collected full information concerning the mandarins and subordinate officials who had oppressed the people by forcing them to work on the railway and withholding their wages, caused no less than five to be decapitated in as many days, and many others degraded, while the military commanders who had lost Imperial favour through Russian intrigues were recommended for promotion. Taking all things into consideration, it is not surprising that the Heavenly Brotherhood should extend its influence throughout the length and breadth of the land. Arms and ammunition were imported in large quantities during a considerable period near Kaio Chaio, and when the source of this supply was discovered, sufficient had been stored away for a long campaign. Contributions were levied on the entire population, and those who refused to pay were carried off and held until ransomed. The outlawed but patriotic clans of the hills round Feng-Tien made common cause with the Chinese inhabitants, who are now in the majority, as also did the Ta-tse of Mongolia. The Grand Council of the society, consisting of some of the principal officials and supported by a prince of the reigning family, entered into relations with the Mahomedans of Central Asia, who, nominally under Russian rule, really take the oath of allegiance to the Sultan of Turkey annually. But for the lack of arms and ammunition these would have revolted at the time of the Chinese attack on Blagovestchenk.

Is the Battleship Obsolete?

"The Apotheosis of the Torpedo: a Brief for the New School," is contributed by Mr. F. T. Jane to the "Fortnightly." He lays stress on the fact that during the recent manoeuvres of the Mediterranean Fleet "the destroyers were sent out some hours before the fleet. They were given two days at sea to find the fleet, which took an unknown course. They did find it, and claimed to have sunk every one of the fourteen vessels engaged." Ten out of the fourteen battleships admitted that they were "bagged without loss to the attack." This admission leads the writer to pronounce the destroyer, in the judgment of our principal fleet, "the ship of the future." The gyroscope has lengthened the torpedo range to a thousand, or even two thousand, yards. Two thousand yards is the maximum distance at which a destroyer can be sighted at night; and as she is moving at a thousand yards a minute, the chance of the battleship disabling her before she has sped her fatal bolt is very small. A Maxim to rain death on her personnel is suggested as the battleship's possible safeguard. The writer argues:—

As things are, the torpedo is accepted by the ship much as the gun shell is accepted by the destroyer, the sole defence the chance of not being hit—just the defence to which soldiers, once armour-clad, were driven. When the man-at-arms was supplied with a gun, he drove the armoured knight to become a species of man-at-arms also. Everything is pointing to the probability that the torpedo is going to do something of the same sort of thing with the small craft and the battleship—sighted, perhaps, by the big high-explosive shell which, like the torpedo, puts the stricken horse to combat with a single blow. In a fight in which such blows are dealt, everything tends to favour the evolution of

cheap craft that can be lost without that loss being a disaster.

"Drake Redivivus."

It is a truly alarming picture the writer gives of the rapidity of future naval battles:—

The war of the future is bound to become more and more a war of individuals, an affair of initiative, in which doing the best thing after a pause for reflection may well be inferior to merely doing something at once without reflection. If destroyers fight each other, the combined speed may be sixty miles an hour, or more than that. There will be no time to think. Such a battle would be all over inside five minutes. There may be no room for tactics; the fight may be quicker than thought. For such work the type of young officer that we rear by our present system is probably the best man going, for he best adapts himself to doing something on the spur of the moment.

Those who will do best belong to the type that the foreigner calls "mad Englishman." Fate has sent us this type. We know it well in the naval ports. It tends to be rowdy; it may be a "throw-back" to Elizabethan days. It has a merry life and a short one, and its future is generally limited by a maximum of not more than twelve hours ahead. It is "Drake and his merry men" over again. . . . The type exists in no foreign navy.

"The Sole Gospel" of the New Navy.

The writer is very pronounced on the obsolescence of the battleship and heavier craft. He says:

A thousand destroyers so manned would make the Seven Seas a British Lake. In the making, nine hundred might be lost, but the enemy's flag would have disappeared for ever, nor would any hostile battleship float a week. This is not the faith of one man or of two, it is the sole gospel of the entire new generation of naval officers.

Yet at the present time the Admiralty have "all but ceased to build" destroyers.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF THE SUBMARINE.

Mr. A. Hillard Atteridge writes in the "Monthly Review" on "The Tactics of the Submarine." The action of the Zede in the French Mediterranean manoeuvres is taken by him as one more striking proof that the submarine boat has become "an effective and reliable element in naval warfare." He would prefer to call the new craft a "submangible boat." He compares her with the destroyer, and holds that she has the advantages of a much lower speed, and so of less chance of premature discovery; of a much smaller exposure—only the dome being above water; of complete silence in approach; and disappearance at will under water. He quotes the suggestion of a French officer that, after submarines had been sent towards a hostile fleet, a false attack of torpedo boats would divert attention from the submarines and enable them to ply their deadly task unheeded. In narrow tideways the French are laying down cables along which the submarine moves according to direction by wire from the land, so as to make counter-mining very dangerous. A submarine is told off for work in the Seine as part of the defence of Paris, and being portable by train can be used in other rivers to blow up enemy's bridges.

Christian Science.

BY AN UNBELIEVER.

There has been a great deal in the papers lately concerning Christian Science, the newest of American faiths. It is even reported that the German Emperor and many notable Germans are in sympathy with Mrs. Eddy, who is the prophetess of the cult. I turn with some interest to Dr. J. M. Buckley's paper in the "North American Review" for July, upon what he calls "The Absurd Paradox of Christian Science." It is never safe to go to an avowed enemy for an exposition of the fundamental principles of any faith—religious, social, or political. But for those who know nothing of Christian Science beyond what is to be found in his twelve pages, Dr. Buckley has succeeded in making the Christian Science of Mrs. Eddy supremely ridiculous. Mrs. Eddy is an old lady living on the Atlantic seaboard, who published some time ago a book entitled "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," a book which she maintains was dictated by the divine power of truth and love. She claims to be only a scribe echoing the harmonies of heaven in metaphysics, and she would blush, as she tells us, to write of this Christian Science textbook as if it were of human origin, "and I apart from God its author." She has no reason to blush on the score of modesty, let alone of supermodesty. She has the courage of her opinions and sticks to her text. Dr. Buckley quotes as one of her texts the statement that sympathy with sin, sorrow, and sickness would dethrone God as truth. The science of metaphysical feeling—always according to Dr. Buckley—is based upon the principle that disease and pain practically have no existence outside the mind of the sufferer. The modern science of medicine is a delusion and a snare. She says, for instance:—

You say a boil is painful; but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests your belief in pain, through inflammation and swelling; and you call this belief a boil. Now administer mentally to your patient a high attenuation of truth on this subject, and it will soon cure the boil. The fact that pain cannot exist where there is no mortal mind to feel it is a proof that this so-called mind makes its own pain; that is, its own belief in pain.

Again, she says, Christian Science eschews what is termed natural science. It is morally wrong to examine the body to ascertain whether we are healthy and what are our life prospects. Death itself is the consequence of an antecedent false assumption of the realness of something material and moral. She is so uncompromising in pushing her doctrine to its logical conclusion that although she calls her science Christian, she does not hesitate boldly to arraign Christ Himself as lacking in the supreme revelation which is vouchsafed to

her. She said, for instance, "Had wisdom characterised all the sayings of Jesus, He would not have prophesied His own death, and thereby hastened or caused it. Lack of entire science in the advent of Jesus produced its own discord and met its fate in death."

Mrs. Eddy asserts that food neither strengthens nor weakens the body—that mind alone does. Nor is it only in relation to food that she lays down a strange doctrine. She tells mothers that the condition of the stomach, bowels, food, and clothing, and so forth, is of no serious moment to children. Exercise is of no value; it cannot possibly enlarge muscles. Bathing and rubbing, to alter the secretions, or remove unhealthy exhalations from the cuticle, "receive a useful rebuke from Christian Science." She explains accidents and insanity on the same principle. The human error about physical wounds and colics is part and parcel of the illusion that matter can feel and see, having sensation and substance. Insanity arises from a belief that the brain is diseased. If one were to believe fully that the brain has nothing to do with the mind there would be no insanity nor so-called injuries of the brain; whereas if one believed that the great toe was a cause of insanity, a bunion would produce it. She does not as yet prohibit marriage and progeny, but she asserts that human procreation, birth, life, and death are subjective states of the human mind. The practical result of acting upon Mrs. Eddy's doctrine Dr. Buckley declares to be that many people die who might get better, and he predicts that if Christian Science should spread, the rate of mortality will rise. According to American law, everyone has a right to treat himself by Christian Science, or in any other method he prefers. But if parents and guardians refuse medical treatment to their children, the State would be justified in requiring the attendance of health officers, and if they believe the situation critical, in enforcing treatment, and if anyone should by neglect cause a human being to die for whom he is responsible, he would be liable to prosecution, and if unable to justify his conduct, to conviction and punishment.

After Democracy?

A PROPHECY BY MR. H. G. WELLS.

In the "Fortnightly Review" for August, Mr. H. G. Wells prophesieth the passing of Democracy as the inevitable result of the operation of the new social, industrial, and educational forces now at work amongst us. The heir to the Democracy is to be a composite aristocracy of specialists—half doctor, half engineer. But let Mr. Wells tell his own tale.

The Grey of Democracy.

He says:—

I have compared the human beings in society to a great and increasing variety of colours tumultuously smashed up together, and giving at present a general and quite illusory effect of grey, and I have attempted to show that there is a process in progress that will amount at last to the segregation of these mingled tints into recognisable distinct masses again. It is not a monotony, but an utterly disorderly and confusing variety that makes this grey, but Democracy, for practical purposes, does really assume such a monotony.

The Coming King.

At present the class of specially trained and capable people—doctors, engineers, scientific men of all sorts—is quite disproportionately absent from political life; it does not exist as a factor in that life, it is growing up outside that life, and has still to develop, much more to display, a collective intention to come specifically in. But the forces are in active operation to drag it into the centre of the stage for all that.

The modern democracy or democratic quasi-monarchy conducts its affairs as though there was no such thing as special knowledge or practical education. The utmost recognition it affords to the man who has taken the pains to know, and specifically to do, is occasionally to consult him upon specific points and override his counsels in its ampler wisdom, or to entrust to him some otherwise impossible duty under circumstances of extreme limitation. The man of special equipment is treated always as if he were some sort of curious performing animal. There is no way apparent in the existing political and social order whereby the class of really educated persons that the continually more complicated mechanical fabric of social life is developing, may be expected to come in.

The Decay of the Demagogue.

So far as the demagogue goes, the increase of population, the multiplication of amusements and interests, the differentiation of social habits, the diffusion of great towns, all militate against that sufficient gathering of masses of voters in meeting-houses which gave him his power in the recent past. Continually the individual vocal demagogue dwindles, and the element of bands and buttons, the organisation of the press and procession, the share of the machine, grows.

The Inevitable Doom of Democracy.

Democracy will perish in war. War is, in Mr. Wells' opinion, the inevitable corollary of Democracy:—

Without moral or religious uniformity, with material interests as involved and confused as a heap of spelticines, there remains only one generality for the politician's purpose, the ampler aspect of a man's egoism, his pride in what he imagines to be his particular kind—his patriotism. In every country amenable to democratic influences, there emerges, or will emerge, a party machine, vividly and simply patriotic—and indefinite upon the score of any other possible consideration between man and man.

Now patriotism is not a thing that flourishes in the soil—one needs a foreigner. A national and patriotic party is an anti-foreign party; the altar of the modern god, Democracy, will cry aloud for the stranger men. Simplicity to keep in power, and out of no love of mischief, the government or the party machine will have to insist upon dangers and national differences, to keep the voter to the poll by alarms, seeking ever to taint the possible nucleus of any competing organisation with the repute of external influence. The party press will play the watch-dog and allay all internal dissensions with its barking bay at some adjacent people, and the adjacent peoples will be continually more sensitive to such barking.

The Advent of the New Regime.

Either before or after, but at any rate in the shadow of war, it will become apparent, perhaps even suddenly, that the whole apparatus of power in the country is in the hands of a new class of intelligent and scientifically-educated men. They will probably, under the development of warlike stresses, be discovered; they will discover themselves almost surprisingly with roads and railways, carts and cities, drains, food supply, electrical supply, and water supply, and with guns and such implements of destruction and intimidation as men scarcely dream of yet, gathered in their hands. And they will be discovered, too, with a growing common consciousness of themselves as distinguished from the grey confusion, a common purpose and implication that the fearless analysis of science is already bringing to light. They will find themselves with bloodshed and horrible disasters ahead, and the material apparatus of control entirely under their control. "Suppose, after all," they will say, "we ignore these very eloquent and showy governing persons above, and this very confused and ineffectual multitude below. Suppose, now, we stop on the brakes, and try something a little more stable and orderly. These people in possession have, of course, all sorts of established rights and prescriptions; they have squared the law to their purpose, and the constitution does not know us; they can get at the judges, they can get at the newspapers, they can do a lot of things; except avoid a smash—but, for our part, we have these really most ingenious and subtle guns. Suppose, instead of turning them and our valuable selves against the ingenious and subtle guns of other men akin to ourselves in a fool's quarrel, we use them in the cause of the higher sanity, and clear that fribbering war tumult out of the streets."

The Coming Cromwellism.

There may be no dramatic moment for the expression of this idea, no moment when the new Cromwellism and the new Ironsides will come visibly face to face with talk and bangles, flags, and patriotic muffin-bells; but, with or without dramatic moments, the idea will be expressed and acted upon. It will be made quite evident then, what is now, indeed, only a pious opinion, namely, that wealth is after all no ultimate power at all, but only an influence among amiss, police-guarded men. So long as there is peace these capable men may be mitigated and gagged and controlled, and the ostensible present order may flourish still in the hands of that other class of men which deals with the appearances of things. But as some supersaturated solution will crystallise out with the mere shaking of the beaker, so must the new order of men come into visibly organised existence through the concussions of war.

The Work for the Twentieth Century.

A POSTHUMOUS ARTICLE BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

A melancholy interest attaches to an article published in the "North American Review" for July under the title of "The Burden of the Twentieth Century." Its writer is Sir Walter Besant, who sets forth, in what is probably the last article he ever wrote, his conception of some of the achievements of the Nineteenth Century and the work which is left over for the Twentieth Century to complete. There is something very melancholy in his observations as to the partial success with which science has endeavoured to alleviate human pain. The Nineteenth Century discovered anaesthetics for use during an operation; but, he says, when the wound has to be dressed—that is daily—where are our anaesthetics? Give us, we say to our

scientists an anaesthetic which can be easily and readily applied in the long hours and days of pain that follow the operation, as well as in the agony intolerable of the operation itself.

Education.

In explaining the work which the Twentieth Century has to do, Sir Walter Besant gives the first place to the work which has to be accomplished in government. It is not enough to place the representation of the country in the hands of the people: the people must also be taught the duty of exercising their rights. The teaching of citizenship to the people must be seriously undertaken, and once begun must never be allowed to slip out of sight. Aided to this task is the duty of opening up all the intellectual careers to lads who are clever, capable, and ambitious, whose poverty has hitherto been an insuperable bar to their advancement. Nominally, everything is open; but before the entrance gate of every profession Rhadamanthus stands as a turnpike man, holding out an inexorable hand: "Pay me a thousand pounds; if you cannot, you shall not enter here." We have already begun with ladders of scholarships; but that is only the beginning. For thirty years we have been carrying on a series of experiments, learning little or nothing from other countries. We have still to invent or discover a system of education broad enough and elastic enough to include not only the clever and ambitious lads, but also the children destined for crafts, industries, and arts of all kinds, one that will make them good citizens, not ignorant of their civic rights, and alive to their civic duties.

Labour and Capital.

In the organisation of labour, the Nineteenth Century did little more than establish the rights of trades unions to exist:—

They are now, perhaps, ready for the higher developments. These will include jealousy for the craft itself, for its worthiness and its dignity; special education in the craft; pensions and sick funds for the craft; the maintenance of civic responsibilities and duties; an ever careful watch over the material interests of the craft, the weekly wage, the production, foreign competition, the markets, the trade interests as protected by legislation; and the provision of arbitration when the two sides, hitherto irreconcilable—Capital and Labour—disagree. A very noble piece of work for the Twentieth Century!

Manners.

We have improved our social manners in discouraging drunkenness as a social custom, and we have suppressed most of the brutal sports in which our forefathers delighted. The Twentieth Century must institute in every town physical education under the guise of sport. Gymnastics, foot-racing, wrestling, athletics, even singlestick practice and boxing will be restored to our lads as part of the national training. Our present system, although reformed, is still a gigantic failure:—

Our experiments in this branch of work have proved a series of horrible failures. There is no country in the world where the prison system is so hard, so cruel, so terrible, as our own; it is an ironclad system, which takes his manhood, his self-respect, his power of will, out of the wretch who serves his sentence. It leaves him pitifully submissive, slavishly docile.

Law.

Our legal system has been improved in some respects; but there is still much to be done.

It will be for our successors to make justice accessible to everyone, to remove the terrors of an action, to allow anyone to plead in person, or to have direct access to a barrister; to plead in *forma pauperis*; to be treated by the Bar with courtesy; not to be set in *pillory* above all the people; and no longer to be saddled with the danger of paying the costs of the other side.

In the question of care for the poor, there is still much to be done. Sir Walter says:—

I must pass over much that remains. Our care of the poor has been another egregious failure. We have not made up our minds about outdoor relief; we have made the "House" a prison; we have failed to devise a working scheme of pensions, and the respectable poor regard with horror the necessity of taking refuge in the gloomy mansion where the unfortunate paupers are ordered about like criminals, and ruled like schoolboys.

Ocean Travel.

I conclude this brief summary of the more salient proposals of Sir Walter by quoting his prediction as to the future of ocean travel in the Twentieth Century. In the Nineteenth Century we increased the speed of ships from six or eight knots an hour to twenty-five or thirty. But—the ship of the future will be shallow and round in build, like the duck; she will be provided with a row of wing-like propellers; she will not plough the waters, but will skim them with her electric wings, and her speed will be, not thirty knots, but a hundred and fifty; and it will take no longer to get from Liverpool to New York than it now takes to get from London to Marseilles.

Western Progress a Curse:

WHAT THE "WHITE MAN'S BURDEN" THINKS OF HIM.

To Westerns possessed with the idea that our Western habits of life are superior to anything which other races can show, the outspoken disparagement of "the blessings of civilisation" by Russian and Oriental comes as a salutary check. The "Westminster Review" has an article of this type, by "Pramathamath," entitled "Western Science from an Eastern Standpoint." He says that labour-saving machinery cheapens goods, it is true, but the machine-made articles of the West have destroyed most of the indigenous manufactures of the East. The Eastern artisan is driven into agriculture, and exerts a painful pressure on those already engaged in that pursuit. At the same time the cheap imports from the West have raised the standard of living. Western capitalists profit, Eastern industry languishes. The peoples of the East are systematically exploited.

A Native's Version of American History.

The writer makes an effective quotation from a Red Indian orator. He says:

The speech of the Indian Red-Jacket in answer to a European missionary who went to preach Christianity among the American Indians, finds an echo in the hearts of many an Asiatic and African at the present day:

"Brother," said the Red-Jacket, "listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. . . . But an evil day came upon us! Your forefathers crossed the great waters, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small; they found friends and not enemies; they told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and came here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat, and they gave us poison (spirituous liquor) in return. The white people had now found out our country, tidings were carried back, and more came among us; yet we did not fear them, we took them to be friends; they called us brothers, we believed them and gave them a large seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased, they wanted more land, they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place; Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor among us; it was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

"Brother, our seats were once large, and yours were very small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied—you want to force your religion upon us."

The West as Vampire.

The shrinkage of the world by steam and electricity has made colossal empires possible; and the conqueror or exploiter squeezes all he can get out of subject peoples:

The Eastern dependencies of the Western Powers are being slowly drained of their wealth in the shape of the pay and pension of Western troops and Western officers, civil and military; dividends of the numerous Western companies, profits of Western merchants, &c.

Even where Europeans acknowledge the higher functions of justice and duty, yet "duty and justice can never do a fraction of the good that can be done by love and sympathy." The Oriental writer concludes:

Thus we see that Western science, instead of being the blessing which it was expected and is still supposed to be, has on the whole proved to be rather a curse to large sections of the human race. . . . Its mechanical applications, which are considered by Western writers as its chief title to commendation, are to our mind its chief title to condemnation.

Famine-smitten Italy.

STARVATION ON THE MOST FERTILE SOILS.

Mr. Edward C. Strutt supplies much painful reading in the "Monthly Review" on "Famine and Its Causes in Italy." One instance he cites at the outset is a reminder how militarism taxes the peasantry to the bone. In Sardinia in twelve years and a half no fewer than 52,060 judicial sales of houses and lands took place for non-payment of

taxes, or one out of every fourteen inhabitants was despoiled by Government. Out of 445 such sales in the first week of the new century, 85 per cent. were for sums less than one lira (10d.) each. Sometimes the amount is as small as five centimes (½d.)! Mr. Strutt remarks on the paradox that just "those regions which have been more plentifully endowed with natural wealth, such as Sardinia, Sicily, Calabria and Apulia, are those which now suffer most cruelly." He focuses his attention on Apulia. He says it would be difficult to find a people more frugal or more easily satisfied than the Pugliese peasantry. Olive-bright, insurrection, savage repression have left them starving in despair. Life in gaol appears a paradise to the starving, to attain which innumerable crimes are committed where crime was formerly unknown.

Two Perils and the Prison-Paradise.

The following incident shows more vividly the condition of Italy than pages of statistics:

The Praetor of Ugento has a pitiful story to tell about the eagerness with which destitute peasants look forward to a term of imprisonment. Three young women from Allisto were brought before him, charged with stealing olives on an estate belonging to the municipality. The pinched and starving features of the defendants, the eldest of whom was barely twenty-five, their ragged clothes, and their half-hopeful, half-despairing expression excited the sympathy and pity of the kind-hearted magistrate, who, though unable to acquit them, sentenced them to the minimum penalty, viz., three days. Then a tragic scene took place. Bursting into tears, the prisoners flung themselves at the magistrate's feet, imploring him to give them the shelter of the prison for at least three months. With the touching ingenuousness of children, they told how the theft had been a preconcerted affair in order to escape the terrors which the winter (a particularly bitter one this year) held in store for them, and how they had even consulted a lawyer, who had planned the whole scheme, assuring them that, according to the Penal Code, they would be sentenced to three months at the very least. And now the poor girls saw their dream of prison paradise, with its bed and blankets and daily soup and bread and meat twice a week, a princely fare, vanishing like a mirage before them just as they thought themselves on the point of entering the blessed portals. They were being ruthlessly thrust back into the world of honesty and squalor to slave and starve and suffer, and they made one last desperate stand against their fate. The poor magistrate actually had to sustain a judicial discussion with the would-be victims, who were led away sobbing in a broken-hearted manner, as if they saw stretching before them the long vista of weary winter days with its attendant train of cold, hunger, and dishonour. For it would be useless to deny that the present famine exercises a most demoralising influence upon the peasantry, favouring the revival of long-forgotten medieval rights and customs [I allude to the *jus primae noctis*] which the petty lords of the land are nothing loath to exact from their serfs and tenants in return for pecuniary aid or loans in kind.

Irrigation, discouragement of vine-growing, development of corn-growing, suppression of usury, of red-tapeism, and of emigration, are the remedies which the writer suggests.

A warm appreciation of the late William Clarke is contributed by "Historicus" to the August "Young Man."

The Wake After the Funeral.

If the Liberal Opposition be dead and buried, then a number of writers are keeping up a fairly lively wake after the funeral. The "Fortnightly" has a trenchant and brilliant but unsigned article on the political crisis, entitled "The Cry for Men." The writer deals out unsparing censure to Opposition and Government, to Lord Rosebery and the democracy. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is pronounced to be "on the whole a pro-Boer," the meeting at the Reform Club was a pro-Boer victory, Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey have compromised their position, the Liberal Imperialists have forfeited the confidence of the country. The Government show little moral force and organic vigour:—

The absence of heart, mind, and management upon education is deadly typical of the characteristic Ministerial attitude of lethargy, tempered by facetious scepticism, which fills the country with contemptuous despair and dull hatred of the Government it supports. The supremacy of the ocean may be lost in our schools.

"The Decay of Personal Force."

"The obvious symptom" revealed by this sweeping scrutiny is "the decay of personal force." This, in brief, is the situation as it appears to the writer's eye:—

It is certain that we can have nothing at present more convinced than Sir John Gorst in education, more powerful and original than Lord Lansdowne in foreign policy, more verbal and thorough than Mr. Balfour in the management of the House, or anything more active, helpful and fervent than Lord Salisbury in the general composition of the Government. Led by a strong man, the Opposition would long ago have driven the Government from power. But it has been feeble in the use of its opportunities than have been Ministers in the execution of their duty. The reign of mediocrity is upon us.

Senility Ascendant.

Even if "the reign of mediocrity is becoming universal in Europe," yet "training turns the scale when the average is pitted against the average;" and "the lack of political science and of moral and intellectual energy must place our rule-of-thumb politicians at as great a disadvantage as that to which rule-of-thumb routine has reduced our manufacturers and engineers." At present—

Senility reigns supreme. . . . An industrial nation, whose vital questions are those of cities and of trade, is still ruled in the main by a rather narrow caste of rural mandarins, who never feel themselves to be inside the subjects which they decide, and are reluctant and sceptical as to the progress they are compelled to undertake.

No other civilised country suffers from such an obsession. Mr. Gladstone had indeed, in the end, brought "the dynamic qualities of democratic politics" into "signal discredit." But:

Fifteen years of the Cecilian spirit, continuously in power through the House of Lords even during the last brief interval when the Radicals were in office, have completed the reaction against the Gladstonian emotion, and the country has had enough of the one as of the other. It craves once more for faith and warmth and

positive design in politics. It knows that the empire must obtain these things or perish.

Lord Rosebery—a "Depressing Physician."

Yet talk of "an alternative government" usually means no more than a government under Lord Rosebery: a remark which leads to severe strictures on the ex-Premier and his "most variable" record. His reputation has sunk from its highest in the Fashoda crisis to its lowest, before the letter to the City Liberal Club:

It was a depressing physician who confined himself to a disquieting diagnosis, warning the patient that unless speedy remedies were taken the results would probably be fatal, suggesting that all rival advisers were incompetent, and firmly refusing to prescribe. This was a form of the non-committal attitude not much more pleasing than that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself.

If he only could keep up the force and brilliancy of his attacks upon the reorganised hypocrisy of the Reform Club, he might still, says the writer, have the nation at his feet. But, he asks, can he? The presumption is not. "A coalition between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain would be the salvation of the Empire, but it will recognise after the war that the latter has won the precedence."

Our Decrepit Democracy.

The remedies offered by the writer for our pitiable plight are chiefly two: a depreciation of moderation and "a cry for men." He says:

There will be no issue from this evil morass of insincerity and impotence until the country can be brought to question whether the true cause of the mediocrity from which we suffer is not our exaggerated ideal of moderation.

As shrewd a remark as any in this paper full of shrewd remarks is this on the disappointing demureness of democracy:

All the inherent disadvantages of the party system in its debilitated periods are alarmingly aggravated by the moderation of democracy. . . . Democracy, which was dreaded as an un-British system, has proved the most immovably British of all. Its patience and solicitude are such as were never known. Its dogged good-humour is untouched by divine discontent, and it lacks gall to make this Government bitter. It is incapable of initiative, and while the politicians wait to discover what it wishes, all it is wishing is that the politicians themselves should begin. Instead of violence, excitement, clamour, and the wish to overthrow Governments, it shows its dissatisfaction with politics by ceasing to take an interest in them. We have all been driven to recognise the unexpected virtues of democracy. Public life would be infinitely better for a little more of the active vices of democracy. After relieving us from all tears that it would lead us to the fate of France, it threatens us with the fate of Spain.

If initiative cannot come from the people, it cannot come from parties. It must come more than ever from single persons.

"Our Best!"

To these general remedies the writer adds a pungent application: "the single dynamic personality in politics should be at the head of affairs." Mr. Chamberlain should be Prime Minister!

Mr. Chamberlain's Premiership would revive the life of politics, and among other things would create a solid

Opposition at once. He is the one man living capable of inspiring the executive energies of a whole Government, and of providing England with a powerful administration. And the worst of our fate is that Mr. Chamberlain is our best.

An Old Story Retold.

Mr. Edward Dicey writes also in the 'Fortnightly' on "Liberalism in Extremis," arguing that Liberalism, having done its work, was logically dead and gone, and adducing as proof the nominal Liberal endeavour to maintain silence on the two great and vital questions of Home Rule and the War. The chief interest of the paper is its opening paragraph, with its pointed allusion to the Reform Club meeting:

Some time towards the middle of the Nineteenth Century a Congress of advanced thinkers is said to have been held in Germany, with the view of settling the form of a new creed, which was to reconcile the progress of science with the undogmatic essence of Christianity. At the first sitting of the Congress a resolution was carried unanimously, that the creed of the future should commence "We believe." The Congress is reported to have remained in session for many months, and finally broke up without even being able to formulate any confession of faith as to what it was in which its members believed.

The Campaign Against Consumption.

The "Quarterly Review," in an article upon tuberculosis, discusses some of the questions which occupied the attention of the Congress on Tuberculosis which met last month in London. The writer says that every year 60,000 people die in the United Kingdom alone from tuberculosis, and that at least that number are constantly suffering from one or another form of this disease. The evidence of post-mortems, conducted in Leipzig, show that forty per cent. of the bodies subjected to examination give evidence of tuberculosis past or present. Indeed, the reviewer maintains that many persons pass through pulmonary phthisis without being aware at all. They are overworked: they fall out of condition. A little cough hangs about them for some weeks, but if endowed with considerable resisting power, a little rest and care brings about the recovery, and the peril is unsuspected. No cure has ever been discovered for consumption. The famous decoction invented by Dr. Koch in 1880 has its uses—not as a cure for tuberculosis so much as a valuable test for its existence. But if we cannot cure consumption we can at least prevent it, and the best way of preventing it is to recognise that it is in the highest degree infectious, and that infection is spread by the sputum of the patient. The microbe of consumption thrives in damp and darkness, and is readily killed by light; hence the reviewer would require architects to reconsider the principles on which they build houses. He would insist that:

They shall construct plinths, cornices, sills, architraves and the like with mouldings of such section that dust and dirt shall not lie on them or at any rate shall be readily removable by the passage of a damp cloth; that light shall be abundant in corridors and corners as well as chambers; and that all windows shall open with a touch of the hand. High ceilings and plate-glass windows are the cause of much stuffiness and infection. The fashion of preferring rugs to carpets fortunately makes for the 'higher cleanliness.'

The most active method by which war can be made upon consumption is to sterilise the spittle of consumptive patients. The reviewer says:

"The spittle of these sufferers swarms with bacilli; and it seems that if such spittle lie in damp and dark corners—and how damp and dark the corners of insanitary houses may be we know too well—the contained bacilli may survive even for six months. The bacillus has a fatty constitution, whereby it can stand drying without loss of vitality; and, when dried, it mingles with the dust and rides on the air into the lungs."

The French Government, finding that consumption amongst its clerks and indoor servants is 62 per 10,000 as against the Paris death-rate from the same source of 49 per 10,000, has ordered all public offices to provide spittoons, and directs also that cloths damped in a 2 per cent. solution of carbolic acid shall be used for cleaning, instead of dry sweeping with brooms. The telephone cabinets and other dark recesses ought to be abolished. The reviewer also insists upon the importance of early notification of the existence of the disease:

Compulsory notification of pulmonary and other forms of tuberculosis cannot be pressed forward in Great Britain until public opinion is as ripe for the measure as it now is in New York City and in Boston, where, with the acquiescence of the people, compulsory notification is already in force. In Manchester voluntary notification has been invited by Dr. Niven, and the returns are proving to be numerous and important.

Sanatoria, where the patients have plenty of good air, and are housed sensibly and watched closely, will bring back many persons from the doors of death. Patients, even far advanced in phthisis, if of fairly sound habit of body, need not despair: even when the disease has advanced to softening and excavation of the lung, a cure may be obtained in one-third or one-half the cases by time and diligent cure.

The Ethical Evolution of the Nineteenth Century.

The "Edinburgh Review" devotes no less than forty pages to a very elaborate essay on the "Time-Spirit of the Nineteenth Century." The reviewer takes as his text Mr. Balfour's Cambridge Address on the Nineteenth Century. He discusses chiefly the question suggested by Mr. Balfour's address, namely whether there is one great addition to our knowledge or fresh key to knowledge which belongs to the time-spirit of the century which has just expired, which really characterises its genius, and is something beyond the more or less mechani-

cal development of past discoveries, or even their improvement in the hands of men of special insight. Did the century give us a conception destined to revolutionise the intellectual life of the world? The reviewer thinks that the diverse characteristic activities of the century in specialism and hypothesis, in science and criticism, are parts of one process which has led to the first systematic attempt to analyse the complex development of every department of life, and applies to every such department a scientific method of observation, induction, hypothesis, deduction, and verification. The reviewer says:

Evolution is in the view of most of its exponents essentially optimistic. Reversion it recognises, but as temporary like the receding wave in a flowing tide. It may be pessimistic for the time. For the wave may recede during a generation or a century. But the world-spirit on the whole advances. Hope and Faith are justified and substantiated by a process which had achieved so much. And this very quality tends towards the realisation of Mr. Balfour's prophecy. For ethical evolution can only obtain its highest conceivable limit in religion.

The Christian ideal, and the relations of the human spirit with God, Hegel's moral goal—self-realisation through self-denial—may well be regarded as completing the evolutionary scheme rather than as clashing with it. For Comte the highest in man sums up the best that has been achieved in the whole course of evolution. For Herbert Spencer the Unknowable is the underlying Power behind evolution to which this achievement is due. Comte, under the symbol of Humanity, would worship the best we know. Spencer would worship the Unknown cause. Professor Card truly says that each sees half the truth. The two halves may well be combined—as Hegel proposed to combine them—in the Christian faith which, in Card's words, "finds God in man, and man in God"; which makes us regard the Absolute Being as finding his best name and definition in what we most revere and love, or, what is the same thing, makes us see in that growing idea of moral perfection—which is the highest result of human development—the interpretation or revelation of the Absolute."

He concludes his very interesting essay by a cheery note of hope. We are threatened with a paralysis of the thinking powers in the ordinary daily life of an over-civilised time. As the crowd of material oppresses the student, so the dazzling multiplicity of events, places, and writings, brought before us by modern Press and modern appliances, confuses the average mind. Nevertheless, the reviewer complacently concludes:

Further specialisation will tend to make the historian bring back a more comprehensive method into his own sphere. The impressionlessness of English society will, we believe, be again replaced by the sturdier qualities of John Bull—who was a very good sound thinker in his own way. Ideas will resume their lawful function among the intellectual, sound, active, independent thought among the mass.

The Fair and the Dark

COMPLEXION AS A CLUE TO CAPACITY.

What characteristics go with certain shades of complexion has long been a question of popular conjecture and discussion. It has been reserved

to Mr. Havelock Ellis, writing in the "Monthly Review," to throw definite scientific light on the subject. His article on the "Comparative Abilities of the Fair and the Dark" is the outcome of two years' patient investigation of the faces in the National Portrait Gallery. His researches have shaken his faith a little in artistic accuracy, as when, for example, he found that Millet had painted one of Mr. Gladstone's eyes blue, the other brown! He chose eye-colour as the chief criterion of pigmentation. In classifying his results, he divided cases of medium colouring equally between light and dark. To gain his "index of pigmentation," he multiplied the fair persons in each group by one hundred, and divided by the number of dark persons.

A Remarkable List.

The results of his investigations are thrown into this most curious and interesting table:

In the following enumeration the groups are arranged in the order of decreasing fairness:

Group with No. of Individuals.	Index of Pigmentation.
Political reformers and agitators (20)	233
Sabers (45)	150
Men of Science (52)	121
Soldiers (42)	113
Artists (71)	111
Poets (56)	107
Royal family (66)	107
Lawyers (56)	107
Created peers and their sons (89)	102
Statesmen (53)	89
Men and women of letters (89)	85
Hereditary aristocracy (149)	82
Divines (57)	58
Men of low birth (12)	50
Explorers (8)	33
Actors and actresses (16)	33

An index of more than 100 means that the fair element predominates over the dark in that group; an index of less than 100 means that the dark element predominates. I may add that the lists include persons of both sexes.

Instructive notes are added on several of the groups. "The small group of persons springing from the working classes is among the darkest of the groups." In the Royal family "the early tendency was towards fairness, but by later Tudor times there was a tendency towards darkness." But "the light, mixed type of eye, usually blue yellow, has remained persistent."

Why Peers are Dark.

A curious explanation is offered of the preponderant darkness of the hereditary aristocracy:

Foreign intermixture here also may have had some influence. I think it probable, however, that another cause has come into operation: peers have been in a position to select as wives, and have tended to select, the most beautiful women, and there can be little doubt that the most beautiful women, at all events in our own country, have tended more to be dark than to be fair. This is proved by the low index of pigmentation of the famous beauties in the Gallery, the selection being made solely on the basis of reputation, independently of any personal judgment of the portraits; while women of letters (fifteen in number) are inclined to be

fair and have an index of 100, the index of thirteen famous beauties is as dark as 44.

Then should "None but the brave deserve the fair" run "None but the dukes deserve the dark." But the new aristocracy tends to be fair, because "it is from the fair elements of the population that the aristocracy is chiefly recruited." Political reformers and agitators are very fair, they have too much of the restless energy which, in lesser degree, spells social success.

A Fairly Broad Distinction.

The writer adopts the following generalisation:

It is clear that a high index of pigmentation, or an excess of fairness, prevails among the men of restless and ambitious temperament, the sanguine and energetic men, the men who easily dominate their fellows, and who get on in life, the men who recruit the aristocracy, and who doubtless largely form the plutocracy. It is significant that the group of low-class men—artisans and peasants—and the men of religion, whose mission in life it is to practise and preach resignation to a Higher Will, are both notably of dark complexion. While the men of action thus tend to be fair, the men of thought, it seems to me, show some tendency to be dark. . . . So far as I am aware, no really fair person has ever risen to the highest dramatic eminence in this country, and so far as I have been able to observe, it is equally rare for fairness to be associated with histrionic ability in Europe generally.

Stock Not Colour.

This distinction is modified by another consideration:

The more reasonable supposition at present seems to be that the relation between pigmentation and mental aptitude is chiefly mental and indirect and due to race. In other words, the fair man tends to be bold, energetic, restless, and domineering, not because he is fair, but because he belongs to an aboriginal fair stock of people who possess those qualities; while the dark man tends to be resigned and religious and imitative, yet highly intelligent, not because he is dark, but because he belongs to a dark stock possessing those characteristics.

Norwegian Tendencies.

The writer quotes parallel researches made in Norway by Dr. A. M. Hansen. The Conservative majority of voters was found in the dark and broad-headed districts:

While, however, the fair population is the most irreligious and progressive, the dark population is by no means behind in the production of intellect.

The article is sure to be widely discussed, especially by the fair (or is it more complimentary to say dark?) sex.

(1) WHAT MR. COOK SAYS.

Mr. E. T. Cook writes, in the "New Liberal Review," upon "Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Party." It is an interesting article, if only because it shows that even a worm will turn. Never was there so meek a man as Mr. Cook since the days of Moses, nor one who was so faithful to Lord Rosebery, in season and out of season; but, behold, even this meek and patient disciple cannot resist the temptation of giving his leader one in the eye—to use a colloquialism—and landing the blow, too, in just as nasty a way as could be devised. Taking advantage of Lord Rosebery's absurd reference to Issachar—for Issachar never had any principles at all beyond that of being a strong ass crouching between two burdens, which certainly cannot be said to be the position of the Liberal Party of the day, which is a very weak ass—Mr. Cook takes occasion to remind Lord Rosebery of a certain brother of Issachar, who had a policy which bore a strong family resemblance to that of Lord Rosebery himself. His name was Dan. About Lord Rosebery's infelicitous quotation, Mr. Cook says:

A party cannot be conducted upon the principles of Issachar, but neither can political service be rendered on the principles of Dan. "Dan shall judge his people; Dan shall be a serpent by the way, that biteth the heels of his rider, so that his rider shall fall backward."

Not less faithful is Mr. Cook in admonishing his friends and allies, the Liberal Imperialists. There is a world of suppressed feeling in his gentle reminder that "it is not enough to have what may be called an occasional flare-up. They must work as well as dine." But as this is exactly what these gentlemen won't do, under any compulsion, poor Mr. Cook must be left lamenting.

(2) MR. J. A. SPENDER.

Last month was rather a bad month for Mr. Spender. Like poor Falkland, he had been ingeminating peace, and endeavouring to hold together the dogs and cats of his party by judicious stroking and telling each of them in turn that they were excellent fellows, who were entirely in accord upon the main principle if they would only allow by-gones to be by-gones, and address themselves to the immediate duty of saving themselves from being devoured piecemeal by the Unionist wolf. In the "Contemporary Review" he gives us the result of his meditations over the wreck of his daily procession of eirenicons. Mr. Spender begins by an ingenious and telling apostrophe:

An American sportsman has related how he once stalked two bears, and with a long shot, himself remaining invisible, succeeded in wounding one of them, though not desperately; whereupon the wounded animal, utterly ignorant of the cause of his misfortune, turned in fury upon his innocent brother and engaged him in mortal conflict. Thus fighting, the two bears rolled over and over downhill to the feet of the sportsman, who shot them both dead without more ado. If we suppose the bears to represent the two sections of the

The Rumpus in the Liberal Camp.

Mr. E. T. Cook, in the "New Liberal Review," Mr. J. A. Spender, in the "Contemporary Review," and Sir T. Wemyss Reid, in the "Nineteenth Century," besides "An Old Parliamentary Hand," in the "National Review," have one and all their separate say concerning the "Topic of the Month."

Liberal party, and Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Salisbury the sportsman, we have a story with a moral for the present season. Both sections are wounded, and each is inclined to blame the other for their combined misfortunes, whereas the real culprit is the Minister who made, drifted into, or was forced into war—whichever is the right expression—and who took advantage of the war to deprive the electors of their normal choice between one party and another.

Mr. Spender thinks that war, in any case, is fatal to an Opposition. If this be so recent recriminations are in large part irrelevant, and make a bad case worse. He ridicules Lord Rosebery's doctrine that there exist incurable antagonisms leading to inevitable disruption in the Liberal Party. They existed, according to Lord Rosebery, for at least fifteen years, but they made not the smallest difference to Imperial policy when a Liberal Party was in office. The failure of the Opposition he attributes to two faults:—

First, there has been too frequently no leader at hand to sum up the long, straggling, and passionate debates, to correct the excesses of one section or the errors of another, and to define clearly the central path of Opposition. Secondly, there has been no consistent and persistent criticism of the conduct of the war. Objections with which all the newspapers have resounded, and in which all military critics have concurred, have seldom been pressed home from the Opposition side of the House.

As to Lord Rosebery's own position in future, Mr. Spender is not hopeful:

He has intimated to the public that he proposes to occupy an uncoated position above party, which, if it could be held with success, would be fatally disturbing to all parties. The immediate and inevitable result is a combination of all parties to eliminate an element which none of them can assimilate. Liberal Imperialists disown him. Radicals denounce him. Ministerial newspapers give him the cold shoulder. Greatly as one would regret the disappearance from public life of so brilliant and interesting a figure as Lord Rosebery, the instinct which prompts party-men to use him thus is merely one of self-preservation. There is no place in the British system for a leader without a party. Athanasius may be against the world, but he must have a church. I confess I rely on the force of events to bring Lord Rosebery to this conclusion. And if, as he announced at the City Liberal Club, he is going to take an active part in public affairs, he must quickly be re-absorbed into the party system, and not, I believe, into the Unionist party. Otherwise his task is hopeless.

(3) SIR THOMAS WEMYSS REID.

Sir Thomas Wemyss Reid substitutes in the "Nineteenth Century" for the customary survey of the events of the month a dissertation upon "The Liberal Imbroglio." He wrings his hands over the extraordinary and unprecedented plight of the Opposition; but with all his appearance of first-hand information he seems to have been left entirely in the dark as to the one fact which governed everything. He says:

Unhappily, as I think, the Leader of the Opposition was tempted to put forth his authority to secure the abandonment, or at least the postponement, of the dinner. He had no longer any reason to suppose that it was in any sense intended as a demonstration of hostility to himself.

Sir Wemyss Reid, therefore, it would seem, never heard of the famous deputation of two members of the party to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, or of the uncompromising intimation which one of them hurled at Sir Henry's secretary to the effect that the dinner was to be a trial of strength, and was so intended from the first. In those circumstances, even Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would probably have considered that it was his duty to secure the abandonment, or at least the postponement of the dinner. Writing in ignorance of this formal challenge, Sir Wemyss Reid feels himself free to speak of the "bitter disappointment with which many members of the Right heard of Lord Rosebery's refusal to come to the dinner;" and then he lets himself go in a gush of enthusiasm over Lord Rosebery's letter. "It was stamped by the great qualities of courage and frankness. It said on the house-top that which all men had been whispering in private, though no Liberal statesman before him had dared to say it in public. There was no beating about the bush in this great manifesto."

He is not less enthusiastic about the speech which followed, "in which, for the first time since 1896, Lord Rosebery returned to the political arena as an active controversialist and possible leader."

(4) MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Mr. Greenwood writes in the "New Liberal Review" on "Party Dissensions and Parliamentary Decay." He says if Lord Rosebery's letter is correct, Parliamentary government is already done for, it is in a state of confirmed paralysis or at the best of paralysis only remediable after many years. Mr. Greenwood doubts whether the Liberal Party is really paralysed. He thinks that Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends constitute so small a minority that they do not need to be reckoned with, and he especially rebukes Mr. Asquith for declaring that he allowed his theories as to the origin of the war to colour his conceptions of settlement.

(5) BY AN OLD PARLIAMENTARY HAND.

"An Old Parliamentary Hand" writes in the "National Review" on "Lord Rosebery's Opportunity." Lord Rosebery, according to him, is the man of the hour. The present Ministry is played out, and among other reasons, strange to say, why Lord Rosebery must come to office is because he is the very man to bring about good relations between England and Russia.

"An Old Parliamentary Hand's" main point is that Lord Rosebery must form a Ministry. He says:—

Taking all things into consideration, and in view of the apparent impossibility of reconstructing the present administration, should the existing Government come to an end, a Ministry with Lord Rosebery at its head, with Mr. Asquith leader of the House of Commons,

Lord Charles Beresford at the Admiralty, Lord Kitchener at the War Office, Mr. Haldane on the woosack, Lord Cromer in the Foreign Office, men like Sir Edward Grey and Sir Henry Fowler, Secretaries of State, would be welcomed by the nation, and by many who would not be over its nominal supporters. These views are held by a large, important, and increasing section of the Unionist party, and when Lord Rosebery said the other day that what he wished to see was life breathed into the dry bones of our public offices, an adequate Army created, an overwhelming navy maintained, and pressing domestic reforms undertaken, he spoke our sentiments. It is earnestly to be hoped that Lord Rosebery will stand by that speech to the City Liberal Club, made on July 19th. Now is the hour of his trial. Few men in English history have had a greater opportunity of acquiring the confidence of this serious and manly race. But he must not trifl with the situation, and not always cross the channel when there is a political crisis in England. To secure the support of the Unionists he must convince them that he is ready to become an active leader of a great National Party.

Is the Mediterranean Fleet Ready for Work?

(1) MR. ARNOLD WHITE'S REJOINDER.

In the "National Review" for August, Mr. Arnold White returns to the attack. His "Message from the Mediterranean" has been debated in both Lords and Commons, and he professes himself satisfied that his case remains unanswered because it was unanswerable. He says:—

Admiralty officials have been compelled to plead guilty in Parliament to every count in the indictment. The main position is established. The Mediterranean Fleet is officially admitted to be under its proper strength. The question—Shall it be strengthened?—is one that may fairly be discussed by the people, since Authority's excuse is not that the allegations are untrue, but that the ships do not exist with which the Fleet should be reinforced. With the Navy Estimates at £31,000,000, our chief Squadron is stinted of necessities. In no single case has the First Lord or his lieutenant in the House of Commons succeeded in refuting the statement of facts.

All that Lord Selborne could venture to say, speaking as First Lord of the Admiralty, from his place in Parliament, was:—

"Now, the noble lord put to me this question, and I am greatly obliged to him for it, 'Is the Mediterranean Fleet strong enough to do its work in war?' If I am asked whether I am satisfied that the Mediterranean Squadron at its peace strength could meet any possible combination which could be brought against it, that combination being at war strength, of course I should not be satisfied; though at its peace footing even I am quite confident that the Mediterranean Squadron would inflict enormous damage on any force that would attack it."

Now, why should the want of strength and the want of proper war organisation of the Fleet which he commands under Admiral Fisher keep Lord Charles Beresford awake at nights? Mr. White replies:—

Mainly for two reasons. First, politics, not knowledge, is the dominant consideration in the appointment of the First Lord, and it is he and the Treasury (not the Sea Lords, who know) who settle what shall be done, and what the nation shall be told; and secondly, there is no thinking department at the Admiralty with power to enforce its decisions.

The English political mandarins, unaccustomed to face facts, indolent in the wrong place, and governed by a futile formalism which has no place in the actual world of affairs, squander the nation's money in repairing ships that are useless, like the Dreadnought, after repairing, or in maintaining ships in commission that are costly in peace and useless in war. We dare not allow them to repeat War Office pranks with the Mediterranean Fleet. Either strengthen or disband it. Buy destroyers abroad if they are unobtainable at home. England built destroyers for the French in 1900!

Mr. White's immediate practical point is that we ought to have a minimum of thirty destroyers in the Mediterranean, and we have only thirteen.

(2) MR. ARCHIBALD HURD.

There are two papers in the "Nineteenth Century" on the Mediterranean scare, one by Mr. Archibald Hurd, the other by Mr. Edmund Robertson, M.P. Mr. Hurd says there is no reason for panic. Although the Mediterranean is the strategical position of the most vital moment to our Imperial welfare, it is not necessary to maintain that we should always be superior in the Mediterranean to the combined efforts of France and Russia, including the Black Sea Squadron. Mr. Hurd maintains that France is considerably weaker in the Mediterranean to-day than she was ten years ago. Mr. Hurd also maintains that the Russian Black Sea Fleet is not likely to break through the Dardanelles without warning, and that unless it does, England will have a preponderance of force in the case of a sudden outbreak of war. He admits that in cruisers and destroyers Admiral Fisher is weaker than he should be, and it is satisfactory that the Admiralty intend to add a number of such cruisers and destroyers to the Mediterranean Fleet. Mr. Hurd points out that the new cry that the Navy must always be kept on a war footing should not be encouraged, as it is a complete reversal of our national policy. "The claim that British supremacy means that in every sea the ships of the King must be in preponderating force cannot be admitted. France has at the present moment fourteen battleships in the Mediterranean because she is conducting naval manoeuvres in that sea. We have mobilised a greater force in the Channel for the same reason." Mr. Hurd concludes that we are making up leeway, and that there is no reason for alarm.

(3) MR. EDMUND ROBERTSON.

Mr. Edmund Robertson says that the country has passed, almost without knowing it, in safety through another naval scare. He complains that no official notice has been taken of Lord Charles Beresford's letter. He maintains that Mr. White's complaint is based upon a fundamental misconception. "It sinned against the unity of the Navy and the unity of the nation." The present condition of the Mediterranean Fleet, so far

as numbers are concerned, has been determined by the same permanent principles of policy which have guided all Admiralties. On the minor questions brought forward by Mr. White, he says they are matters which might fairly be discussed. Mr. Robertson warns us that the vast sum of thirty-three millions sterling, including the expenditure of the Naval Works Bill, does not represent anything like the total amount to which we are committing the country in future years. Comparing the result of the comparative strength of the naval Powers, Mr. Robertson states the result as follows:—

Of the 121 new battleships built or building for the navies of the seven Powers, Great Britain counts for forty, exclusive of the three new battleships of this year's programme. The aggregate tonnage of the entire series falls a little short of 1,500,000, of which the share belonging to Great Britain is 560,000 tons. These proportions may be advantageously compared with the official estimate of the First Lord, already adverted to, that of the entire fleet of battleships on the ocean the British share is rather more than a third. Almost the same proportion is revealed by the calculation just made. It yields the curious result that we appear to have been working not only to a two-Power standard, but to a standard of equality with half of the combined navies of the rest of the world.

He says in personnel we are relatively stronger than we were five years ago. In 1893 the net naval estimates amounted to £14,000,000; to-day they amount to nearly £33,000,000. In 1893, France and Russia were spending £16,000,000 against our £14,000,000; in the present year we are spending £33,000,000 against their £23,000,000. Altogether Mr. Robertson's article is admirably calculated to encourage the belief that, if our fleet is not strong enough to hold its own against any possible combination, it certainly ought to be; and the moral which the taxpayer will draw from it is that, if they cannot make it strong enough at £33,000,000, there is no likelihood that they would be able to make it efficient if they had £133,000,000.

(4) OTHER VIEWS.

The "Fortnightly" devotes three articles to the subject. Mr. H. W. Wilson takes a survey in general of naval questions, and insists on our maintaining a margin of superiority over the two-Power limit. He points out that Brest and Toulon are both nearer Gibraltar than either Malta or Portland, and enforces the danger of the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets of France uniting and attacking either of our corresponding squadrons singly. He also demands reinforcement in the Mediterranean and in the Far East.

"Excubitor" writes on the Navy, some Facts and Fallacies. He insists that "the claim that the supremacy of the seas has been lost is one of the most ill-founded panic cries of recent years." The Navy to-day "is the finest force that has ever ploughed the waters;" not, however, without

flaws and weak points, such as the manning difficulty, the question of a North Sea base at Hull, our present drop from the two-Power standard, and lack of torpedo-boat destroyers.

How Lord Rosebery Threatened France with War.

THE STORY OF THE SIAM NEGOTIATIONS.

An unnamed writer contributes to the "Contemporary Review" for August a glowing encomium upon "Lord Rosebery's Foreign Policy." In the course of this paper he sets out with particulars the story of the Siam episode, in which Lord Rosebery, to use his own words, "incurred the risk of war." It was in April, 1893, when the French Government was preparing to enforce its demands upon Siam. Lord Rosebery sent H.M.S. *Swift* to watch events at Bangkok. The writer proceeds as follows:

The French became more instant in their demands, and a blockade to enforce an ultimatum was threatened. Lord Rosebery continued to advise the Siamese Government to yield, but in order to watch over British interests, a second ship, the *Pallas*, was sent to the mouth of the Menam on June 28, and a third, the *Linnet*, was held in readiness to proceed to Siamese waters. Lord Rosebery explained to the French Government, on July 1, that "Her Majesty's Minister at Bangkok had received strict injunctions to advise the Siamese Government to arrange their differences with the French in a friendly manner. But," it was added, "in view of the possibility that on the approach of the French fleet a rising of the native population at Bangkok 'may occur, causing danger to life and property, it is necessary that some of Her Majesty's ships should be on the spot for the protection of British commercial interests, which are dominant at that place."

On July 20, the French ultimatum was presented to Siam. On July 26 a blockade was declared, and friendly vessels were given three days to clear. A notification to this effect had been given to the British Government on the previous day. Lord Rosebery immediately instructed Lord Dufferin, our Ambassador at Paris, to ask what facilities would be given for victualling our ships lying off Bangkok. On Sunday, July 30, the British Minister at Bangkok telegraphed to Lord Rosebery that the French Admiral had notified that the blockade arrangements applied to ships of war, and that the *Linnet* was preparing, in consequence, to leave. Confronted by this sudden crisis, Lord Rosebery acted with the utmost firmness and promptness. He telegraphed immediately to Bangkok that the *Linnet* "must on no account leave"; and simultaneously he sent the following telegram to Lord Dufferin:—

"I request that your Excellency will state to the French Government that it would be impossible that Her Majesty's Government should allow British subjects to be left at the mercy of an unruly Oriental population, and that, therefore, they cannot withdraw Her Majesty's ship now stationed off the city. You should also remind them that I have not yet received a reply to the inquiry I addressed to M. d'Estournelles, on the 25th instant, when I asked him what facilities would be granted to the British ships for obtaining necessary supplies" (p. 102).

During this critical Sunday communications were passing between the Foreign Office and the Admiralty, and it was of the despatch just quoted that Lord Rosebery was thinking when he told his Edinburgh audience that he, as a Minister, had faced the risk of war. He had met the demand for the withdrawal of H.M.S. *Linnet* by a categorical refusal.

On the eventful Sunday, July 30, 1893, Lord Rosebery must no doubt have been weighted with the grave responsibility which besets those who have to face and make great decisions. The strain, however, was not of long duration. On Monday Lord Dufferin saw the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and delivered Lord Rosebery's communication. "The Minister replied that as the blockade would be raised at once, it was unnecessary to discuss the matter" (p. 109). It had, meanwhile, we believe, been locally explained to the British captain that the Admiral's intention had been misunderstood. He did not demand that the Linnet should be withdrawn; he only suggested some alteration in her position with a view to the convenience of his blockade. On August 1 the Siamese Government accepted the French demands; and on August 3 the blockade was raised. The Anglo-French crisis in its more acute form was thus speedily relieved. The seriousness was known to very few persons at the time. When Ministers who had been spending the week-end in the country returned to their offices, a crisis had come and gone without their being aware of it. The Linnet remained where she was, on the watch. Other negotiations continued, but the local situation speedily quieted down.

What Women Like in Men.

"Rafford Pyke" writes on this subject in the July "Cosmopolitan" with rare sympathy, rarer penetration, and rarest knowledge of woman's nature. Leaving the young girl on one side, he "attempts," as he modestly says, to show "what it is that a woman of intelligence and knowledge and sentiment and fineness—*la femme de trente ans*—likes best in man.

Passports to Woman's Affection.

Good looks, he truly says, are superfluous, but what women do like is "an air of distinction"—something that singles out a man among his fellows. They will pardon slovenliness, but do not like it. Especially are they prone to admire the admired of other women, for "Rafford Pyke" does not forget that vanity and emulation are feminine weaknesses. General *savoir faire*, knowing what to do, and when and how to do, are qualities highly valued by *la femme de trente ans*. Liberality, a contempt of the petty, even a touch of irresponsibility, all appeal to her; parsimony and any form of counting the cost are perhaps the worst faults in her eyes. Gentleness—the gentleness of strength—always pleases her. "Rafford Pyke" profoundly remarks:—

She loves to think that one who may be rough and bad to all the rest can be to her as tender as another woman. . . . It is a hard saying but it is true, that the men whom women love the most are men who are quite capable of cruelty.

"Rafford Pyke" may not think himself a philosopher, but it is doubtful whether truer words were ever written about women than the following:

To be really understood, to say what she likes, to utter her innermost thoughts in her own way, to cast aside the traditional conventions that gall her and repress her, to have some one near her with whom she can be quite frank, and yet to know that not a syllable of what she says will be misinterpreted or mistaken, but rather felt just as she feels it all—how wonderfully

sweet is this to every woman, and how few men there are who can give it to her!

Who shall describe that wonderful gift of intimacy, that miracle in human intercourse, that rare blending of subtle intelligence, of exquisite tact, of wonderful sympathy? There are men who have it; and when a woman's acquaintance with such a man is only half an hour old, she will be telling him of things that she has never told to brother or sister or mother or husband or even to her nearest woman friend.

La femme de trente ans loves a man who has done something, who has achieved, and—

If she loves him, her love will have in it that element of the maternal without which no true woman's love is ever quite complete. He is hers; and she thrills with his success, and tries to comfort him in his defeats. She hates his enemies vindictively. She longs to help him, to be his inspiration.

But almost sweeter still are those moments when perhaps he is depressed and ill or half-disheartened, this man who faces the world and is strong to all besides herself; for then he makes the one supreme appeal to her very deepest, tenderest feelings; and there comes over her a great wave of maternal tenderness, a passion of self-devotion, and as she mothers him, her whole woman's nature is stirred to its very depths.

Woman is always woman, and when her hour has come—like Shakespeare's heroines:—

The teaching of her early years, the traditions of her sex, the fears, the doubts, the hesitations—all these she tramples underfoot; and seeking out the one man of her life, she stands before him in that splendid shamelessness which is the finest thing in perfect love.

The Future of the Peace Propaganda.

This question is discussed in "La Revue" for July 1 by M. J. Novikoff, who on the whole takes a hopeful view of the progress of the cause of peace. Last year's Congress in Paris he considers to have been most important, and distinguished above all others by having been semi-official—opened by a Minister actually in office, and including official delegates. Its echoes found their way to the ear of the people; it was in every sense democratic. But the distance already traversed is nothing compared with that before us. Peace propaganda must be made much more effective.

(1) Not Peace, but Federation.

"The peace movement," M. Novikoff asserts, "ought to change its name, and be called federalist." Its object is the possible one of modifying human institutions, and not the impossible one, so often attributed to it by the ignorant, of modifying human nature. It aims, in fact, at creating a federation which will in turn embrace all the nations of the world. But just because the movement is said to be for "peace" and not for federation, it encounters all kinds of objections on the score of impracticability which it would not encounter if it changed, not its essence, but merely its name.

(2) Be Less Modest; Promise Paradise on Earth.

Peace advocates would make quicker progress if they were less modest: "To succeed with the

masses, to make them thoroughly enthused and resolute, fanaticism must be kindled in them, and to awaken fanaticism you must promise paradise. This is what all great founders of religion have done." It is also what the Socialists are doing. They promise an earthly paradise; how, does not particularly matter. But they are right. No great social transformation comes about, except by "fanaticising the masses." Now, says M. Novikoff, too truly, how far the peace people are from this. They make no dazzling promises of paradise, and, just for this very reason, they meet with but poor success. And yet they, more than any others, might promise paradise on earth.

(3) And Promise It Within the Lifetime of Man.

It must be plainly shown that there is no real obstacle to the immediate suppression of international feud and anarchy; that is to say, that the Kingdom of Heaven is near at hand: "When the peace party succeed in imbuing the masses with this idea, there will be an immense and immediate reaction. Federation will then become the first popular cry. Very soon it will reach the passionate stage, and then nothing can stop it." Then, says M. Novikoff, exit international anarchy, and enter the United States of Europe.

The Typhoid Bacillus and the Blood.

A most interesting paper describing a series of observations made directly upon living typhoid bacilli in the blood, by means of the microscope, is contributed by Dr. E. Maurel to the last number of the "Archives de Medecine experimentale."

Many diseases, such as scarlet fever, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, etc., are known to result from the invasion of our bodies by certain kinds of bacilli, the course of the disease depending upon the resisting powers of the tissues of the body, especially of the blood, whose white corpuscles or leucocytes are free-moving and serve in the capacity of a police force, seeking out the invaders and disposing of them, as far as possible, by eating them and converting them into their own substance.

In the experiments devised by Dr. Maurel, the reaction of the different constituents of our blood to bacilli could be watched with the microscope. One-half of a sterilised glass plate was dotted over with small drops of a mixture of typhoid bacilli and recently boiled, distilled water, then dried at 38 deg. C., a temperature which produces no change in the microbe. An aseptic puncture was made in the finger to obtain blood, some of which was placed on the side of the sterilised plate carrying bacilli, and some on the other side where there

were none. The whole plate was then covered with a thin slip of sterilised glass, under which the blood on each half of the plate spread out in a thin layer without the two portions coming in contact. This arrangement made it possible to watch the action of the bacilli, and to compare the condition of the blood in contact with them with the condition of the blood on the other half of the plate where there were no bacilli.

The glass plate, microscope, and other materials used were all kept at 37 deg. C., so that there were no sudden changes of temperature, and the organisms were, as far as possible, under the same conditions as in the body.

Effect on the White Corpuscles.

At first, the leucocytes in both portions of blood moved about slowly, many of those in the typhoid culture absorbing bacilli as they moved, without appearing to be inconvenienced; but the encounter seemed to be fortuitous, and not to result from the pursuit of bacilli by the leucocytes, although they had perfect freedom of motion.

Seven minutes later, some of the leucocytes in the typhoid culture were less energetic in their movements, and within half an hour a few were entirely motionless. Soon all moved more slowly and showed a tendency to become spherical, the form assumed by leucocytes when exhausted or about to die.

Raising the temperature from 37 deg. to 38 deg. or 40 deg. stimulated the leucocytes and caused them to resume their movements, but they became motionless in a very short time. Within two hours all the leucocytes among the typhoid bacilli were motionless, spherical, and in many instances presented the granular appearance that precedes disintegration.

The red corpuscles were not affected, but there was a deposit of fibrin in the blood.

The leucocytes of the blood placed on the other side of the plate at the same time, and kept under the same conditions, were as active as ever at the end of four and one-half hours, and no filaments of fibrin had formed.

Similar observations were made on a number of preparations, and from them the writer concludes that our leucocytes absorb the typhoid bacillus, but succumb to their absorption in less than half an hour, showing that this bacillus is one of the most virulent for them. The soluble substances formed by the typhoid bacillus seem to have no marked action upon the leucocytes except the absorption of the bacillus itself; for, in some instances, leucocytes that had not absorbed bacilli were seen continuing their motions after the others had become unable to move.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The National Review.

The "National Review" for August is a very good number. "Lord Rosebery's Opportunity," Mr. Arnold White's paper on the Mediterranean Fleet, Mr. MacDonnell's plea for refusing to treat the Boers as belligerents, are noticed elsewhere. Mr. Austin Dobson gossips pleasantly concerning St. James' Park. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett concludes his paper on "The Execution of Marshal Ney."

Some Recent Art Sales.

Mr. W. Roberts, in a paper full of interesting information as to the prices realised in the more important sales of last season, gives some interesting facts as to the immense rise in the value of Turner's pictures. He gives a list of seven pictures which changed hands at recent sales:—

They cost the owners about 12,000 guineas, selling for nearly 46,000 guineas, a profit sufficiently handsome, one would imagine, for the most exacting of investors.

On the whole, Mr. Roberts seems to think that although England may not be an altogether artistic country, London is more than holding its own as the artistic market of the world. He says:

For a goodly number of years this turnover at art sales may be roughly placed at over one million sterling. Nothing seems to depress the prices at art sales, not even the prolonged war in South Africa. It has been more and more forced upon me during the last few years that London is the best market in the world for the sale of objects of art; every season great quantities of the most precious objects are consigned to Messrs. Christie's historic rooms for sale—e.g., the Heckscher and the Bardini—with the most satisfactory and often surprising results.

An Absurd Suggestion.

Mr. A. Maurice Low, writing upon "American Affairs," quotes the following absurd proposal from the "Bookman":

Why should not the President of the United States attend the ceremony of King Edward's coronation? Why should not the President, both as the ruler of one of the mightiest nations of the earth and is the exponent of a policy that has brought the two great Anglo-Saxon empires into a partial union which, if made complete, would be irresistible—why should not he be present at the crowning of the King of Great Britain and Emperor of India? The thought appeals to the imagination, and its realisation would symbolise a splendid fact—the ultimate alliance and the final dominance of our world-conquering race. . . . We trust, therefore, that President McKinley will seize this unique opportunity of doing something which in itself would be strikingly historic and which would be an act of high State policy as well. All true Americans would be glad to see their chosen ruler standing at Westminster in the historic sanctuary of all who speak the English tongue, who observe the English law, and who believe in the perpetuity of English civilisation—taking his place as an equal among the emperors and kings who have of late accepted as an undisputed fact the power and grandeur of the American Republic."

Surely Mr. Maurice Low ought to know that Emperors and Kings do not attend coronations. The President might have come to the Jubilee, but to have appeared at the Coronation would have been absolutely impossible.

Are Roman Catholics Increasing in England?

Mr. J. McCabe, author of "Twelve Years in a Monastery," who says that he was six years ago stationed at Forest Gate, stoutly denies that the Roman Catholics are increasing in England. He does not think there are more than 1,200,000, and says that in view of the enormous influx of Catholic Irish, French, Italians, and Germans, there ought to have been many more. In fact, he thinks, instead of asking where all the Catholics have come from, we ought to be asking where they have all gone to. If converts are joining at a rate of nearly 10,000 per annum, we may well ask what has become of the million poor Irish men and women who brought to England their pathetic enthusiasm for Rome during the last half century?

The Empire Review.

The "Empire Review" for August contains several interesting articles, though none of special importance.

Army Reform: Introduce Swiss Methods.

Mr. John J. Walker, writing on "Lessons from Switzerland," urges on the War Office the "voluntary compulsory" system of short service in Switzerland, which, he says, ensures a maximum of well-trained soldiers at a minimum cost—£8 per annum per soldier, as against £46 in Germany, £47 in France, and £64 in Great Britain. With its "elite army," always ready and at full strength (all citizens from twenty to thirty-two), its Landwehr and Landsturm, the Swiss can put in the field over 500,000 strong, well-trained and thoroughly reliable men. Mr. Walker says:

It must be remembered, however, that the Swiss have no raw recruits such as the great majority of those who are drawn by the compulsory conscription as in France and Germany, and take the shilling in England from the recruiting sergeant. As soon as boys go to school they are drilled and marched and practise gymnastics regularly. Rifle-shooting has become a national pastime, most of the men spending their spare afternoons at the range and their holidays in competition for prizes. The standard of marksmanship in the Swiss army is very high—probably the highest in Europe, and certainly equal, if not superior, to that of the Boers.

The Alleviation of Indian Famines.

Lieut.-Col. F. N. Maude, writing on this subject, says one chain in the link of our immensely costly and not over-successful precautions against In-

dian famines seems still wanting. It is not so much lack of food as lack of means of distributing it which has caused such suffering. He therefore proposes "to establish a number of road transport companies based on the railways or other arteries of communication, working as feeders to the railway in prosperous times and as distributors from the railway during periods of famine." The trade in India between great towns away from railways is enormous and mostly in heavy, bulky articles, such as cotton and grains. These are still conveyed by primitive bullock carts, with which Colonel Maude would, as far as possible, dispense. Fuel is dear in India, but wages much lower than in England, where experiments have shown that on much worse roads heavy goods could be conveyed on an average at a gross cost of 1d. per mile, instead of the 4d. or 6d. charged by bullock drays, which only cover ten miles a day. Supply of water, he thinks, will not be a real obstacle—at any rate, not in the Punjab. An agreement with Government would be necessary to prevent any corporation undertaking the work against cut-throat competition. Colonel Maude says:—

The great difficulty in India is to attract substantial capitalists to utilise its many resources, and by demonstrating their capabilities to induce the rich natives to invest their money instead of hoarding it. Some progress has been made in Bombay and Bengal, but the north-west is almost untouched, yet there is perhaps no corner of the world where the need for cheap transportation and cheap power is more needed. If the wealth of India were invested in undertakings giving greater mobility to the population, famines would lose much of their intensity, while the precautionary measures against epidemics taken by the Indian Government would cease to constitute the great danger they do now to the maintenance of law and order.

Various Colonial Reminiscences.

Sir Hubert Jerningham continues wittily to recount his amusing recollections of colonial worthies—this time chiefly in Mauritius. The following anecdote may be culled from the collection:—

The Mauritians are very witty. On one occasion and before I became a governor myself, I was called to the governor's room to aid him in a French discussion which he was apparently having with a man who was endeavouring to enlist his sympathy and assistance on the ground that he was the father of a numerous family.

"Ask him," said the governor, "how many children he has." "Seven." "How old?" "The eldest is ten." "Indeed!" observed Sir Charles L——; "then ask him, please, whether he has bred children for me to feed them or for him to starve them"—a dilemma which the man met by the reply that to give such a question a proper answer he would inquire of his wife whether she intended to stop at seven, as he had found patriarchal sympathy in the governor, who naturally desired some guarantee for his coming munificence. Sir Charles was beside himself with rage, and in broad English told him that to beget a family without providing for their wants was nothing short of dishonesty.

The man coolly turned to me and said, "Cet homme n'encourage pas la recherche de la paternité," and walked out of the room. But when I had laughed over this with Sir Charles he got what he wanted. His wit had procured it.

Miss Ada Cambridge, the Anglo-Australian novelist, also contributes memories of thirty years of Australia, but it is a pity she does not insist still more on the fact that she is writing of a past rather than a present Australia.

Wei-hai-Wei.

"A Resident" writes on Wei-hai-Wei a descriptive article which really does give some idea of the place he is describing. Wei-hai-Wei, just three years a British possession, has a population of over 150,000—mostly Chinese:—

They are all poor, all simple unlettered peasant folk, knowing little about anything beyond their own village, their own plot of farm lands, everything is settled by the village elders, and it matters not much to them whether they are ruled by His Britannic Majesty King Edward VII, the barbarian king across the sea, or their own secluded Emperor in Pekin. The fact of the matter is, the learning of China has been much over-rated. In every village, it is true, some old man, one of the lower literati who has failed to get office, has a school for boys, and the little urchins may be heard repeating in a loud sing-song their lessons; but as a matter of fact not thirty per cent. of the men can read, less than that proportion can write, and once out in this work-a-day world, the smattering of learning acquired as a child is forgotten. From dawn to dark they work among the rice and the barley, their wants are simple, they have no use for books, no need for letters.

The Slave Trade in Northern Nigeria.

Mr. I. J. Tonkin contributes the third instalment of his paper on this question. It is very interesting, but somewhat depressing. I quote the following passages:—

As far as the adult male slave is concerned, it is the cruellest feature of domestic slavery that his wife shall be practically at the beck and call of his master. If we may dignify by the conventional term the alliances entered into by slaves, it will be doubtless somewhere about correct to say that marriages among them are allowed, but not in any way encouraged, promoted or supervised.

But Mr. Tonkin can still conclude by saying:—

Where the sexual instinct comes into play the slave system leads seemingly inevitably to developments that are hideous—I suppose it is human nature intoxicated by licence and opportunity—but in the general relation of man to man the attitude of the average slave holder to his human property is characterised by temperate and kindly justice, often by more, by a kindness that is not many degrees removed from love.

Other Articles.

Mr. Seymour Fort contributes an account of his visit to a farm of Mr. Rhodes' near Buluwayo. Miss "C. de Thierry" and the Rev. William Greswell both write in no very conciliatory temper on South African subjects.

The Fortnightly Review.

The August number is as alive and strenuous as though neither holiday nor vacation had any meaning for its readers. Articles on the political crisis and on the naval scare having received separate treatment, as also Mr. Wells' "Anticipations."

Diplomaticus Contra Mundum.

"Diplomaticus" is very wrath with Mr. John Morley for suggesting that the verdict of foreign nations anticipates the verdict of history. He sets manfully to work to prove that the consensus of foreign opinion on our policy in South Africa is due to any or every cause except our own iniquity. It is due to "Metternichian reaction and mercantile rivalry in equal parts." It is due to alarm occasioned by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes talking of Imperial Zollvereins and preferential tariffs. It is due to the feeling which regarded the Transvaal as a formidable enemy to our Empire. It is due to disappointed German greed, which hoped to divert Boer gold from Capetown to the German colonies. It is due to Radical and Socialist horror of the capitalists who were made responsible for the war.

"Civilisation" in the Congo State.

Passing from the Vaal to the Congo, we find Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne protesting with all his might against the transformation of the Congo Free State, secured by international guarantee in the interests of humanity, the natives, and Free Trade, into a private colony of Belgium, with France as residuary legatee, fenced round with protective tariffs and prohibitions, and given to a wholesale exploitation of the natives. All lands hitherto free for native use have been taken over by the State. Privileged companies make out of the rubber, ivory, and other produce as much as 235 per cent. per annum; and Major Lothaire, having served his sentence for the murder of Mr. Stokes, is made director of one of the most successful of those companies. The writer refers to what appears in the "Bulletin Official" itself, and declares:—

These documents make it clear, beyond contradiction, that the steadily growing endeavour of the Congo State has been to deprive the natives, so far as the new tyranny has yet reached them, of all their primitive rights to the land on which they live and the scanty subsistence their ignorance of arts and sciences allows them to obtain from it; to bring them, if they accept the position into worse slavery than that from which they have been ostensibly rescued, and, if they resent the interference, to punish them with a brutality more galling and destructive than that from which there has been a pretence of delivering them.

As a remedy, Mr. Bourne calls for the assembling of another International Conference on Central African affairs.

A New Career for Spain.

The north-west of the same distressful continent occupies the attention of Major A. Gybon Spilsbury. After detailing the perils of the situation in Morocco, he makes the following suggestion:—

Let England secure for Spain a European mandate, such as she herself holds and has so conscientiously worked out in Egypt, and see that it is carried out in

the same liberal, honest, and enlightened manner. By such a course a great and crying evil will be ended, and the most pressing menace to the peace of Europe conjured.

A Rival to the Panama Route.

In the battle between the Panama and the Nicaraguan Canal routes, slight notice seems to have been paid to the railway linking Atlantic and Pacific from Coatzacoalcos to Tehuantepec, which the Mexican Government opened in 1895. Mrs. Alec Tweedie describes the formation of deep terminal harbours. The gain to commerce is shown in this table:—

	Via Panama.	Via Tehuantepec.	Gain of Mil'ge.
Plymouth to San Francisco ..	9,103 ..	7,767 ..	1,336
New York to San Francisco ..	6,270 ..	5,005 ..	1,265
New Orleans to San Francisco ..	5,596 ..	3,586 ..	2,010
Liverpool to Yokohama ..	14,540 ..	13,455 ..	1,085
New York to Yokohama ..	11,256 ..	10,006 ..	1,250
New Orleans to Yokohama ..	10,611 ..	8,637 ..	1,974
New York to Manila ..	12,602 ..	11,363 ..	1,039

Besides, the saving of freight per ton over the Panama route will be four shillings a ton; over the all-rail route will be 30 per cent.

Other Articles.

Mr. William Watson contributes fourteen noble lines in praise of Simon de Montfort, under the title "For England." Mr. Richard Davey introduces the Count du Bois as a new French poet, and remarks on the fact that it was residence in London which awoke the Frenchman's muse.

Mr. Sydney Brooks discusses the now legalised Imperialism of the United States. He fears the spoils system, the defective altruism, and the protective exclusiveness of the Americans will prove dangerous to the happiness of their colonies. Miss E. L. Banks protests shrilly against the publication of the Love Letters of Bismarck and Victor Hugo.

The Quarterly Review.

The "Quarterly Review" is a good number. I notice elsewhere the articles upon the "Chinese Fiasco" and upon the "Campaign Against Consumption."

Is Negro Nileland Worth Holding?

The first place is given to an article upon Negro Nileland and Uganda. The writer discusses the question whether this territory produces anything to justify the sacrifices which we have made in establishing our foothold among such populations. It has of late years been cursed with seven plagues, war, fever among Europeans, famine, and rinderpest, drought and locusts. From negro Nileland have come waves of small-pox, and on the north of Victoria Nyanza bubonic plague is endemic. The Uganda Protectorate is haunted by swarms of mosquitoes, its waters are populous with leeches, the jigger, or

burrowing fly from tropical Africa has acclimatised itself in Uganda, the guinea worm tortures one native out of every ten, and the air is full of bees and hornets that sting, flies that probe, depositing eggs in the skin to be hatched as maggots, and painful boils. A paradise, surely! Nevertheless, the reviewer thinks that the country is worth holding. It is an admirable breeding place for cattle, horses, goats, and donkeys and camels. It abounds with such enormous herds of elephants that there is no danger of their extinction, and preserves could be maintained from which very young wild elephants could be broken into domesticity, as is done in Siam, Ceylon, and India. There are valuable forests, and in the upland regions coffee grows wild, and grain can be cultivated to any extent. The reviewer concludes, therefore, that there is some hope that negro Nieland will justify by its inherent prosperity, by the wealth of its products, and the mart which it will offer to our trade the fond expectations of those who advocated its annexation.

The Newfoundland Question.

This article consists of two parts, the first being written in French, which is rather a novelty in an English review. The writer of one section deals with the question from the British point of view, and advises that the issues at stake should be directly mastered, in order that a settlement should be arrived at. He thinks that it is most desirable that the French should be cleared out altogether, not only from the west shore, but also from the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. It is, however, a condition *sine qua non* that the British Government should first agree with the Government of Newfoundland as to the terms upon which a satisfactory settlement is possible. Twice in recent years France and Great Britain have agreed, and Newfoundland has spoiled everything by refusing to accept the Anglo-French agreement.

Books on Oliver Cromwell.

The reviewer says that Mr. Morley has not studied the Cromwellian period as Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Firth; but his book, by its comprehensive view of the subject and the charm of its style, is likely for a long time to come to be the most widely read book on the subject. Mr. Gardiner's history, which has now reached the year 1656, has long ago taken its place among the historical classics of our own literature, and the reviewer praises highly his life-long industry, and the high standard of historical accuracy, thoroughness, and impartiality which he has constantly maintained. Mr. Firth, in his Cromwell, shows the fullest knowledge of Cromwell and his times, Mr. Gardiner not excepted. We wait, says the reviewer, for Mr. Gardiner's concluding volumes for the final verdict:

His opinion, as we gather it from his works, seems to be tending more and more to the view that Oliver's intention was always upright, and that to his matchless gifts of persuasion and practical action was added that of wisdom in the science of politics, had that science been reducible to rule in a time of revolution; but that he failed in appreciation of the conditions under which he must work, and allowed his masterful temper to hurry him into actions which, in removing a present difficulty, created a greater, and made a satisfactory solution impracticable. A man who takes a great part in public affairs must be judged by his capital actions.

Other Articles.

The other articles deal with such varied subjects as Philosophical Radicals like Bentham and Mill, Recent Mountaineering, the Date of Dante's Vision, and the Dawn of Greece. The paper entitled "New Lights on Milton" discusses Professor Raleigh's book on the subject, to which it gives high praise.

The New Liberal Review.

The August number does not lack distinction, as will be seen from the articles I have quoted elsewhere.

Mr. L. W. Vernon Harcourt recounts the varying story of the Royal Arms, from the certain appearance of the leopards on Richard I's escutcheon down to the Act of Union in 1801, when the present blazonry was adopted. Edward III, it appears, was the first English king to adopt as a motto "Dieu et mon Droit."

Mr. Frank Yeigh gives a spirited sketch of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whose influence with Protestants he traces to his boarding in youth with a Scotch family and joining in their family prayers.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell runs over Lord Beaconsfield's novels, which he describes as "political and social pamphlets, but the most brilliant pamphlets which ever were published."

Mr. John J. F. Fraser, among his "Impressions of a Traveller," declares that the United States and Russia are our only two rivals for world's supremacy. He predicts, however, that the superior vitality of the American nation will be exhausted, being "produced by a champagne atmosphere that stimulates, but does not sustain." Russia will, in the long run, be our most sturdy antagonist.

Mr. Yoxall, M.P., contributes a charming travel paper in praise of France, which he indignantly yet good-humouredly vindicates from the charge of being stale, flat, and unprofitable from the tourist's point of view.

Mr. Selous furnishes a sterner variety of the same article in his "Gemsbuck Hunting in the Northern Kalahari."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., takes as "Book of the Month" Henry George's biography.

The Duchess of Sutherland pleads for the Scottish Homes Industries Association.

The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" for August is a good, readable number. It opens with a paper on "The Foreign Policy of Lord Rosebery," from which I quote elsewhere. Mr. Macrosty and Mr. S. G. Hobson combine to write a very sane and reasonable account of "The Billion Dollar Trust." Dr. George Washburn contributes a historical paper on the Early History of the Turks. Mr. Spender's paper on "The Liberal Party and its Differences" is noticed among the leading articles, and the final article, by the author of "Drifting," on "The Economic Decay of Great Britain," is separately noticed.

In Praise of Golf.

Mr. Arnold Haultain devotes several pages to a very interesting article on "Golf," in which we have eighteen pages of reading explaining how it is that golf has such an absorbing attraction for its votaries. Its chief point is that it brings out the individual mind more than any other game, and at the same time that it develops the mind it brings man into constant contact with Nature. In golf you are pitted against Nature. The following passage may give an instance of the enthusiasm with which Mr. Haultain writes on his favourite theme:

"In Golf," he says, "we can see a symbol of the history and fate of mankind, careering over the face of this open earth, governed by rigid rule, surrounded with hazards, and bound to subdue nature, ere we can survive, punished for the minutest divagation from the narrow course, and the end of it all to reach an exiguous grave, with as few mistakes as may be, some that high and brilliant fly, others that slow and lowly crawl."

After reading his paper we begin to realise somewhat how it was that a famous Anglican Divine confided to a friend that there was in the calm of golf that which made him forget his wife, his family, his country and his God.

The Rev. W. W. Peyton writes a somewhat eloquent discourse concerning "Anthropology and the Evolution of Religion." To understand the symbolism of religion, he maintains, we require the poetic faculty. Those who have it not are disqualified to explain religion. The majority of the religious world do not care for dogma, but are glamourised by ritual. Sacrifice is paint which any eye can see; the sacrament is colour which the fine artist eye of the Western world sees. Both make visible the inwardness of religion. The sacrament is the residuary legatee of sacrifice.

Sifting the Atmosphere.

The Rev. John M. Bacon writes brightly and pleasantly concerning dust in the higher and lower strata of the atmosphere, illustrated by experiments which he made in ballooning. The article is full of out-of-the-way facts, as, for instance, that the air that we think is most impure is often

least so. Carbonic acid is often more abundant in the free and purest mountain-side than it is in the plain, or even in cities. There is a difference of one per cent. in the oxygen of the open country and that of London, or any town in the black country. More remarkable still, there is less dust in the Underground Railway than was to be found in the air 2,000 feet above Kingston-on-Thames. There was as little dust in the sample of air taken from Tower Bridge as there was in the air blowing from the Atlantic across the Scilly Islands. Dust is a great traveller, and thinks nothing of sailing across oceans and continents. Mr. Bacon finishes his article by recounting the following curious experiment:

If light from an arc lamp be brought to a focus by a quartz lens within a vessel containing moist dust-free air, a bluish fog becomes visible along the path of the light. This cloud remains visible and suspended for hours after the light is cut off.

Maltese Grievances.

Mr. O. Eltzbacher writes an article upon "Maltese Grievances," which may be summed up in one line—that there are none. He maintains that the agitation against our recent Colonial Office policy in Malta is entirely due to a small fraction of Italians who are in no sense representative of the majority of the population. Some of his figures are very remarkable. He says, out of a population of 205,000, the Italian-speaking Maltese only number 5,000. There are 25,000 English residents, and 180,000 Maltese who speak Maltese, which is more like Arabic than Italian.

He says that there are no direct taxes in Malta, and that of indirect taxes the Maltese only pay 10s. a year per head, and all the money is spent on the local administration. The Maltese are very prosperous, and from a million to a million and a half of money every year is spent in the islands by the English. "To withdraw from Malta would mean the immediate impoverishment of the island and the rapid emigration of the majority of its congested population." But why discuss this question? Apart from Imperial necessities, which would compel us to remain in Malta, we are certainly not going to withdraw from any place where a plebiscite of the population would ask us to remain, and if Mr. Eltzbacher be correct, the continuance of British government in Malta would be voted by a majority of at least nine to one.

The Westminster Review.

There is, as usual, exuberant vigour and purpose and strenuousness in the "Westminster," and much that compels thought. An Orientalist's impeachment of Western influences, and Charles Stanford on China are referred to elsewhere.

A Protestant Plea for the Papacy.

Mr. H. M. Vaughan, who declares himself a Protestant, writes on the intolerable situation in Rome. He tries to create sympathy with the prisoner of the Vatican. He enlarges on the resentment natural to the deprived, on the enormous loss to the Papal Treasury, on the utter insecurity of the professed "compensation," which a chance majority in the Italian Parliament might at any moment revoke, and on the King's occupation of the favourite private palace of the Popes—the Quirinal. The writer condemns this last step as inexplicably bad taste. He grants the enormous increase in the spiritual power of the Papacy since it lost the temporal power. He suggests this beginning of a remedy:

The first thing required to open the way to a friendly and final arrangement between the two Governments in Rome is a true guarantee—not by the Italian Parliament and King alone, but by all the nations that at present have envoys accredited to the Vatican—that the independence of the Pope shall always be respected, so that, no matter what political changes may occur in Italy, or even in Rome itself, the head of the Roman Church shall for ever be permitted to continue in peace his great duties towards all of the Roman faith throughout the world.

To Check the Rush to the Towns.

The Rural Exodus is referred to its causes by E. A. Selby Lowndes, and not least to the airs of superiority assumed by the townsmen. The writer appeals to "that large class of people with moderate incomes who are free to live where they like":

On one excuse or another they almost invariably flock to London, or some other large centre. These have it in their power to do inestimable service to their country. Let these set an example, and by taking up their residence in some rural neighbourhood show that they believe there is no inferiority attached to it. They can do more in this way to stop the migration to towns than by an amount of theorising on its causes and suggested remedies. The labourer would not be slow to follow their example.

How Co-operators Might Swamp Parliament.

There is an unsigned article headed "Co-operators and the New Century: a great work to be done." It deals with the programme adopted at Middlesbrough, and heartily approves the pronouncement in favour of universal Old Age Pensions. The writer advocates a policy of reform by the Budget, which the House of Lords cannot meddle with, such as land taxation, payment of members, free breakfast table, old age pensions, etc. To gain the legislative power needful, he makes the following suggestions.

A tithe only of the annual profit divided amongst the members would mean upwards of £774,000, and with that sum it would be possible to contest, if necessary, every constituency in the United Kingdom at a cost of £1,000 a piece, and yet leave a balance of £100,000 for the payment of members until that duty was undertaken by the State. But, should that method of providing the sinews of war be objected to, then if each of the 1,700,000 members were to put by loyally only a

penny per week the campaign fund would amount in one year to some £368,000; in two years to £730,000; and in three years, the date of the co-operative diamond jubilee, to £1,104,000.

Other Articles.

Mr. Peter Struthers discusses with great faithfulness the questions of South Africa and Imperialism. He hails with joy the prospect of the United States of Canada, of South Africa, and of Australia. He sees in the lower classes a chief stay of reaction, and presses for increased education. Mr. J. B. Hobman gives "a candid Liberal view of Mr. Chamberlain" as "the political Sir Willoughby Patterne," and scourges his inconsistency, egotism, and fatal lack of imagination. Mr. E. A. Savage warmly appreciates Stephen Phillip's poetry.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

The August "Pall Mall" contains no article of great importance, but is evidently largely designed to suit the holiday season. Those curious about "Bridge" will find an intricate discussion by "A Bridger" of how to play it. Tourists in quest of unexplored mountain peaks, far removed from men's haunts will turn eagerly to Mr. Walter D. Wilcox's paper on "The New Switzerland"—the Canadian Rockies, of such vast extent that for years to come their primitive wildness can hardly be tamed—twenty thousand square miles of unexplored country, and at least two thousand five hundred peaks—and difficult and dangerous peaks—of which hardly three hundred have been climbed by man.

The Okapi: A New Quadruped.

Sir H. M. Stanley first set afloat the rumours which Sir Harry Johnston has just confirmed of the wonderful new, and, alas, already almost extinct, Central African quadruped, with the head of a hornless giraffe, the body of an antelope, and the striped legs of a zebra. It is a ruminant, and although nearer to the giraffe than to any living creature, it is only a very remote relation of that creature. It is said to be excellent eating, but owing to its rarity has been placed among the totally protected game animals of Africa.

The Cost of a Scotch Moor.

Mr. Rhodes has just taken a Scotch moor, and if Mr. Watson Lyall may be believed he could hardly have indulged in a more costly amusement. For three months, from £5,000; and then beaters, keepers, dogs, stalkers, gillies, ponies, carriages, and horses, with fishing tackle and ammunition, to say nothing of moving large establishments to and fro, with tons of luggage. Deer forests are more expensive even than grouse moors, ranging from £1,000 upwards.

Other Articles.

M. Georges de Dubor has a very interesting article on a less known side of Napoleon—his married life with Josephine at La Malmaison. Mr. Matthias Dunn also writes entertainingly on "The Invasion of Our Seas by the Huge Devil-fish or Cuttle-fish," which, he says, are increasing to an alarming extent, especially about the Devon and Cornish coasts, where the fishermen lose half their crabs and lobsters from these ferocious enemies.

The Forum.

The only articles in the July "Forum" calling for separate notice deal with China. Mr. W. C. Jameson Reid's "Plea for the Integrity of China" and the Rev. Gilbert Reid's apotheosis of looting being noticed among the leading articles. Mr. H. S. Boute's paper on "The Sale of Texas to Spain" is an attempt to deduce from this sale a justification of the Imperial claims of the American Government.

Technical Education.

Mr. Jacob Schoenhof writes on "Higher Technical Training," dealing particularly with the more artistic industries. It is interesting at a time when we are hearing so much of American superiority in every industry to find an American pointing to Europe, and sometimes in particular to England, as a model. Mr. Schoenhof begins by saying that "American shortcomings in regard to manufactures are so apparent that efforts towards higher technical training may be looked upon as a national necessity." Americans could pick up many useful suggestions in England:—

The liberal distribution of schools to suit the purposes of manufacturing industries is illustrated by the fact that North Staffordshire has an art school in each of the five towns that form the Pottery district. These towns now extend so far that it is difficult to say where one begins or the other ends, and all are connected by tram-cars and steam. The great benefit which local industries receive from this widely extended art teaching, supported by a wealth of objects of art, selected for their beauty, is clearly shown in this case. Minton, Doulton, Wedgwood, and Royal Worcester wares are known the world over. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, they cannot complain of lack of appreciation. They are copied extensively by German manufacturers, who, as is usual with imitators, leave out of the design the more expensive work, producing a very similar article at a considerably lower figure. The English do not seem to relish this kind of martyrdom. Yet it cannot be dissociated from the palm of originality.

We are evidently not so badly off, after all.

School Hygiene in America.

Mr. R. Clark writes on School Hygiene, which he evidently thinks is in a bad way in America. He says:—

In the catalogues of fifty normal schools, in twenty-nine States, there is not to be found a single indication of a distinct course in school hygiene, although in one catalogue it is said that "the greater part of the time

(of a course in school management) will be devoted to the subject of school hygiene in its relation to the different phases of school management." Also in one other school it is fortunately included "for the shaping of the school conformably to the laws of the child's physical nature." In a third school, "school hygiene" is mentioned as the last division, and, judging from the full outline of "physiology and hygiene," one of the least important. And in two other schools of these fifty the subject is mentioned to the extent that in each case a book on the subject is expected to be read. There are perhaps schools where the subject exists by itself, and probably among these fifty it is taught in connection with "physiology and hygiene," or it may be hidden away under "school management."

Other Articles.

The other articles mostly deal with subjects of no interest to English readers. Mr. C. Andrews writes on "Medical Practice and the Law," pleading for a better definition of what medical practice is. Mr. O. W. Underwood writes on "The Corrupting Power of Public Patronage." Mr. John Corbin asks is the elective system in the American universities really elective?

The Edinburgh Review.

The "Edinburgh Review" for July is a good number, and most of its articles claim separate notice. I have dealt elsewhere with Mr. Corbett's "Drake and His Successors," the article on Tolstoy, "The Time Spirit of the Nineteenth Century," "The Situation in the Far East," and "South Africa."

Temporary Stars.

Dr. Anderson's discovery of the new star in Perseus is the text for an article on "Temporary Stars." Nearly all temporary stars, says the reviewer, are confined to the Milky Way, which really represents cirrus formations of stars. The reviewer considers many hypotheses which have been put forward to explain the sudden appearance and disappearance of temporary stars, and considers as the most probable that the phenomenon is caused by the stoppage of motion in passing through nebulous tracts:—

But although Novae cannot be resolved into compound or colliding stars, collisions of a sort may supply the fuel for their conflagrations. The flaring of meteors in our upper air is, not improbably, an analogous phenomenon, although on a relatively infinitesimal scale. That semi-obscure stars may be raised to temporary splendour by the stoppage of their proper motion in traversing nebulous tracts is an idea which has presented itself to many minds.

The Milky Way, as we have seen, is composed of star-aggregations intermixed with nebulosity. There are glimmering regions in it suspected, rather than seen, to be replete with phosphorescent materials. Inevitably then, unless, in the ordering of creation, special preventive measures have been taken, some of the swiftly-moving stars thronging the perilous neighbourhood must become involved in a resisting medium. The rest should follow in some such order as we perceive it—the vivid incandescence, the powerful atmospheric disturbance attested by abnormal spectroscopic symptoms, the eventual prevalence of nebular affinities. Occasionally, per-

haps, a star may pass right through a nebula and escape, as did apparently *Nova Coronae*, little the worse for the adventure; but in most cases the capture would seem to be definite, like that of shooting stars in the earth's atmosphere. The brilliancy of the beacon fire signifying the nebulous engulfment of a star depends upon the amount of convertible energy at hand. It varies, other things being equal, as the square of the velocity of the body affected. When this is spent the blaze flickers out, the sympathetic glow of the adjacent nebulous matter surviving for a brief period.

Greece and Asia.

From the paper thus entitled I quote the following passage:—

As far as the history of the ancient world in general is concerned we may pretty safely conclude that the Greek tribes were ignorant of art, and of writing, until they came in contact with Asia, by crossing the Aegean, and by mingling with an older population in Asia Minor, which drew its civilisation ultimately from Babylonia. They were, perhaps, still ignorant of letters as late as 1200 B.C., but they had learned the syllabary of Western Asia before they came into contact with Phoenician colonists from Tyre, Sidon, and Arvad.

Other Articles.

Another paper deals with "The North Americans of Yesterday," the writer holding the theory that the civilisation of the American Indians was native, and did not originate in Asia or Egypt, as has been claimed by many writers. There is an article on "The Spectacular Element in Drama," and another on "National Personality."

The North American Review.

The "North American Review" for July is a fairly interesting number. I have dealt elsewhere with Sir Walter Besant's "Burden of the Twentieth Century," and Dr. Buckley's "Absurd Paradox of Christian Science," and also briefly with the articles on Foreign Trade and National Prosperity.

Some Famous Bets.

Mr. G. S. Street has been examining the betting book of Brooks' Club, the first bet in which is recorded in 1771. The names of Sheridan and Fox occur in it frequently, and many of the bets are on very strange subjects. Many deal with the American War of Independence:—

" March 11, 1776.

" Mr. Sheldon bets Mr. Charles Fox fifty guineas that Peace is made with America before this day two years."

" Aug. 19, 1776.

" Mr. Fox bets Ld. Bollingbroke Five guineas that America does not belong to the King of Great Britain this day two years."

The later bets deal with equally important subjects. Thus, in 1852 we find:—

Mr. Bulteel bets Mr. L. Agar Ellis a poney that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer dies a Radical. That was during Lord Derby's administration, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was Benjamin Disraeli. And this: Mr. Cadogan gives Mr. R. E. Alston £5 on condition that Mr. R. G. Alston returns £150 to Mr.

Cadogan when there is an Electric Telegraphic Communication between the Continent of America and Great Britain.

The Prospect of Catholicism.

Cardinal Gibbons deals with "Catholic Christianity" as the "Great Religion of the World." He looks forward to Christian Unity as the means by which the world will finally be conquered for Christendom:—

Were this unity perfect among Christians, there can be no doubt that long since the whole world would have been won over to the Gospel of Jesus, that its sweet influences would have transmuted all the hardness and imperfections of our common humanity, by lifting us all into that higher spiritual sphere of brotherhood with the Redeemer of our souls, and sonship with the Head of our race. It is this lack of unity among Christians that makes it even possible for any religion, old or new, to set up a comparison with it, to challenge its immortal titles to admiration and acceptance. For lack of unity, the impact of the missionary labours is broken, and the incredible sacrifices of Christian men and women must be repeated, often in vain, from generation to generation. This defect of our Christianity it is which enables the savage man, as well as the man of a foreign culture, to escape the arguments and appeals of the Christian apostle. It also renders almost nugatory the efforts of Christianity, on its original soil, to dominate even the most tangible forces of the world and the devil.

English and American Literature.

Mr. W. D. Howells takes Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Eleanor," as a text for a homily on the distinction between English and American fiction, the distinction being in general, he says, that the English have breadth, whilst the Americans have depth. "Eleanor," he holds, is an exception to this rule, and in its great depth Mrs. Ward "is rather more like the American than the English novelists."

The Southern States.

Mr. W. G. Oakman, in a short article on "The Condition of the South," maintains that the devotion of the South to the Democratic party is based solely upon the traditions and prejudices generated by the Civil War. The 142 Electoral votes of the Southern States were cast against policies admittedly in the interest of the South.

The "Lady's Realm" for August discusses the question, "Which is the happiest period in a woman's life?" When she falls in love and meets, or thinks she meets her ideal, says Miss Violet Hunt. The other ladies consulted are much more precise as to years. Sixty, when the storms of life are overpast, says Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon. "From seventeen to twenty-one," says Evelyn M. Lang, who, however, is obviously only thinking of a very limited and wealthy class. The magazine also contains articles on "The Household of Queen Alexandra," and on "Spinning Wheels, Ancient and Modern."

The Engineering Magazine.

Last month, Mr. Phillips contributed an article upon Britain and her competitors in iron and steel making, and it is followed up this month with an extremely interesting account of the manufacture of iron and steel in Cape Breton.

Advantages of Cape Breton.

Mr. P. T. McGrath, the writer of the article, enumerates the various advantages. The chief of these are:—

The existence of vast beds of coal and limestone in Cape Breton, the recent discovery of immense iron deposits in Newfoundland near by, the comparative nearness of Sydney to the markets of Europe, and the stimulus which Canada gives to iron production by a bounty granted on all iron and steel manufactured within the Dominion.

Sydney is almost 1,000 miles nearer the English market than New York, and 2,200 miles nearer than New Orleans. With regard to coal, the situation is as favourable. "We can," says one of the directors, "produce 3,000,000 tons per annum for 1,000 years."

Iron Deposits.

But, says, Mr. McGrath—

The acquisition, however, by the steel company of the hematite iron deposit at Bell Island, Newfoundland, was the circumstance which above all others made the enterprise possible. This is the most remarkable mine of its kind in the world—an open quarry, as it were, of ore, accessible by merely stripping off a surface covering of rock, and loosening the hematite strata by steam drills and dynamite charges. Bell Island lies in Conception Bay, about thirty-five miles by water from St. Johns, and 380 from Sydney. It is eight miles long, by three broad, and the hematite beds, five in number, but only two commercially valuable, lie upon its northern shore. An expert authority states that the upper workable bed has an area of 240 acres and a thickness of six feet, which should yield 6,000,000 tons, at six cubic feet to the ton. The lower bed is much larger—817 acres, and eight feet thick, giving about 28,000,000 tons in sight.

The ore is loaded straight into the ships. A 5,000-ton boat can be filled in from four to five hours.

The Cost of Production.

The estimated cost of producing pig iron at Sydney is 22s. a ton. To convert this into steel billets costs another 20s. Yet last year the ruling selling prices were as follows: At Pittsburg (steel billets), £7 8s., and at Glasgow, £6. An American (Mr. Whitney) is the directing head of the new company, whilst such men as Sir W. Van Horne, of the C.P.R., and Mr. R. G. Reid, the Newfoundland railway king, are interested in it.

The Uganda Railway.

F. W. Emett contributes an account of the building of the Uganda railway. The difficulties have been many. A cross section of the route shows that the line rises from sea level to 8,200 feet in 470 miles, and then drops 4,300 feet in seventy miles

to Lake Victoria, 3,900 feet above sea level. It is interesting to note that when the line was only open for a distance of 362 miles the earnings from public traffic amounted to from £3 to £4 per mile per week.

Other Articles.

A. Hamilton Church writes about "The Proper Distribution of Establishment Charges," W. D. Ennis on "The Mechanical Equipment of the Shipyard," and W. Blakemoor discusses "The Management and Control of the Colliery." The machinists' strike in the States is discussed editorially, and a symposium is given of the opinions of leading employers. In conclusion, the editor says: "A bitter struggle is presaged, but possibly a short one, as the machinists' financial position is weak, and the employers' moral position strong." He has proved a true prophet. Mr. Ford's article upon America in Russia is noticed elsewhere.

Cassier's Magazine.

Mr. T. Johnstone Bourne's article upon Railway Engineering in China is very appropriate at this time. He deals only with the Northern Railway, which was built entirely under the supervision of Mr. C. W. Kinder.

Nature of the Traffic.

Mixed trains have to be used, being an economic necessity for light traffic:—

When there is established in China a "Board of Trade" which insists on from twelve to twenty axles being a load for an engine, so as to keep passenger trains separate from goods trains, then a paying railway in many of the districts which would well support one will be impossible. Even in China passengers are not prepared to be confined to one train per day on the one hand, and on the other hand it is only by getting few engines and small working staffs to do the work, and loading these engines to somewhere near their capacity—say eighty to one hundred axles—that economy of working can be effected. The raised platforms, as already intimated, are due to the nature of the traffic, which is sensitive in its own peculiar way, and must, to some extent, be humoured. An upper-class Chinaman riding or driving to the station requires his ponies and carts at the end of the railway journey, and these must, therefore, be bundled on to the train while it waits. Small merchants travel with large bundles of merchandise, and these must all be quickly loaded up from a platform. A goods shed, special loading bank, and a yard full of empty cars at each small station will not help a railway in a thin country to pay dividends.

How to Make it Pay.

In conclusion, Mr. Bourne says:—

Even at the low rates in force in China, a coolie without heavy baggage can with far less expenditure walk 100 miles, paying for food and inns, than ride, and he can do it at less than the actual working cost of hauling him. Nevertheless, railways in China, under British management, can be made to pay, and pay handsomely, but this can be done only by using the native in large numbers, and the white man at high pressure, and striking the true economic balance between moderate efficiency and honesty at low price, and higher efficiency and character at a vastly higher rate.

Locomotive Building in the U.S.

In a very interesting article, Mr. G. H. Converse, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, relates the history of the development of the engine since 1829. The Baldwin Works themselves started with the "Old Ironsides" in 1832. The increase of speed has been one of the most remarkable developments of recent years. There are trains to-day in the States scheduled to run at a rate which means a speed of anywhere from seventy to eighty miles an hour. When railroad operations were first started in America, the locomotive weighed from twelve to sixteen tons; to-day freight locomotives of 100 tons and passenger locomotives from seventy to eighty tons are the rule! These weights are for the locomotive proper, and exclusive of the weight of the tender. Forty years ago a 2,000-gallon tender was considered to be a very liberal size; nowadays tenders have a capacity of 7,500 gallons.

Other Articles.

Mr. G. M. Brown writes upon the efficiency of marine boilers. He voices the engineers' complaint as to the great waste of energy which goes on by allowing so large a mass of highly heated gases to pass away from the boiler up the chimney. Electric cable making is discussed and described by a "Staff Correspondent," and William Whitwell, president of the Iron and Steel Institute, writes upon waste heat and by-products from the blast furnace.

Everybody's Magazine.

"Everybody's Magazine" is a 10 cent. magazine; published by John Wanamaker at New York and at 25 Jermyn-street, London, S.W. In the August number Aguinaldo tells the story of his capture; the Rev. J. M. Bacon describes his experience in steering balloons by air currents; Mr. C. H. Caffin writes a very elaborate paper, copiously illustrated, upon "Photography as a Fine Art;" Mr. McCardell describes the growth of the Biograph Company and its living pictures; and there are two charming natural history papers, illustrated from photographs, one dealing with "The Birth of a Butterfly," and the other, "Days with Mocking-birds." There is the usual mass of fiction, and there is an interesting account of the way in which the City of Washington is governed in the district of Columbia, and an appreciative paper on Mr. Hughtt, President of the Chicago and North-Western Railway, written by H. L. Cleveland. On the whole, both from variety of illustrations and character, "Everybody's Magazine" ought to have no difficulty in taking and keeping a leading position among the lighter magazines of the English-speaking world.

The World's Work.

The "World's Work" for July has as its most notable pictorial feature a remarkable paper by Mr. A. R. Dugmore, describing the photographing of tropical fishes. It is extraordinary the results which have been obtained by the use of the camera. In making the photographs, the fishes were placed in a specially constructed aquarium, lined with white cloth in order to reflect as much light as possible. When some fishes were placed in such an aquarium, all their colour-markings instantly vanished. "Instead of rich creams and purples, with more or less distinct bars, we had a plain, pale, silver-coloured fish. On adding rocks and seaweed the colour came back to the fish, not steadily, but in fits and starts." Mr. Dugmore used iso-chromatic plates in every instance, which gave fairly true colour values. Another copiously illustrated paper is Mr. Booker T. Washington's article on "The Salvation of the Negro," which describes the excellent work that he is doing at Hampden Institute. Another beautifully illustrated paper is Mr. Gifford Pinchot's account of "Trees and Civilisation." Mr. Pinchot is at the head of the Forestry Department in the United States. Mr. Sydney Brooks writes a short paper upon "Why the French Republic is Strong." Mr. Nelson describes "The Machinery of Wall Street," and there are portraits of Mr. A. J. Cassatt, Mr. J. R. Keene (the great financial railway magnates), Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Governor Odell. The magazine is admirably printed, and contains a great deal of information concerning the subject of the work of the world.

The midsummer holiday number of the "Century" is distinctly good. Specially noteworthy are the articles describing the American regeneration of Russia, and vindicating the Paris Commune of thirty years ago. Dr. Brooks, of the Smith Observatory, astounds us with his account of photographing by the light of Venus. The time of exposure was about thirty-five minutes, and a reproduction of photographs so taken is given. Mr. Brander Matthews pleads for less rigidity in spelling and consequent freedom to reform gradually. Bishop Potter records his impressions of India. He is deeply impressed with the virtues of British rule. It has, he says, taught the people to value peace, the safety of life and property, and the privilege of going quietly and securely about one's business; it has made human life to-day more secure in India than in Kentucky. He remarks on the excellence of British officials, their sense of responsibility, their sympathy, and their trained capacity. He selects the growth of the Eurasian population as a possible danger hereafter to European sway.

The Revue de Paris.

The "Revue de Paris" for July may be unreservedly commended as containing quite a number of articles of interest, not only to French people, but also to foreigners.

The Question of Population.

To the first July number M. Mille contributes a paper which he calls "A Paradox of Population." It is indeed a paradox to the ordinary French mind which this article presents; as regards the fact that the population of France tends to remain practically stationary there is no disagreeing. M. Mille's remedy is to encourage manufactures and to discourage agriculture. It is the factory worker and the miner who have large families in France, and not the peasant; and if, according to M. Mille, the price of certain necessities of life was lowered—that is to say, if the high protection policy was abandoned—he considers it certain that the birth-rate would go up. It has been necessary to omit in this short summary the interesting statistics which M. Mille gives in order to support his theory of the fertility of the factory worker. He goes on to meet the objection that industrial populations are given up to drunkenness, and their children are consequently of an inferior type; his reply to that appears to be that the hereditary influence of alcoholism is frequently exaggerated, and that in any case the industrial population does have a high birth-rate, and if it were necessary the State could regulate the consumption of alcohol. He admits, however, that the human product of the factory worker is inferior on the whole to that of the peasant from a physical point of view; and his remedy for that is to bring together agriculture and manufactures by what he calls disurbanising manufactures by removing as many as possible into the country. To help on this movement into the country, he hopes much from electricity as a motive power in factories. He thinks also that this bringing of factories into the country would encourage the peasant to send his children into the factory in order to increase the family purse.

Austria-Hungary.

M. Beaumont asks, in an interesting article, whether there is an Austrian question at all. He disputes the common view that Austria-Hungary is always on the brink of an abyss of dissolution, that her intestine quarrels are so grave as to compromise her national existence; and he considers that this common view is due to the fact that the position of the dual monarchy has always been regarded through French spectacles. France herself is saturated with centralism, and it is difficult

for her to realise the conception of a decentralised State. M. Beaumont argues forcibly that there is a unity which binds together the various provinces and governments of the dual monarchy apart from the unique personality of the Emperor. Generally speaking, he considers the forces which make for disintegration are pan-Slavism, pan-Germanism, and Socialism; but he goes on to argue that these are neutralised by the conservative forces residing in the populations themselves, and he shows in detail that not only religious, but also economic interests make for the maintenance of the status quo. Lastly, perhaps, not the least important influence on the side of existing order is the external pressure of Europe, which would be set in a flame by the collapse of the Austria-Hungarian monarchy. M. Beaumont naturally discusses the succession to the throne. The heir-apparent, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, is, he says, little known to his future subjects, and he obviously will not enjoy the unique popularity of his uncle; but he has already laid the foundations of a considerable popularity of his own. His morganatic marriage, to begin with, while alienating the exclusive aristocracy of Austria, has touched the heart of the people, even sentimental in such matters. His recent acceptance of the office of patron of the Catholic School Association has also had good effect, in that it is held to show that he has a will of his own, and is ready to exercise it.

The French Hospital Service.

The revelations of the Hospitals Commission and Mr. Burdett Coutts' letters have drawn from a retired officer of the French Army Medical Service, who does not sign his name, a paper on the treatment of the sick and wounded in war time. After showing, as there was no difficulty in doing, how ill prepared England was for the war in a medical point of view, he naturally asks whether his own country is any better prepared. The French campaign in Madagascar has become, he admits, the very type of sanitary mismanagement. Unfortunately, that does not seem to be the end, for the French troops in China appear to have been practically without any medical service, and to have relied largely upon the Japanese, whose hospital ship was most generously placed at the disposal of the sick of all nationalities, the hospital ships of the other Powers being rigidly reserved to their own nationals.

Apart from a beautiful frontispiece representing a Highland loch, the "Sunday at Home" is chiefly notable for a sketch by the Countess of Meath of "a mission of mercy to suffering women," a hospital for women, namely in Tangier.

THE TOPIC OF THE MONTH.

THE LIBERAL VICTORY IN DENMARK.

THE NEW MINISTRY: BY A DANISH CORRESPONDENT.

The political victory of the Liberal Party in Denmark that ended the bitter fight of more than thirty years between the old Denmark—that rooted in landlordism—and “the new Denmark,” that living nature, is the crowning historical event of an evolution of a hundred years, which has modernised the Danish people in a higher degree than most of the other peoples.

The Agrarian Revolution of 1788.

In 1788 the state of Denmark was very much like that of Ireland to-day. Great landlords owned the whole country, and the peasants were considered silly, lazy, and so forth.

In 1788 a series of great land reforms began, with the result that Denmark almost realised the “three acres and a cow” ideal; and, indeed, the great landlords now only own eight per cent. of the country, while all the farmers are freehold proprietors of farms from fifty to one hundred acres in extent, and three-fourths of the working men in the villages are likewise freehold owners of their houses and some few acres of land.

These reforms soon brought great prosperity to the peasantry, and with the prosperity came interest in public affairs, and a demand for political influence and power.

In 1831 Denmark obtained a degree of representative government political bodies in each province—but only with consultative power. But the political activity of the peasantry had already begun, and we find “Bonder” peasants among the active agitators and great national orators. Ten years later, the powerful “League of the Peasants’ Friends” was formed, and the question of the rights of the peasantry naturally dominated all others.

The Political Revolution of 1848.

In 1848 the people of Copenhagen went en masse in a great procession, headed by the Council of Copenhagen, to the King’s palace, and claimed a constitution under threat of taking to “the self-help of despair.” The King gave way, and a Liberal Ministry entered office. While the small nation, of only 1,400,000, sent 60,000 men and a large fleet to the three years’ war with Northern Germany, which ended with the bloody victories of Fredericia and Ested, in which latter 40,000 Danes won a two days’ fight with a loss of nearly 4,000 killed and wounded, the constitutional Parliament was giving the country a new constitution, with full power for the people and universal suffrage. The constitution dates from June 5, 1849. In the new Parliament the left wing was formed by the “Bondevenner” (Friends of the Peasant), most of them farmers or agricultural labourers, the party numbering about one-third of the Lower House, the other two-thirds being the “National Liberale” or men of constitutional views, but of a more academic and bureaucratic character.

The war of 1864 brought about the failure of the foreign policy of the “National Liberale” party, which

—presaging the coming to power of the democratic peasantry—patched up a hurried alliance with the great landlords, and other relics of the ancient regime.

In August, 1864, before the conclusion of peace, they began a strong agitation for a revision of the constitution, which, after a two years’ struggle, ended in the law of 1866, which altered the character of the Upper House so much that the Conservative elements of the nation now have vast influence.

At the eleventh hour the Conservative struck this treacherous blow at the people, whose sons they by a foolish policy had led to war against desperate odds with Germany and Austria at once.

As soon as the war was over, the people’s energy, stung by the disasters of the war, rose as never before. The motto of the hour was, “What has been lost without must be won within.” A succession of popular progressive movements was begun—for instance, that for the cultivation of the heaths in Jutland, where in the last thirty-five years an area of land equal to the tenth of the whole of Denmark has been won for agriculture or planted with trees. The peasants rose in a body against those responsible for the policy of 1864, and in 1872 the Left Wing, or Democratic Party, was returned with a small majority in the Lower House.

A free constitution already existed on paper, but freedom in practice means power for the people in all public matters, and of that freedom there was but little in Denmark. There were but few Democratic papers then in Denmark, and none in Copenhagen, which, like almost all the towns, was either simply Conservative or politically asleep. In nearly all municipal and other bodies the Conservative element preponderated. Conservatives owned all banks and insurance companies; all trade was in their hands—in fact, all power belonged to them, except that the Democrats had a majority of two votes in the Lower House.

A Thirty Years’ War.

The Conservatives actually violated their own principles so far as to refuse to hand over the government to the majority, and a bitter political struggle began between the old and the new Denmark. This struggle lasted nearly thirty years. Its causes were fourfold. The Democratic Party had to rouse the entire peasantry in order to win the cities and the upper classes to their side. The Danes had to complete their right of self-government by enforcing its principles in all departments of social life. Open rebellion, which might have brought about an armed insurrection from the south, was precluded by the nearness of Germany. Also the less stalwart members of the Democratic Party could not be depended upon at first, and faced about at the critical moment.

That the Democratic Party has been able to hold fast to the same policy and force it through by dint of

irty years' bitter struggle and many reverses is due to the peculiar character of the Danish people, to their stubbornness and persistence that know no giving in.

The Danish press has, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, almost twice as large a circulation as that of any other country. Four-fifths of the newspapers are democratic, and entirely under the influence of the Liberal element in the community.

Of the sixteen seats in the capital, the Conservatives only hold one, with a majority of twenty-three votes; and nearly all the cities are won for the Democrats. Almost all the students are Liberals. How the peasant vote is shown by the fact that many constituencies have brought up to ninety-eight per cent. of the electors in an area of from twenty to thirty miles around to the polling place.

How the Battle was Fought Out.

The Conservatives have been shut out from every municipal body or important committee all over the country when the Democrats could bring a majority to the poll. The latter have organised hundreds of banks, which collect their own money. When during an economic crisis the Conservative papers proposed to ruin the peasantry by calling up the capital lent on mortgage on farms, these banks were able to give their clients a guarantee for new mortgages; and the Conservatives were completely foiled. Farmers and working men have formed large co-operative and trade-union associations, which have made the Danes more independent of capital than any other nation. They are now a self-governing people in every sense of the word.

The main features of the struggle are as follows: The Conservatives, who had lost their majority of two at the elections of 1872-3, tried to win it back by raising the standard of militarism and proposing heavy expenditure on fortifications. The Democrats won a great victory in 1876 against these laws, reducing the Conservatives to some thirty-five members out of 102 in the Lower House.

The Coup d'Etat of 1885.

In 1877 the Conservative Ministry (Estrup Ministry), which came into power in 1875, got into difficulties over the Budget, and at the critical moment some "pseudo-democrats," under the lead of Mr. Bojesen, gave way, and made a compromise with the Government. The Radicals, reduced to about thirty-five, were up in arms against the Moderates. At the elections of 1879 and the two elections in 1881, they reduced the recreant minority to submission, and formed a new Radical majority, which in 1884 rose to eighty-three. Mr. Estrup, a remarkably strong man, but unprincipled, now took the most extravagant measures. In the spring of 1885, he exceeded the Budget ("bursted the Budget," he said), and called for provisional Budgets, which had not been voted by Parliament. The Government maintained that when the two Houses did not agree about the Budget, and in consequence no Budget was voted, the constitution gave the Government a right to give provisional Budgets, or, as they are called in Denmark, "provisional financial laws." Several university professors of law supported this theory, which, however, found one strong opponent.

Preparing for Civil War.

The people considered this as a coup d'etat, and the crisis became acute. The Government meanwhile took strong military measures. A supply of Maxim's and other guns, to last for six months or more, was got in.

These were manned by officers only, as they dared not trust the conscript soldiers, and were ready for use at any moment, while hundreds of young Conservatives enrolled and armed in order to fight the Democrats. The Democrats, however, were careful to avoid giving any pretext for the use of the guns. But the agitation was very serious. Many peasants refused to pay taxes; they cheered for the Republic as lustily as did the working men in the towns, and furious demonstrations against the Government took place, and even against the King when he appeared in the country districts. The present King has always been unpopular among the Democrats. Of this most striking proofs could be given from speeches in Parliament, the complete indifference of the people, as a whole, to any royal festivities, and from the speeches of peasants who formed deputations to the King, which were frequently the occasion for much plain speaking. The Government, on their side, tried to rouse their adherents by a strong agitation for more fortifications. The army officers actually held as many as 1,100 public meetings about the country; and a League of National Defence was formed, which raised by private subscriptions enough money to build two forts outside Copenhagen.

The Reign of the Moderates.

After five years, when the Government was almost tired out, a split came in the Democratic Party. It was again Mr. Bojesen who formed a new "Moderate Party," of forty Democrats. He would never, he said, make a compromise with the Government, but only try to carry out some reforms. But the Radicals knew better, and again appealed to the people to form a new majority. Mr. Bojesen, however, managed fairly well at the elections of 1892, and in 1894 he made a sort of compromise with the Conservatives, in consequence of which Mr. Estrup resigned, and a more moderate Conservative Government came into power. But the people, who would none of a compromise with a Government that had, as they thought, broken the constitution, mistrusted Mr. Bojesen, and the outcry to power of the Radicals was assured.

At the election of 1895 the allied Moderates and Conservatives were thoroughly defeated, and the Radicals rose to 73 votes out of 114 in the Lower House. In 1897 the new Government resigned, and a "business Government" was formed of Conservatives. But the 1898 election was still more crushing for the Conservatives, and in the spring of 1900 they resigned. The Conservatives made a last effort with the Selested Ministry, a Government which was hailed with derision on all sides, and has been nothing but a farce.

The Victory of Last April.

The Crown Prince made two public speeches in its favour, but without avail; and at the elections of April, 1901, out of 114 members in the Lower House only five were won by the Conservatives, with small majorities, and even the strong Conservative majority in the Upper House was reduced to one vote through the rebellion of the Conservatives.

The Danes are now a thoroughly Radical and Democratic people, with a more perfect system of self-government in politics and business than perhaps any other nation. The population has increased so much that it is now as large as the whole population of the kingdom and duchies before 1864. After England, it is also the richest country in the world per head of the population, and the excellence of its educational system is matter of common knowledge.



PROFESSOR DEUNTZER.
(Prime Minister.)



ENEVOLD SORENSEN.
(Home Affairs.)



COLONEL V. H. O. MADSEN.
(War.)



VICE ADMIRAL JOHNKE.
(Marine.)

SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE DANISH CABINET.

Denmark, therefore, enters the new century steaming full speed ahead, and with the best hopes for the future.

The New Ministry.

The victory of April 3 last was as complete over the Moderates as over the Government. Before the poll the Moderates were twenty-two strong, but Mr. Bojesen, the evil genius of the democracy, withdrew his candidature, and retired into private life, while several of his supposed adherents declared during the campaign that, if re-elected, they would join the Radicals. Mr. Bojesen's constituency, which he had represented since 1869, was taken by the Radicals, and the Moderates, now reduced to twelve or thirteen—of whom about half will join the Radicals if allowed—have lost all their former importance.

The Premier and Minister of Justice is M. Deuntzer, Professor of Law at the University, an old Radical who in 1885 publicly opposed the Government.

The Minister of Agriculture is Mons. Ole Hansen. He is a common farmer from a village in Seeland, owner of a farm of about 100 acres; M.P. since 1890. In 1885 he was member of several municipal councils which refused to publish the Government laws or follow its orders, and were consequently several times imprisoned, but without any result. He also refused to pay taxes after the "provisional laws."

The law officer of the Crown is Mons. Alberti, who is a leader of many co-operative undertakings of the peasantry ; M.P. since 1892.

Mr. J. C. Christensen.

Mr. Christensen is the most important member of the new Cabinet. He was born in West Jutland in 1856, the son of a farmer, and earned his living as a boy as a shepherd. He passed the examination for a village schoolmaster in Jutland, and taught till recently in the little village of Stadil, in West Jutland. In 1890 he was returned for Parliament, and in 1895 became leader of the Opposition. Of late years the Conservative Government, being so utterly weak, he practically ruled the country in his capacity of President of the Finance Committee of the Folkething. A few months ago he resigned his post as schoolmaster, succeeded in being elected a "revisor of the State," and is now Minister of Religion and of Education.

Mr. V. Horup.

After Mr. Christensen, Mr. Horup is considered the greatest triumph for the Democrats. Born in 1841, the son of a schoolmaster, in an Iceland village, he became a law student, taking his degree in 1867 at the University. In his youth he wrote a great deal of poetry, but never had any of it printed. From poetry he turned to journalism, and worked on the staff of a new Democratic paper in Copenhagen, the "Morgen Bladet." He is one of the most brilliant and best-known of Danish journalists—the most brilliant, according to George Brandes. In 1876, he was returned for Parliament, and it was he and two others who, between 1877 and 1891, broke down the Moderates and brought the Radical majority to power. In 1884 he founded the "Politiken," now the most important paper in Scandinavia. He is now Minister for Public Works and Communications.

Mr. Enevold Sorensen.

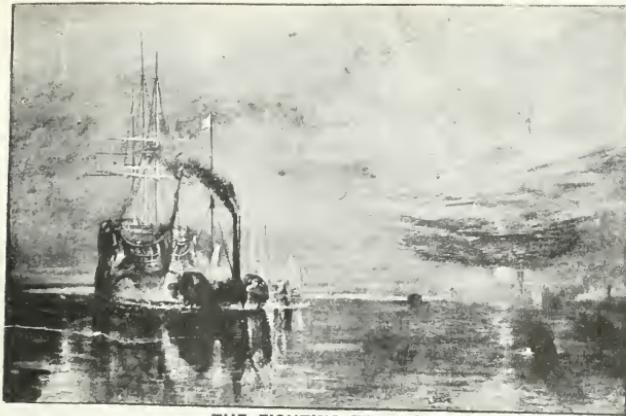
Mr. Sorensen was born in 1850, the son of a small ship's captain. He passed his examination as a village schoolmaster, and when Berg, "the Danish O'Connell," the great agitator and organiser of the democracy in 1870, began his agitation and founded papers in many towns, Sorensen became editor of the principal paper in his own district. He was first returned for Parliament in 1887. He is now President of the Liberal Press Union of Denmark.



J. C. CHRISTENSEN.
(Minister of Instruction.)

In the new Ministry all sides of the former Opposition are so equally and evenly represented that the Ministry can hardly fail to be very strong. The appointments are highly popular all over the country.

All the Ministers, except Mr. Hage, are sons of the people in every sense. For the first time since 1866 there is a Danish Ministry in which not a single large landowner has a portfolio. It is also the first in which a simple farmer has a portfolio. The personnel of the Cabinet, indeed, affords the most striking demonstration of the way in which the Danish masses have defeated the Danish classes. Several members of the new Cabinet, especially Mr. Christensen, hold prominent positions in the Danish Peace Societies.



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No. 1 consists of a portfolio of twelve pictures, reproduced by a special process, with a good margin of white paper, which are quite sufficient for the four walls of any single room in an ordinary house. It is a picture gallery in miniature, containing many specimens of some of the best work of our best-known modern painters. Although published in a portfolio, they are primarily designed for exhibition upon the walls. They are the simplest, cheapest, and best form of mural decoration published to date. The selection of pictures which are produced in this portfolio have all been chosen from modern painters. They are widely varied in their scope. We venture to think that no one could put them all up on a bare wall and live in front of them for a week or a year without finding benefit therefrom.

In order to ensure the immediate success of the project, we have added to the twelve pictures constituting the two-shilling Portfolio a presentation plate of one of the most famous pictures of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The picture is that of the "Golden Stairs," and has hitherto been unprocureable excepting as a 10s. 6d. photograph, or as a reproduction not exceeding in dimensions six by two and a half inches. This collotype reproduction measures ten by nineteen inches, and places, for the first time, one of the favourite pictures of this great modern artist within the reach of everyone. This in itself is worth the price of the Portfolio.

Portfolio No. 1 contains pictures by such men as Sir E. J. Poynter, Leighton, Millais, Leader, Gilbert, Constable, Tissot, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

MURILLO FOR THE MILLION.

PORTFOLIO No. 2.

6 Plates measuring 13 x 16 each, with Presentation Plate in Collotype measuring $12\frac{1}{2} \times 10$ inches.

By the kind permission of Mr. Alfred Beit, we have been permitted to reproduce the famous set of pictures by Murillo, illustrative of the parable of the Prodigal Son, as Portfolio No. 2. These formerly belonged to Lord Dudley, and were bought by Mr. Beit. One of them was for many years regarded as one of the chief treasures of the Vatican. There is no doubt as to the Murillo pictures of the Prodigal Son being masterpieces. They tell the whole story of that marvellous parable with great feeling and dramatic force. From first to last all the pictures are instinct with life, and as you pass from picture to picture the whole parable unfolds itself before the eye.

As these pictures are produced on a larger scale than those in the first Portfolio, we are only able to issue six of them, together with the presenta-

tion plate of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," that perfect embodiment of womanly beauty, of maternal love, and of childlike grace and glory.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF ANIMALS. PORTFOLIO No. 3.

18 Plates measuring $12\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ each, printed in different tints.

The third Portfolio differs in character from either of those which have preceded it. Instead of using six or twelve pictures, with the presentation plate, we have published eighteen pictures. We thought it well to try the experiment as to whether the six extra pictures would not be preferred to one presentation plate.

The pictures in No. 3 Portfolio consist exclusively of animal subjects. The Portfolio contains several of the best-known specimens of Landseer, and three of Mme. Ronner's inimitable cats and kittens, the right to reproduce which was graciously conveyed to us by the artist herself. Besides the Landseers and the Ronners, the Portfolio contains pictures by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., H. W. B. Davis, R.A., R. W. Macbeth, R.A., Paul Potter, J. H. Herring, and F. R. Lee.

This portfolio includes a wide range of animal life. Looking over the eighteen pictures, we find that they include pictures of horses, donkeys, dogs, cats, lions, bears, cattle, sheep, apes, geese, and pigeons. Children, as a rule, like animal pictures best of all; and for the decoration of rooms, whether children's bed-rooms, or nurseries, or school-rooms, this series of eighteen pictures will be found invaluable.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. PORTFOLIO No. 4.

12 Plates measuring $12\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ each, printed in different tints, with Presentation Plate in Collotype measuring 10 x 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Our fourth Portfolio is devoted to types of female beauty. The presentation plate is Mr. Edward Hughes' celebrated portrait of the Princess of Wales (now Queen of England), and there are twelve pictures, reproducing some of the most famous paintings of beautiful women by English and foreign artists.

Such artists as Greuze, Mme. Lebrun, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Romney, are represented in this Portfolio.

PORTFOLIO No. 5

Contains 9 Pictures measuring 10 x 12 each, with two Presentation Plates by Rossetti.

Portfolio No. 5 is perhaps the most popular of those yet issued, on account of the two fine collotypes of pictures by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, entitled "Joli Coeur" and "Blue Bower."

In addition to these two presentation plates, the Portfolio contains nine other pictures, each measuring 10 x 12, by such artists as Rossetti, Linell, Vicat Cole, Constable, Pito Lessi, Ward, etc.

PORFOLIO No. 6: THE ROYAL PORTRAIT FORTFOLIO.

12 Plates measuring 12½ x 10 each, and one Presentation Plate in Collotype of Queen Victoria.

This Portfolio is devoted entirely to pictures of Royalty. It contains various portraits of Her late Majesty, at different periods of her life. In addition are given excellent portraits of the King and Queen, and the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, which were specially taken at private sittings granted to the "Review of Reviews." This Portfolio will be especially valued for the sake of the large collotype of the "Queen at Home." It makes a most effective picture for framing.

CONTENTS:

QUEEN VICTORIA AT HOME, 1897
(A Collotype Portrait for Framing).

Also Twelve other portraits and views, viz.:

QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1836
(After the Painting by Fowler).

QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1851
(After the Painting by Winterhalter).
Queen Victoria in the Robes of the Order of the Garter.

His Majesty King Edward VII.
Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall and York
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The Coronation of Queen Victoria.
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A Picture of Worldwide Fame,
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It is impossible here to describe in detail the large and very beautiful Collotypes that have been published in addition to the Portfolios already described—beyond repeating the opinion of the Director of the National Gallery, Melbourne, that they surpass photographs in steel engraving. Elsewhere in this sheet is shown small reproductions of most of these pictures, though the process of reproduction does small justice to the exquisite sepia effects of the original process.

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2.—THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE,
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By J. C. McWhirter, R.A., measuring 20 x 25 inches.

4.—A SUMMER SHOWER,

By C. A. Perugini, measuring 20 x 25 inches.

5.—THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN,
By Sir Edwin Landseer, measuring
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6.—BEATA BEATRIX,
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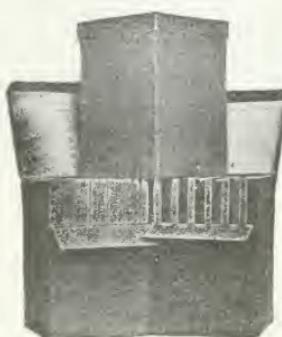
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Dear Sir,
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Box of Books yes-
terday. We like
them very much.
My sisters read
some of the stor-
ies to me. I wanted
to sit up all night.
LEWIS SCOTT.
(Aged 7.)

" . . . Father
bought us a Box
of Books for the
Bairns, and don't
we like the 'Story
of the Robins'
and 'Donkey,' and
we laughed a
good bit over
'Brer Rabbit.' "

HARRY ARNOLD
BLAND,
" Mayfield,"
Alberton.

EPISODES IN BRITISH HISTORY.

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

[The proprietors of the Australasian "Review of Reviews" have made arrangements with Messrs. Smith and Elder, London, the publishers of "How England Saved Europe," by W. H. Fitchett, for the re-publication of a series of brief episodes from that work. The series deals with picturesque incidents and striking figures in the Great War with France, betwixt 1793 and 1815.]

No. VIII.—THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS.]

On the night which followed the Battle of Busaco, the British looked down from the heights they had so valiantly kept on their foemen's camp. The whole country beneath them glowed with countless fires, showing thousands of shadowy forms of men and horses, mingled with piles of arms glittering amidst the flames. There seemed all the promise of a yet more bloody struggle on the following day. Massena, indeed, at first meditated falling back on Spain, and, as events turned out, it would have been a happy stroke of generalship had he done so. All through October 28, 1809, he feigned to be making preparations for a new assault on the hill. Already, however, his cavalry were being pushed along a mountain path past the British left, and his infantry columns quickly followed. Massena was turning Wellington's flank, and bent on reaching Coimbra before him.

A Great Plan.

Wellington, outmarching his opponent, reached Coimbra first, and thence fell back towards Torres Vedras pushing before him an immense multitude of the inhabitants of the district. He meant to leave nothing behind him but a desert. The French reached Coimbra on October 1, with the provisions intended to last them till they reached Lisbon already exhausted. On October 4, Massena renewed his pursuit of Wellington. Then Trant, commanding an independent force of Portuguese, performed what Napier calls "the most daring and hardy enterprise executed by any partisan during the whole war." He leaped upon Coimbra the third day after Massena had left it, captured the Frenchman's depots and hospitals, and took nearly 5,000 prisoners, wounded and unwounded, amongst them a marine company of the Imperial Guards. And while Massena's tail, so to speak, was thus being roughly trampled on, his leading columns came in sight of the armed and frowning hills of Torres Vedras, an impregnable barrier, behind which Wellington's army had vanished. Massena had not so much as heard of the existence of these famous lines until within two days' march of them!

8

The keen forecasting intellect of Wellington had planned these great defences more than a year before. A memorandum addressed to Colonel Fletcher, his chief engineer officer, dated October 20, 1808—almost exactly a year to a day before these great defences brought Massena's columns to a halt—gave minute orders for the construction of the lines. But the conception must have taken shape in Wellington's brain long before that date.

Lisbon stands at the tip of a long peninsula formed by the Atlantic on one flank and the Tagus, there a navigable river, on the other. Across this peninsula two successive lines of rugged hills—the farthest only twenty-seven miles from Lisbon—stretch from the sea to the river. Wellington turned these into concentric lines of defence; with a third on the very tip of the peninsula, and intended to cover the actual embarkation of the British forces, if they were driven to that step. The outer line of the defence, a broken irregular curve of hills twenty-nine miles in length, stretches from Alhandra on the Tagus to the mouth of the River Zizandre on the coast. The second line, some eight miles to the rear of the first, is twenty-four miles long, and reaches from Quintella on the Tagus to where the St. Lorenzo flows into the Atlantic. These hills are pierced only by narrow ravines, and, with their tangled defiles and crescent-like formation, lent themselves readily to defensive works. The second line in Wellington's original plan was that which he intended to hold, the first line was merely to break the impact of Massena's rush. But under the incessant toil of the English engineers the defences of even the outer line became so formidable that Wellington determined to hold it, having the second line to fall back upon if necessary.

The lines of Torres Vedras were probably the most formidable known in the history of war. Two ranges of mountains were, in a word, wrought into a stupendous and impregnable citadel. In scale they were, says Napier, "more in keeping with ancient than modern military labours;" but they

were constructed with a science unknown to ancient war. Thus on the first line no less than sixty-nine works of different descriptions, mounting 319 guns, had been erected. Across one ravine which pierced the range a loose stone wall sixteen feet thick and forty feet high was raised. A double line of abattis formed of full-grown oaks and chestnuts guarded another ravine. The crests of the hills were scarped for miles, yielding a perpendicular face impossible to be climbed. Rivers were dammed, turning whole valleys into marshes; roads were broken up; bridges were mined. Rifle trenches scored the flanks of the hills; batteries frowned from their crest. High over this mighty tangle of armed hills rose the summit of Soccorna. The lines, when completed, consisted of 152 distinct works, armed with 534 guns, providing accommodation for a garrison of 34,000 men.

The Men Behind the Works.

Wellington's plan was to man the works themselves largely with Portuguese, keeping his English divisions in hand as a movable force, so as to crush the head of any French column, if, perchance, it struggled through the murderous cross-fire of the batteries on the hills that guarded every ravine. Roads were made on the hill-crest, so that the troops could march quickly to any threatened point; and a line of signal stations, manned by sailors from the fleet, ran from hilltop to hilltop, so that a message could be transmitted from the Atlantic to the Tagus in seven minutes. For more than a year these great works had been in course of construction. No less than 7,000 peasants at one moment were at work upon them. The English engineers showed magnificent skill and energy in carrying out the design, and many soldiers who had technical knowledge were drawn from the British regiments and employed as overseers. So solidly were the works constructed that many of them to-day, more than eighty years after the tide of battle broke and ebbed at their base, still stand, sharp cut and solid. Wellington thus wrote in long-enduring characters the signature of his strong will and soldierly genius on the very hills of Portugal.

The scale and the scientific skill of these lines are perhaps less wonderful than the secrecy with which they were constructed. British newspapers were as indiscreet and British gossip as active then as now: French spies were as enterprising. And it seems incredible that works which turned a hundred square miles of hills into a vast natural fortress could have been carried out with the noiselessness of a dream, and with a secrecy as of magic. But the fact remains that not till Massena had reached Coimbra and was committed beyond recall to the march on Lisbon did he learn the existence

of the great barrier that made that march hopeless. Massena had trusted to the Portuguese officers on his staff for information as to the country he had to cross; but as they had accepted service under the French eagles, they naturally had never visited the district held by the British, and knew nothing of what the British were doing. When he turned fiercely upon his Portuguese officers, they urged this in self-excuse. But they had failed to warn Massena of the existence of the hills themselves. "Yes, yes," said the angry French general. "Wellington built the works; but he did not make the mountains."

The Baffled Frenchman.

Massena spent three days in examining the front of Wellington's defences, and decided that a direct attack, with his present forces, was hopeless. But his stubborn, bear-like courage was roused, and he resolved to hold to his position in front of Wellington till reinforcements reached him. It became a contest of endurance betwixt the two armies, a contest in which all the advantages were on the side of the British. Their rear was open to the sea; ample supplies flowed into their camps. The health of the men was good, their spirits high. They looked down from their hill fortress and saw their foe waging a sullen warfare with mere starvation. For six desperate and suffering weeks Massena stood before Wellington's lines. The French had raised plunder to a fine art; they could exist where other armies would starve. And Massena's savage and stubborn genius shone in such a position as that in which he now stood. He kept his men sternly in hand, maintained sleepless watch against the British, and sent out his foraging parties in ever greater scale and with ever wider sweep. To maintain thus, for six hungry and heroic weeks, 60,000 men and 20,000 horses in a country where a British brigade would have perished from mere famine in as many days, was a great feat. Massena's secret lay in diligent, widespread, and microscopic plunder—plunder raised to the dignity of a science, and practised with the skill of one of the fine arts; and Massena added the ruthlessness of an inquisitor to the skill of a great artist in robbery. "All the military arrangements are useless," wrote Wellington, "if the French can find subsistence on the ground which they occupy." And Massena very nearly spoiled Wellington's plans by the endurance with which, in spite of famine and sickness, he held on to his position in front of the lines of Torres Vedras.

The long weeks of endurance were, of course, marked by perpetual conflicts betwixt the foraging parties and pickets of the two armies. A curiously interesting picture of this personal warfare is given

in Tomkinson's "Diary of a Cavalry Officer." The British cavalry patrols carried on a sort of predatory warfare with the enemy's parties on their own account. They looked on them as game to be hunted and captured; and the British private went into the business with characteristic relish, and performed really surprising feats. A sergeant and a couple of dragoons would bring in a "bag" of a score of French infantry with great pride. On the other hand, there was a constant stream of desertions on both sides of the lines. That the French stole to the lines where they knew that at least food awaited them was not strange; but the British desertions were almost as numerous and much more mysterious.

Deserters.

Wellington himself was puzzled by it. "The British soldiers," he wrote to Lord Bathurst, "see the deserters from the enemy coming into their lines daily, all with the story of the unparalleled distresses which their army were suffering, and with the loss of all hope of success in their enterprise. They know at the same time that there is not an article of food or clothing which they need which is not provided for them; and that they have every prospect of success; yet they desert!" In the French camp there was neither food nor hope; within the British lines there were both. Yet

every night the astonished British officers had to report desertions. "The deserters," Wellington adds, "are principally Irishmen;" but they were not all Irishmen. The truth is, the average British private hates inaction. He is hungry for incident and movement. He found weeks spent in camp monotonous, and he deserted by way of variety.

The logic of starvation proved at last too strong for even Massena's stubborn courage, and on November 15 he fell back reluctantly to Santarem, having lost more than 6,000 men, principally by starvation, in front of Torres Vedras. Wellington pushed out cautiously in pursuit, but at Santarem Massena turned grimly round on his pursuers. He now held a strong position, with supplies in his rear; and by holding Santarem he still seemed to threaten Lisbon, and so put a mask over the face of his own defeat. Wellington, on the other side, was not disposed to engage in active operations. The winter was bitter, the rivers flooded, the roads impassable. And so the memorable campaign of 1810 came to an end with two great armies confronting each other but neither willing to strike. But all the honours and the substantial results of the campaign were with Wellington. Napoleon's confident strategy had gone to wreck on the lines of Torres Vedras.

Entertaining Royal Guests.

"Ignota," in "The Woman at Home" for July, writing on "Hosts and Hostesses of Royalty," remarks that those old enough to remember, declare that the etiquette of royal visits is now far stricter than in the thirties. "Ignota" says:—

While, of course, scrutinising most carefully the names of those invited to meet her, it is also on record that the late Sovereign never suggested any addition to the party gathered together to meet her unless, of course, some important reason existed for the inclusion of a personage whom her host or hostess had accidentally overlooked or forgotten. Very different in this matter was Queen Victoria's procedure to that of her descendants, who often themselves supply a list of those friends whom they wish to meet when staying in a particular neighbourhood or country house.

A sharp line was quickly drawn between the houses where the Prince and Princess of Wales stayed together in semi-state, and those where the Prince went alone, more or less *en garcon*. The present Queen, for instance, has never been one

of a racing house party, except at Goodwood. Neither a Queen Consort nor a Princess of Wales could ever offend against etiquette by being entertained by a bachelor.

Royal guests bring their own servants, so that they may be free from the prying gaze of strange servants. The host and hostess of royalty often see very little of their guests, the royal suite of rooms in many country houses being, as it were, a self-contained flat, to which a garden is sometimes added, and dinner is now the only meal which royalty is expected to take at their hosts' table. If the Court is in mourning, every guest in the house and all the local magnates must appear in exactly the same degree of mourning as that prevailing at Court. Those who are often thrown with Royalty must therefore—to avoid being placed in an awkward position—take with them a complete suit of mourning.

WHAT THE ENGLISH HAVE BEGUN TO DO.

CO-PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN MASTERS AND MEN.

The name of Mr. George Livesey, the chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, London, is chiefly familiar to the man in the street for the part which he took in the strike which brought him for a moment into somewhat sharp collision with organised labour in the metropolis twelve years ago. It is vaguely remembered that at that time of stress and strain Mr. Livesey put forward some scheme of profit-sharing which was regarded rather with resentment than with gratitude by many trade-unionists in London. The first attempt to introduce the scheme was followed by a strike which entailed much suffering on the men and considerable loss upon the shareholders. It was then that Mr. Livesey emerged into view, a formidable, and to many a somewhat repellent, figure; but since then the world, engrossed with its own affairs, has taken little trouble to find out how Mr. Livesey's experiment fared. Yet there was no lack of information on the subject, if they had but cared to ask for it. Mr. Livesey, time and again, at co-operative congresses and elsewhere, delivered addresses explaining exactly how his experiment was progressing; but it is one thing to make explanations, and it is another to compel the public to listen to them. As a matter of fact, Mr. Livesey has been for many years little more than a voice crying in the wilderness, to whom no one paid much attention. At last, however, it would seem that the psychological moment had arrived when the story of Mr. Livesey's experiment and Mr. Livesey's success should be brought into clear relief and flashed as vividly as possible upon the attention of his countrymen. For the Livesey experiment has been a marvellous and undreamed-of success. It has not only had the happiest results in the place where it was tested: it has demonstrated beyond all possibility of doubt the fact that on a foundation of profit-sharing it is possible to create a system of co-partnership which not only develops thrift and establishes confidence between employer and workman, but puts money in the pocket of both.

The Livesey Experiment.

What, then, was the Livesey experiment, and what were the elements in the midst of which it was applied? Mr. George Livesey, as the chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, has

to deal with unskilled labour. The men who stoke the furnaces and who do the rough labour about the gasworks are not skilled artisans. They represent British labour in its simplest or crudest form. The South Metropolitan Gas Company has, of course, many skilled workmen, engineers and others, among the army of nearly 4,000 men whom it keeps constantly employed. But the vast majority are ordinary labourers, whose only capital is their thews and sinews, men for the most part with little education or none, and who are therefore by no means the most promising of all material upon which to test the merits of the profit-sharing specific.

Difficulties at the Outset.

Not only were the human materials rough and crude, but at the beginning of the experiment the relations between employers and employed were subjected to the cruel strain of a protracted strike which entailed a loss, direct and indirect, of £100,000. The strike appears to have been due to a misunderstanding. The Gas Workers' Union, which included about two-thirds of Mr. Livesey's men, took alarm at the offer made by Mr. Livesey of granting a bonus upon wages to all workmen at the end of the year, such bonus to be paid on a regular scale, according to the rise and fall of the price of gas. The Union forbade its stokers to accept the offer, but the other workmen, about 1,000 in number, accepted it gladly. This was in November, 1889. At the end of that month, three stokers, disregarding the interdict of their Union, decided to come into the scheme, and signed agreements entitling them to a share in the bonus, which for the first year, it was estimated, would amount to five per cent. upon their total earnings. The Union demanded that the stokers who had come into the scheme should be dismissed. On this demand being refused, they gave a week's notice, and called out 2,000 members. Mr. Livesey met this challenge by a vigorous and successful attempt to fill the places of the strikers. The strike failed, and Mr. Livesey consented to fill the vacancies, as they arose, remained with Union men.

A Sequel to a Strike.

Unfortunately, being moved thereto of the devil, as the old legal phrase goes, the secretary of the Union publicly proclaimed that next time a dispute

arose they would not give a week's notice, but would strike at once, regardless of the consequences to the city which the Gas Company served. This led to a counter-order, which is still in force—that for the protection of the gas-consumers of London, the Gas Company would not employ members of the Gas Workers' Union. It is easy to understand what bad blood such a quarrel excited, and how dark must have been the prospects of the success of such an experiment, when at its very inception it provoked so violent a breach between the Company and the representatives of organised labour. It is not worth while referring to this old quarrel now, excepting in order to emphasise the difficulties with which the experiment was begun, and in order to bring into clear relief the extraordinary success with which all difficulties have been surmounted.

The Principle of Profit-Sharing.

It is one of the paradoxes of the position of the gas companies that the lower the price of gas, the higher the dividends which they pay to their shareholders. By Act of Parliament, every reduction of 1d. per thousand feet in the price of gas is followed by an increase in the dividend for the shareholders of one-quarter per cent. In this way direct community of interest is established between the consumers and the shareholders. Mr. Livesey's idea was to extend this community of interest to his workers. When he began his experiment, the price of gas was 2s. 3d. In order to give the scheme a fair start, he took as his basis the assumption that gas was selling at 2s. 8d. per thousand, which secured the workers a bonus of five per cent. on their wages as long as the price of gas remained at 2s. 3d. per thousand. As it fell below 2s. 3d., for every 1d. an additional one per cent. was added to the bonus paid to workmen, with the result that in 1894 the bonus had risen to six per cent. The experience of five years' working, however, showed that it was necessary to supplement this original simplicity of a profit-sharing scheme by an arrangement which would enable the workmen to become shareholders in the company. To give a man earning £2 a week a bonus of six per cent. at the end of the year placed him suddenly in possession of three weeks' wages in a lump. In many cases the lucky recipient promptly went on the spree, with results which were detrimental both to the man, his family, and his employer. The knowledge that he was coming into £6 at the end of the year also frequently led him to incur debts which more than swallowed up the bonus.

Banking the Bonus.

Mr. Livesey had foreseen this, and endeavoured to counteract it by urging the workmen to deposit their bonuses with the company at four per cent. interest. Mr. Livesey was delighted to find that forty-five per cent. of their workmen took advantage of this offer, but fifty-five per cent. withdrew their bonus and spent it. Mr. Livesey therefore determined to see what could be done in the way of exercising friendly pressure upon fifty-five per cent. of the workmen to deposit their bonus with the Company. So, with the consent of his directors, he added fifty per cent. to the bonus—that is to say, instead of merely paying one per cent. for every penny drop in the price of gas, he promised the workmen one and a half per cent., on condition that half of the bonus on so accruing was deposited with the company. That is to say, the amount of bonus freely distributed for the workmen to do what they pleased with was reduced by a quarter per cent., but in return for this an additional half per cent. was placed to their credit in the deposit account, together with the remaining quarter per cent. which they were no longer free to spend.

What the Workers Gained.

In 1893, the last year of the old system, the bonus was four per cent., which amounted to a sum of £7,500, every penny of which the workmen were free to withdraw, and of which, as a matter of fact, they did withdraw nearly £4,300. But in 1894, the first year of the new arrangement, the bonus rose to six per cent., representing a sum of £11,000 odd, of which £6,300 was withdrawn, leaving a balance of nearly £5,000, which was put to their credit in the books of the company, which paid four per cent. interest on deposits under £20, and three per cent. interest upon deposits above that sum. If, instead of leaving money on deposit, they wished to invest in the ordinary stock of the company, they received a dividend of three and three-quarters per cent. The stock of the Company was held in £5 shares, and the acquisition of these shares was facilitated in every way by the company.

How it is Managed.

The management of the profit-sharing system is in the hands of a committee, consisting of eighteen workmen, elected by ballot among their fellows, and eighteen nominees of the directors. By this committee of thirty-six all difficulties are discussed and settled. The result of this system is that at the present time the workmen of the South Metropolitan Gas Company have received since this scheme was started a sum of £150,000, of which

they have invested in stock about £60,000, and have on deposit about £30,000. The market value of their stock is over £100,000, so that at present they have more than £130,000 standing to their credit in the books of the company over and above the sum of £40,000 or £50,000 which they have withdrawn and spent. In order still further to increase their sense of partnership, the workmen were empowered to elect three directors to the Board when they had invested £40,000 in the business. It is objected that a man could not be a director one day and a simple workman under the orders of a foreman the next; but experience has shown that there is no ground for this objection. The workmen and directors take their seats on an equality with the other directors, who represent a capital of £5,000,000 sterling, and they are thus brought to take a personal and intelligent interest in the affairs of the concern.

What has been the Result?

Such is the scheme. Now what has been the result? Let Mr. Livesey answer. He has been in the company's service for over fifty years, but he bears testimony that never during the whole of that time have the relations of employers and employed been on such a footing of mutual confidence and good-will as during the last ten years. The friendliest relations have been established between both sides, and the work has gone without a hitch. What is much more important from the economic point of view, the result of this establishment of a common interest has been that the gain of the company from the increased efficiency of the workmen has more than compensated for the money paid away in bonuses. The better working tells in two ways. There is a willingness to work machinery to its full power, and the stokers are willing to work the retorts to their proper capacity. They do their work in a happy, contented frame of mind, and heartily co-operate in everything that is to the interest of the concern. The introduction of the bonus has not prevented an increase of wages, for in 1898 the Company took the lead in raising the wages of the workmen by seven and a half per cent., making the wage 6s. for an eight-hour shift.

A Crucial Test.

It is often said that this is all very well when profits are increasing, but there would be a very

different tale to tell if trade was bad and the bonuses were to be diminished or to disappear. Last year, however, the system was subjected to a very severe test, and triumphantly stood the strain. Owing to the sudden rise in the price of coal, necessitating an increase in the price of gas, the bonus was not only diminished, but absolutely swept out of existence; but so complete was the confidence established between the company and its workmen that the latter cheerfully acquiesced in what they saw to be inevitable, and the disappearance of the bonus did not create even temporary irritation.

Such is the story of Mr. Livesey's experience in applying profit-sharing in such unpromising circumstances. It has been a complete and brilliant success. It has encouraged thrift; it has added to the incomes of the workers, and it has placed them in the position of capitalists with £130,000 at their back, after distributing among them an additional £40,000. This result has been achieved, not only without the cost of a penny to the shareholders, but has directly increased the value of their property. So far from profit-sharing being equivalent to driving the men, the experience of the gas-workers is conclusive that this is untrue. It simply aims—and secures its aim—at inducing the men to give a fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

An Essential Condition of Success.

One element in the system should be noticed, and that is, if any workman is careless and indifferent, he can be excluded from sharing in the bonus. The distribution of the bonus is governed by an agreement, and this agreement can be suspended for three or six months, or altogether withheld, if the employers consider that such a step is in the interest of the rest of the workers. A good deal of exception has been taken to this, on account of the power which it places in the hands of the employers; but the eighteen members elected by the workmen on the South Metropolitan Gas Company's Board unanimously voted against the abolition of the agreement, declaring that any alteration would greatly upset the men. The power of excluding indifferent or shiftless workmen from the benefit of the bonus is very sparingly exercised, and in many cases leads to a timely warning, which avoids having recourse to the last argument of the employer—in the shape of notice to quit the employment of the Company.

WHAT THE AMERICANS HAVE DONE: AN INDUSTRIAL SUPPLEMENT.

No. I.—THE STORY OF THE REMINGTON TYPEWRITER.

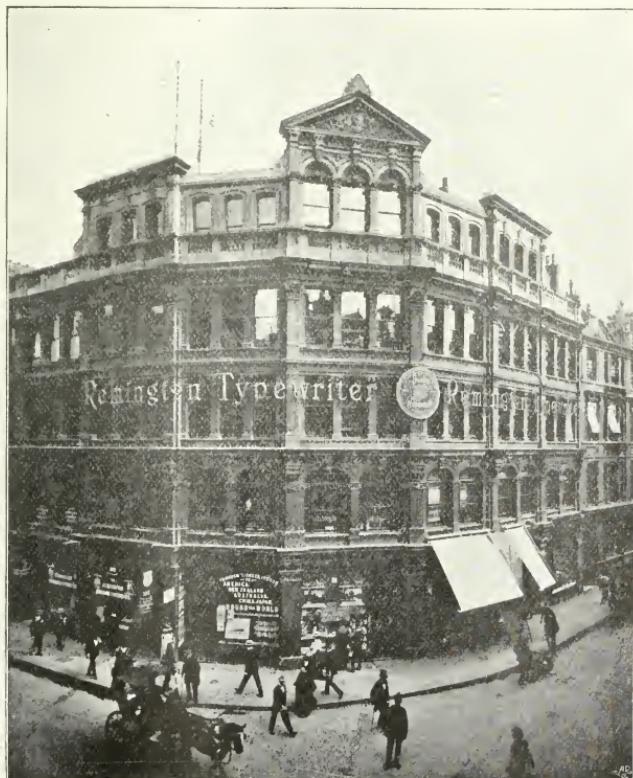
Did you ever hear the fable of the revenge of the geese? No? Well, for many centuries the grey goose quill was privileged to do all the writing of the world. It was the distinction, upon which the geese prided themselves not a little, that all the great thoughts of mankind, the choicest poetry, the most brilliant prose, of the unfeathered biped man could only be preserved from oblivion by the grey goose quill; but after a time, quite recently—not more than thirty years ago, as a matter of fact—the age-long monopoly of the geese was rudely invaded by an American inventor. For a time the geese derided the innovation. A prescriptive monopoly, dating back from time immemorial, and sanctioned by the universal usage of mankind, was not to be thrust on one side by any Yankee invention; but after a time it became evident that the typewriter had not only come, but had come to stay. But in deference to the geese, whose monopoly was destroyed, Jupiter decreed, in the same spirit which led him to balance the beauty of the peacock's tail by the harsh dissonance of the peacock's scream, that no one should ever write on a typewriter without making a click, click, click, the nearest mechanical approach to the cry of the dispossessed geese.

So, being de creed in high Olympus, it is as impossible for the typewriter to work silently as it is for the peacock to rid itself of its dissonant scream; and the typewriter is handicapped against its si-

lent competitors by the burden thus imposed in memory of its dispossessed rival.

This apologue, which has at least the merit of being absolutely new, supplies, if not a good working hypothesis, at least an ingenious explanation of how it is that the typewriter is weighted for life with the disadvantage of its voice. Nevertheless, as the scream of the peacock was unable to banish Juno's bird from the gardens of the wealthy, so the typewriter has gone forth to conquer the world. The advent of the typewriter may be said, in a way, to be typical of the country from which it comes. John Bull, pitted against Uncle Sam, is very much like the goose quill against the typewriter. The quiet, silent, slow-going ways of our country re-embale very much the scratching of the pen of a ready writer when compared with the quick bustle and bustle of the new American invention. That is perhaps one reason why it is an American invention, and not of British origin.

There was no reason, in the nature of things, why Englishmen should not have invented the typewriter. At the time when it was perfected, there were at least as many people using pens in England as in the United States, but pens were good enough for us. So we kept jogging along in the old ruts of use and wont, turning away contemptuously from wild inventors who suggested that it might be possible to improve upon the methods of our fore-fathers. Hence it has come to pass,



The Chief London Offices of the Company in Gracechurch Street, E.C.



The Factory in Ilion, U.S.A.

that a great industry has sprung up in the last 30 years in which the English have practically no share. And yet the first type-writing machine that the world ever saw was invented by an Englishman more than half a century before the declaration of American independence. But it is as bad for inventions to be born before their due time as it is for them to come into the world too late. One, Henry Mill, took out a patent for a type-writing machine in 1714, and never succeeded in perfecting his invention; and when he died, leaving his machine still little more than a prophecy of things to come, he left no successor capable of building on his foundations.

Between the time when the first idea of a typewriter dawned upon the human mind and the date on which the first progenitor of the present typewriter actively appeared in the world, there is evidence to show that the conception again and again crossed the mind of various ingenious persons in the old world and the new. In the eighteenth century a Frenchman invented something approaching to a typewriter for the purpose of printing raised letters for the use of the blind. In 1829 a patent was actually granted in Washington to Mr. W. A. Burt, of the State of Michigan, for a writing-machine which he called the "typographer."

Four years later a Frenchman at Marseilles took out a French patent for what he called the "ktypographic machine or pen." In this machine the mechanism moved over a fixed surface of paper, but, judging from the illustrations, this Frenchman—whose name was Progrin—first hit upon the fundamental principle of all modern typewriting machines—that is to say, the type-bars in his machine form a kind of basket, and are operated by levers corresponding to the present keyboard.

In 1841 another Frenchman, this time a blind man, took out a patent for a similar machine, which is said to have been used in several institutions in Europe, presumably for the blind.

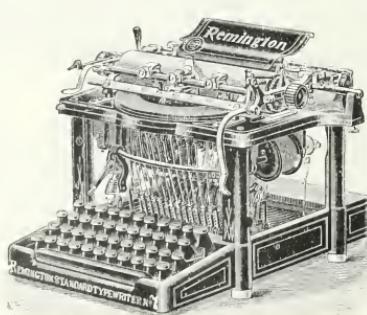
In 1843 Mr. Charles Thurber, of Massachusetts, produced a writing-machine, the original of which has been restored. It was very slow and cumbrous, and it is noteworthy that the letters on the keyboard were all in relief, so as to facilitate the use of the machine by the blind.

From the invention of the Eddy machine down to 1867 although many attempts were made to produce a machine, all of them had defects which rendered them unfit for general use as a substitute for the pen. The world had to be revolutionised before the time for the typewriter arrived. The American Colonies became the United States of America, and they, in turn, had been convulsed by the great Civil War between the North and the South before the first typewriter came into practical existence.

It was in Milwaukee, in the far North-West, in the year 1867, that two working printers, by name Sholes and Soule, devised a machine for numbering the pages of blank books. About the same time an American from Alabama, of the name of Pratt, at that time resident in England, constructed a machine that would write one letter at a time on paper.

A paragraph to this effect, which appeared in the "Scientific American" led Mr. Sholes to consider whether it was not possible to develop his page-numbering machine so as to make it do typewriting. In less than twelve months he had made sufficient progress to produce the first real typewriter that the world had ever seen.

For the next five years he worried over that machine. As fast as one defect was remedied another was discovered. Every



The Perfected Machine.

few months he produced a new model, each in some respect an improvement upon its predecessors. At last, after thirty machines had been made, in 1873 he had got a machine good enough to put upon the market. He was fortunate enough to find, in the firm of Messrs. E. Remington, of Ilion, in the State of New York, men of business capable of realising the immense potentialities which lay before the new-fangled innovation. They took it up, and in a very short time the typewriter made its debut on the American market.

From that time to this, little more than a quarter of a century, the typewriter has been acclimatised in every country in the civilised world, and in not a few countries which, as yet, have little claim to be regarded as within the pale of civilisation. Sir Harry Johnston, for instance, who has just returned from the British Protectorate in East Africa, is impatient to be supplied with a typewriter for the use of the King of Uganda. It will be remembered that King Mtesa startled Christendom, immediately after his discovery by Mr. Stanley, by a demand for missionaries to teach him the Christian faith. It is, therefore, quite in accordance with Uganda traditions that the dusky potentate should send from the heart of Central Africa a cry for the latest implement of civilisation with which Christendom has furnished the world; and before long we may expect to hear that Uganda has naturalised the typewriter as thoroughly as it has appropriated Christianity. For the typewriter has indeed become one of the indispensable appurtenances of civilisation. Explorers carry it with them into the recesses of the Darkest Continent. It follows armies on the march, and accompanies his Majesty's ironclads when they go forth to patrol the ocean highways of the world. At the present time there is a Remington on the flagship *Ramillies* in the Mediterranean. The Duke of Abruzzi transcribed the notes of his Polar expedition with this machine. The Remington typewriter is included in the

list of indispensable requisites on the *Discovery*, which is now being fitted out to solve the problem of the Antarctic Ocean, and on the *America*, which is bound on a similar expedition with the North Pole in view. There is a Remington on the Royal yacht, the *Ophir*. Inventors are sanguine men, but Mr. Sholes, of Milwaukee, probably never dreamt, even in his most sanguine moments, of the rapidity with which his invention would be adopted by the civilised world.

It is calculated that there are at the present moment, some 700,000 typewriting machines in actual work, and of these half have been sold by the firm which acquired the Remington works. Messrs. Wyckoff, Seaman, and Benedict brought capital to the concern, and, what is more important than capital, energy and brains. They were fortunate in discovering, early in 1877, Mr. J. Walter Earle, who came to them from Cornell University, and being on the look-out to find by what means he could best make his way in the world, was fascinated by the potentialities of the typewriter. With all the energy and enthusiasm of youth, he threw himself into the task of persuading sceptical business men that it was not a toy, but a practical help to the despatch of business. In those early days he had to begin by explaining that the machine did not talk, but only wrote. He had to teach people to operate it, and by sheer force of persuasion to induce practical men of business to invest £30, for the price of the machine at first was 150 dollars, in an invention which they feared might be worth little more than old iron. Zeal, however, and intelligence, and an absolute faith in the utility of the machine, overcame all obstacles, and by slow degrees the Remington typewriter began to make its way. Reports from time to time crossed the Atlantic as to the new American invention, but it was one of the new-fangled Yankee notions to which John Bull did not take kindly. But the enterprising men who owned the Remington machine were not



An Interior View of the Factory at Ilion.

content with manufacturing machines for the American market. Finally convinced that they possessed an invention which would soon become indispensable for business men throughout the world, they decided that it would be well to invade the English market.

Mr. Earle, having succeeded in founding the business in Philadelphia, was despatched to London, where he established himself in the present headquarters of Messrs. Wyckoff, Seamans, and Benedict, in Gracechurch-street.

It is worth while for a moment to pause to consider some of the charges which are brought against the Americans for invading the English market. They are spoken of frequently in some newspapers as if their invasion were an unmitigated curse. But when Mr. Earle landed in London, and began to organise the English end of the business, he came bearing in his hands a boon which John Bull had proved himself utterly unable to obtain by his own unaided resources.

There was no native typewriter to be possessed. The field lay open to the newcomer. All that he had to do was to enter in and possess it. This he did with all the energy and organising capacity by which he had already achieved success on the other side of the Atlantic. The conservative Englishman shies at a new invention as a horse shies at a motor-car, and it was not without considerable difficulty that our insular prejudices were overcome. Mr. Earle, however, never daunted, determined to take the nation by storm. Business men, literary men, peers, and princes were all marked down for conquest. One of his first brilliant successes was securing an order for the Remington from the Prince of Wales. In the innocence of his heart he conceived the idea of sending the Prince a Remington as a kind of thank-offering for the open-door which the British market afforded for American goods. Of course, he was informed that it was contrary to the etiquette of the Court for the Prince to accept presents, but he would be very glad to look at the machine, and, if he liked it, to order one for the use of his household. The machine was sent, carefully examined, and after a time duly approved. Royalty in this country has as one of its special functions, much appreciated by its subjects, that of acting as taster and certificator of commodities produced

for the use of the lieges. Multitudes of people who have no opportunities of forming an independent judgment of the excellence of goods, are content to accept a notification that they are used in the Court as a kind of certificate of merit. The Prince of Wales, as he then was, had the Remington in use four years in Marlborough House before the formal certificate was issued, authorising the firm to announce themselves as purveyors of typewriters to the Prince of Wales. The Queen, oddly enough, was much less punctilious. It was only a few months after the first Remington had been supplied to Her late Majesty that the Board of Green Cloth issued the much-coveted certificate, which told her subjects that the American machine was duly adopted in the Royal Palace.

Having conquered the Sovereign there was not much difficulty with the subjects. The Remington was adopted in many of the Government offices, and at this moment there are some 1,500 Remingtons in various

Government departments, and, at a liberal computation, about 350 machines of other manufacture.

The business grew apace. It soon became evident that London promised to be as important a centre for the typewriting business as New York. Branches were opened in the various provincial towns, and soon the British Islands were occupied by outposts of Remington Branch Offices in every part of the kingdom. No effort was spared to popularise the



The First Machine put on the Market.

new invention. One of the most successful achievements in this direction was the importation of a phenomenally rapid American operator, who worked the machine blindfold, and broke the record for speed by writing 208 words a minute. Many were the ingenious devices employed for making the most of this sensible method of advertising. Halls were taken in various towns; local notables were invited to preside, in order to witness this exposition of the resources of the typewriter, and to discuss its bearing upon technical education. The advertisement interested the public; it was reported by the newspapers, and made many people think about trying a typewriter who otherwise would never have dreamed of buying one.

All this while other machines and all the appurtenances thereof were imported from the United States. It was thought desirable, at one time, to endeavour to acclimatise the industry in England. One American firm started a factory in Coventry, and sent over

their latest machinery, in order to see if the work of building typewriters could not be carried out on English soil. The American exotic, however, did not take kindly to the local conditions. Whatever the cause may have been, the factory did not prosper, and after a time was closed.

Having overrun the United Kingdom, they established outposts in all countries in Europe. At this moment there is hardly a town with over 100,000 inhabitants in any part of the Old World in which there is not a branch office of the Remington typewriter. They have even established a depot, with a local manager, in Constantinople, and the typewriter clicks gaily under the very shadow of the minarets of San Sofia. Africa and India and far Cathay are all outlying dependencies of Graeuchurch-street, whilst in Australia the Remington has had a large sale.

I remember twelve years ago, when I first visited Russia, none of the Government Departments used typewriters. When I was there two years ago I found the typewriter, which had been introduced in the first case, I think, by Prince Khilkoff, Minister of Ways and Communications, had been established at the Foreign Office, among other Departments of State. On enquiry, I find that more Remingtons are supplied to the Russian Government than to any other Government in Europe. I do not remember seeing a typewriter at Gatschina, nor at Livadia, but if newspaper paragraphs may be believed, the Tsarina has a marvellous Remington, with gold-plated keys and letters in blue enamel. The machine has learned Russian. It has not yet mastered Arabic, but that, too, may come in due time. But although the Remington has not yet been taught to print Arabic characters, it is in use in Alexandria and in Cairo, and the present Khedive of Egypt is one of the many crowned heads who boast a Remington as one of the treasures of his palace. Of Indian Maharajahs not a few have adopted the typewriter, along with other treasures of Western civilisation. The typewriter is in use in China, but only in the treaty ports.

Wide as has been the diffusion of the typewriter, it is obvious that the business is, as yet, only in its infancy. The 700,000 typewriters now at work are miserably inadequate to supply the needs of the world. The English-speaking race is now amounting to about 150,000,000, amongst whom the 300,000 Remingtons would go but a very little way. There are many standards of civilisation, and one that has never yet been applied is the test of typewriters per million of the population. It

would be interesting to see a map of the world on Mercator's projection, coloured according to the distribution of typewriters per million. The United States would, of course, easily head the list. After that would probably come Great Britain, but after Great Britain it would be difficult to say.

The Remington machine has not by any means had the field entirely to itself. There have been no fewer than one hundred machines invented, or an average of about four per year since the typewriter was first put on the market. Of these some twenty were still-born. About eighty are still in use. Of these not more than a dozen have been produced by English firms, and none of these have achieved any considerable success. The chief rival of the Remington are, like itself, of American origin. The birthplace of the Remington is the little village of Ilion, where there are immense works,

round which quite a considerable town has sprung up, inhabited almost exclusively by the Remington employees. Ilion lies 85 miles west of Albany, and about 235 miles from New York. It stands on the Erie Canal. About a thousand men are employed constantly at Ilion, and they turn out one hundred complete machines every day, year in year out. The works are models of all that is most characteristic in American factories. There, as in other factories of the kind, nothing is done by hand which can possibly be done by machinery. To make one machine involves the invention of a dozen other machines. The construction of a typewriter demands fine and exact workmanship. A complete typewriter weighs about 26 lbs., and costs about £22. The net cost of the raw material used in its construction would not average, in its rude state, more than 2d. a pound. When it is put upon the market it sells

at about 18s. a pound. The difference between 2d. and 18s. represents the brain that is used in its construction. As Opie said of his colours, when asked with what he mixed them, "With brains, sir," it may be said of the typewriter. It is the remarkable example of American brain applied to the manipulation of iron and steel. It is needless to say that the most perfect exactitude is required in every part of the machine. There is no room here for rule of thumb, nor for happy-go-lucky methods. It is vain, however, to attempt to describe the construction of either the machine as a whole or any of its component parts. Suffice it to say that every machine is turned out guaranteed to do perfect work, and that they do it is proved by the extraordinary supremacy which the Remington has gained. It is difficult to take the census of ma-



The First Machine to get into General Use.



Mr. Wyckoff.

chines in London, owing to the fact that we have no huge offices which can be taken as a local area for the purpose of the census, but in the United States several censuses have been taken, with the following results: About six years ago in New York a census was made in 34 of the sky-scrappers in the city, with the result that it was found that in these blocks, 3,426 typewriters were in use. Of these 2,698, or 78 per cent., were Remingtons, while there were 728 other typewriters of 25 different makes. In Chicago in 38 blocks there were 2,572 Remingtons against 931 others. In Philadelphia 16 blocks contained 1,001 Remingtons and 266 others, while 31 blocks in Boston contained 850 Remingtons and 546 others.

One very remarkable, unanticipated result of the typewriter has been the extent to which it has rendered it possible for blind people to write. Lady Paston Cooper is a well-known instance of a blind person who finds it possible to correspond, with a type-writer, with the greatest ease. At the General Institution for the Blind, in Birmingham, many persons are instructed in typewriting, and a typewriting office is run and operated entirely by the blind. An ingenious invention, a stenographic machine, will print off, in a kind of raised Braille type, to dictation, at the rate of about eighty words a minute, and from this the blind operators are able to transcribe into the ordinary type with as much ease as a sighted operator will read his stenographic notes. This machine is the invention of the secretary to the Institute, Mr. Henry Stansby.

How long does it take to learn to operate a machine? That depends, of course, very largely upon the learner, but the average person who will spend an hour a day for a fortnight will be able to work the machine so as to write quicker than he would with a pen.

To meet the difficulty of supplying operators for the machines, Messrs. Remington have an employment agency by which they undertake to secure situations

for proficient operators. Last year at the London office they placed about 2,500 operators, and the same thing is going on at all their branch offices. This American invasion has been the means of affording remunerative employment for many thousands of girls, and so secured them a means of livelihood, more liberty, and better wages than they would have received elsewhere. It must not, however, be supposed that the employment belongs entirely to women, for men have taken the work up in earnest, and there are at least as many openings for male as for female operators.

But even the Remington typewriter did not spring into existence full-fledged, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. There have now been eight Remingtons in series on the market, but they all bear a family likeness. No. 1, of course, had very few of the improvements which have been subsequently introduced. It wrote capitals only, and had a centre-guide for type-bars. No. 2 was a lighter and stronger machine; the touch also was considerably lightened, and a shift-key introduced, which combined the use of capitals and small letters. No. 3 was a wide machine used for briefs. No. 4 wrote capitals only, and was produced for the benefit of those who wanted a cheaper machine. No. 5 is notable as having been built mainly to suit the English market. It contained eighty-four characters, as against seventy-six. Nos. 6 and 7 are practically the same machine, but No. 6 has a smaller number of characters, and takes a narrower paper. It is curious to learn that in America the customary size of paper is smaller than in England, and that fractions are used to so slight an extent that the American keyboard can be made smaller than the English. These machines, which represent the standard Remingtons now in use, have an entirely automatic ribbon movement; they have an improved escapement which increases the speed of working, and a wider and lighter carriage. No. 8 is used for brief paper, writes a line twelve inches long, and takes paper fourteen inches wide. Ma-



Mr. Seamans.

chines of other sizes are made; for instance, one for insurance offices and other firms using large forms, writing a line sixteen inches long, and a giant machine writing a line twenty-five inches long, this last being made for the special benefit of shipping companies, who use the machine for filling in their manifests. A new attachment has been recently produced, known as the Tabulator. It is a device for shifting the carriage of the typewriter automatically from one point to another, and for placing it instantaneously in the exact position for any required denomination of figures without the use of the space-key or the carriage release-key. It provides a perfect vertical alignment for accounts, figures, paragraphs, statements, tables, and schedules of all kinds, as quickly and easily as in ordinary work. The difficulty of putting figures exactly under each other in proper tabulated form by the ordinary typewriter has to some extent retarded its use. The time taken in producing the statements neatly typed was so much greater than was required when the pen was used that accountants seldom employed typewriters for their work, but the Tabulator enables the operator to make a bill or tabulated statement absolutely perfect in vertical as well as horizontal alignment, and as quickly as a letter of the same length could be written.

One great advantage of the use of the typewriter is the ease with which a number of copies can be obtained by a single operation. In the Associated Press, New York, they say that they can take as many as twenty copies at one time, while by the use of the duplicator there is no limit to the multiplication of copies. By the duplicator the typewriter, working upon a fibrous Japanese paper, produces a kind of paper stencil plate, through which the ink sinks, when passed under the roller, leaving with each impression a complete facsimile of the copy made by the typewriter. An expert operator can produce results which are almost indistinguishable from the original.



The "Remington" in "Darkest Africa."



Mr. Benedict.

To hear an enthusiast descant upon typewriting, you would imagine that this machine, 18 inches square, which can be carried in one hand, is the key to the gate which bars mankind from the period of millennial blessedness. The click of the typewriter is the warning note, heralding the advent of a better and happier age. Without going to these lengths, it may be admitted that the typewriter has done much good. To begin with, it may be said to have been a great life-saver, for life is time, and the American calculation is that when you substitute a typewriter for a pen, you save forty minutes in every sixty that you use in writing. It is equivalent, therefore, to an absolute prolongation of life, adding five hours to the working day of every man who uses it. As it is a life-giver, it is also the banisher of various forms of disease. The stooping posture necessitated by penmanship is no longer necessary. The contracted chest and the stooping back are not the children of the typewriter. At the same time, every typist will tell you that even a long day's work at copying is comparatively light work, and there is nothing to fear of that dread of the serviner which is known by the suggestive name of "writer's cramp."

This leads up to the consideration of the immense usefulness of the typewriter in schools. This is becoming more and more recognised, and the London School Board, in some of its higher classes and in its evening schools, has undertaken to teach the use of the typewriter. There are also many commercial schools in which the subject receives a great deal of attention. The Remington, as the representative typewriter, is, of course, well to the fore, since pupils appreciate the fact that their chance of positions depends largely upon a knowledge of the machine generally in use in business offices. As a prominent institution Pitman's Metropolitan School may be mentioned, where there are over one hundred Remingtons in use. Writing lessons are, as a rule, loathsome to children. Their

fingers, unaccustomed to the use of the pen, obstinately refuse to reproduce the fine flowing lines of the copper-plate, and the constant contrast between the original and the copies tends to discourage the ingenuous mind of youth. With a typewriter the scholar discovers to his joy that he can print as well as his master, and a single touch of the finger on the key enables him to produce a perfectly formed letter which will compare with the best work of the greatest expert. Typewriting as an aid to education develops many of the most desirable qualities, such as regularity, patience, exactitude, and it must be admitted even by the sceptic that there is nothing in the world like a typewriter for displaying in naked hideousness all the faults of the careless and slovenly writer. The good goosequill was a very incarnation of kindness, for when you do not know whether the "e" or the "i" comes first, how easy it is to blind the eye of the "e" and judiciously distribute the dot

BERKELEY SQUARE.

W.

20th July, 1901.

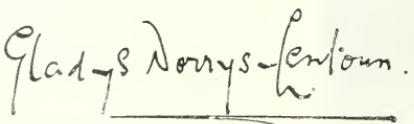
My dear Mr. Ponsonby,

We should be so glad if you would come over to dinner next Wednesday, the 24th. Reggie is going away on the 30th and so this is to be by way of a send-off party. Do try to come.

With kind regards,

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,



Gladys Morris-Lentoun.

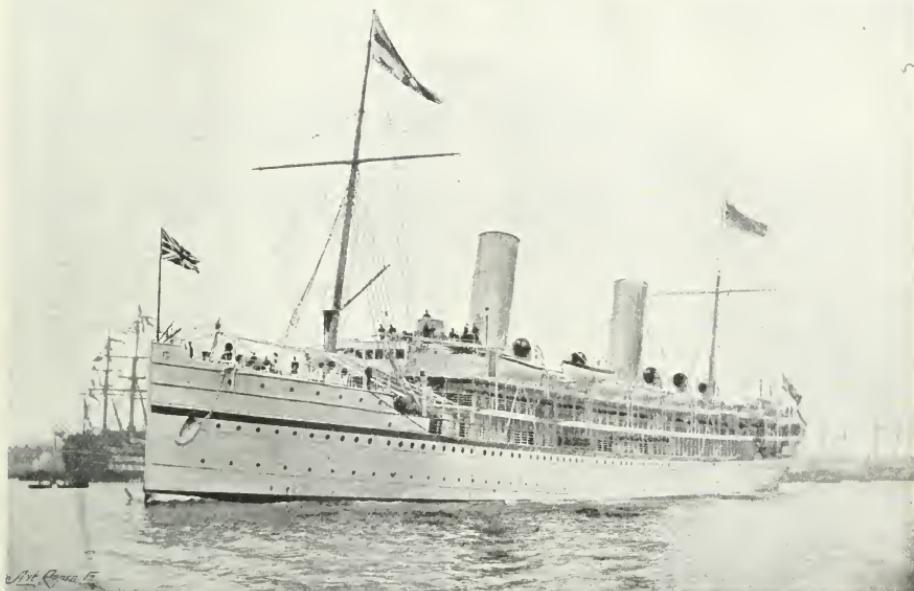
Facsimile of the "Handwriting" Type.

midway between the two letters. But in the typewriter this resource of the undecided is sternly denied. It also teaches you very many lessons in English composition, the art of paragraphing, for instance, the mystery of punctuation, the right use of capitals, and, above all, the importance of not having too long-winded sentences.

At present it is probable that not one-half of the literary workers use the typewriter. It seems to the uninitiated that the eye must follow the words as they are written, for to use the machine appears almost as difficult to some men as it seems to others to dictate to a stenographer. Many, however, have overcome that preliminary difficulty, and find that they can do twice as much work with a typewriter as they can with a pen. T. P. O'Connor is one of those able pioneers who personally turns out his copy from the Remington. Edna Lyall is another; Robert Barr, W. J. Alden, the humorist, Joseph Hatton and others, all operate their own machines. Mr. Hall Caine relies upon the help of his sister, and Miss Marie Corelli uses a secretary. Some magazines refuse to look at any manuscripts which are not typewritten, and certainly no author who wished to attract the eye of an overworked editor can afford to discard the advantages of a typewriter.

The advantage of the use of a typewriter in business correspondence is admitted. That point need not be laboured. In some offices, it is true, prejudice still exists against typewriting, but the machine is fast displacing the pen in every department. In England at present the use of the copying press is almost universal, but the American practice of manifolding, permitting of the filing of the letters with copies of the answers, is gaining ground, necessitating a corresponding increase in the use of the typewriter. It has the great advantage that the recipient of the letter is at least delivered from all fear of the receipt of a smudged epistle, of which we all have had experience in our time.

The use of the typewriter for private correspondence is sometimes resented by friends. Some few people are disposed to regard it almost as a personal insult, unless you write them a letter entirely with your own fingers and your own pen. But that superstition is dying down; even love letters are written nowadays with typewriters. Mr. Chamberlain was one of the first public men to introduce the habit of dictating private letters to his secretary. Tradition goes that one day his brother said it was all very well to send dictated letters to other people, but when it came to his own family he ought to write with his own hand. Whereupon Joseph said that he quite accepted the principle, but if it were enforced he was afraid there would be very little correspondence done at all. Everyone who is in the habit of using typewriters knows that when a letter is specially reserved to be answered with your own



[By permission of the Orient Line of Steamers.]

H.M.S. "Ophir."

hand on account of its exceptional privacy or importance, it very often never gets written at all. All those prejudices, however, are passing. Even a cab-horse will pass a motor-car to-day without wincing, and before long the use of a typewriter will be regarded rather as a delicate attention than as a personal slight.

Meantime, the Remington Company have brought out a new style of type, which bears some resemblance to ordinary handwriting, and has, therefore, found favour for private personal correspondence. It gives a distinctive character to a letter which is decidedly attractive.

If all the Remingtons in the world could remember everything that they have written since the first machine was placed upon the market, what marvellous stories they would have to tell! Men cherish the pens with which great treaties have been signed, or with which a book, or some portion of a work of genius has been scribbled, but no one has yet arisen to invest the click-clack of the typewriter with the associations of romance. Yet some day—who knows how many it will be?—we may see in South Kensington Museum as a cherished heirloom the worn-out typewriter of some Carlyle or Thackeray of the future, duly placarded, "With this machine was written some great poem, romance, or history." Typewriters, however, like dead men, tell no tales. All the confessions of crime that may be hammered through their keys pass like the voiceless wind and leave no trace behind. And yet typewriters, like bicycles and locomotive engines, have characters of their own. Watches, they say, can take cold and sulk, and most machines display quite a hu-

man capacity for sin. Typewriters become to a certain extent imbued with the character of the operator, until they almost seem to become living things, responsive to the whims, caprices, and the little ways of their owners. What a romance, what a veritable Iliad of modern life might be written, if we could imagine that the typewriters born at the Ilion Works could tell the story of all their wanderings far and near. The majority of them, no doubt, have led hard, workaday lives in commercial offices. The London and North-Western Railway, for instance, has hundreds of Remingtons at work, while the Governments of the world keep thousands busy. But apart from those—what may be regarded as the rank and file—there are others whose lot has fallen to them in pleasant places, which are domiciled in Kings' palaces, which find their places in Queens' boudoirs, and which have become part of the indispensable furnishing of the treasure-houses in which the great nobles and millionaires of the world make their home. If the Remingtons cared for advertising de luxe, what albums might they issue of the beautiful women and brave men whose fingers are familiar every day with the keyboard of the machine. What a portrait-gallery of nobles, sovereigns, statesmen, soldiers, sailors, authors, who have found the typewriter the indispensable midwife of their thought! The mere list of notable persons who have been supplied with a Remington covers many pages. It is curious to glance over it, and to note some of the names which it contains, and, what is still more interesting, those which it does not contain. Queen Victoria, of course, heads the list. Then follow the Prince of Wales, the

Duke of Cornwall, and the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. There are five dukes, three marquises, including the Marquis of Salisbury, and the Marquis of Dufferin; seven earls, of whom Earl Grey is the best known. Oddly enough, the only bishop in the list is not a territorial prelate, for the Right Reverend Lord Bishops who have seats in the House of Lords have not yet awakened to the necessity of the typewriter. The Bishop of Clifton is the only episcopalian name in the catalogue. The House of Commons has followed the example of Congress in fitting up a room with typewriters for the use of members, but the number of M.P.'s who figure in the list is comparatively small. Mr. Balfour is much the most conspicuous, and after him his colleague Mr. Jackson; on the front Opposition bench Sir Henry Fowler stands alone. Among the peeresses are the names of the Countesses of Aberdeen, Bedford, and Warwick. Lady Tweedmouth and Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Battersea, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts are also users of typewriters, but in most of those cases the machines are worked by secretaries.

In concluding the survey of the conquest of the world by the American typewriter, who can deny that it has been distinctly to the benefit of the Old World to be subjected to this civilising conquest of the ingenious



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The "Discovery" bound for the South Pole.



The "America" bound for the North Pole.

Yankee? Nevertheless, although it has been for our good that we have been subjugated, and the conquerors have borne gifts which we are glad to receive, the fact remains that here we have a great and brand-new industry, in which we stand at the very beginning, which has been built up from first to last on American soil, which, although it employs thousands of English people in its distribution and its operation, is nevertheless as a machine exclusively the product of American brains working upon American material for American profit. John Bull may well ask himself, why is it that he who supplied steam-engines and spinning-jennies to the world, has failed so utterly to supply typewriters again and again? Spasmodic efforts have been made to produce an English typewriter capable of holding its own with its American competitors, and again and again the efforts have failed. Instead of making money, the English typewriters have lost money for their makers, and for the present the American machines reign alone in their glory. The Remington has its rivals, which some operators may prefer, but they are in every case of American make and of American design. The Americans, in fact, in typewriters, have the field to themselves. Why is this? It is for John Bull to put on his considering cap and puzzle out the answer.

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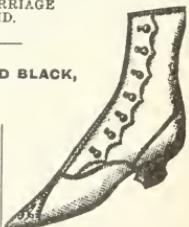
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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY "AUSTRALIAN."

The Foreign Financial Outlook.

It is of little use blinding ourselves to the fact that the financial conditions prevailing in most countries of the world are not at the present time what one might call inspiring. Almost all the world over there appears to be either depression, or a tendency towards that unsatisfactory state. Crises in the majority of continental countries are combining to bring about a general feeling of uneasiness and depression; and certainly it cannot be argued that the prevailing conditions in Great Britain and America show any improvement on those of twelve months back. The position of France and the finances of the Government of that country have been the centre of some discussion lately in the French papers, mainly owing to the pessimistic utterances of the present Minister for Finance. In twenty years the annual deficits in revenue and expenditure accounts have caused a nett increase of £260,000,000 in the national debt, while, compared with 1871, the total debt is now £688,000,000 greater. This, after thirty years of peace! The expenditure is still mounting up, and the revenue decreasing. A reduced wheat crop and higher prices for bread and other dear commodities of universal consumption will tend to accentuate the existing strain, and in all probability lead to a rather severe crisis.

In Belgium, we are told, the crisis is also severe, liquidation being indulged in freely; and this will probably continue for some time. The Belgian banks have followed the lead of the German institutions. They have locked up too much of their capital in securities which are only negotiable in times of prosperity; their resources have thereby been materially weakened, and it is probable that the depression there financially will become even more acute than at the moment.

The crisis in Germany is of simple explanation. It will probably lead to a complete reform of German methods, which will be one of the good effects of a painful operation to the people. No less an authority than the "Statist" says: "That the German banks have helped forward very greatly the remarkable expansion in every form of business which has taken place in their country during the past generation, is beyond dispute. But that several of them have done so in a rash and even a reckless manner, is equally beyond question. And that all of them have run too great risks is perfectly plain." Every week's mail brings news of fresh failures in Germany, and, naturally, the more numerous they grow the more public confidence is shaken, and the more difficult it is for sound concerns to manage their business. The German banking system is one that allows banks to lock up much of their capital and resources in industrial concerns. It is a rash and dangerous system, but the present crisis will materially aid the work of its extinction. It was an equally rash and dangerous practice which wrecked Australian banks in the '90's, where capital and the bulk of borrowed resources were tied up in land, which was only freely negotiable as long as one set of fools was willing to buy at a profit from another set. The German position is now bad enough, but we are not led by advices to believe that it has become as severe as what may be expected. The Berlin correspondent of the "Financial Times" recently wrote, "Up to now the centre of the German Bourse and business world—Berlin—has happily been saved from a general crisis. But this has only been achieved by means of one group bolstering up another. One party took the

unsaleable securities of a second, and advanced money on them till the latter was again in a position to resume possession of them, or had found a third willing to come to the rescue. This makeshift process is bound to end in a smash if present conditions on the Bourse continue, and there is no probability, unfortunately, that any improvement will soon take place. All banks and bankers are choked with securities which are, at present, either unsaleable altogether, or only saleable at an enormous loss. It is indeed not painting the situation too black to say that the industrial crisis must inevitably be followed by a general banking crisis. The people who daily throng the Bourse, in spite of the tropical heat, know this well, and are afraid to leave for the customary holiday resorts, because no one knows who or what will be the next collapse." So much for Germany's much written up prosperity!

The long-continued drought is adding to the financial difficulties of Russia. Thirty million people are in want of relief from famine, for the crops in the southern districts are again bad. A financial crisis has been in force there for some considerable time, and now, with many leading centres again faced with famine, it does not look as if the general severe depression was drawing to an end—probably the close of this year will see it materially increased.



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In the United States the first signs of a depression are said to be noticeable. A reduction of 600,000,000 bushels in the maize crop, of an approximate value of £60,000,000; high prices for potatoes, and other daily articles of consumption, and the probability of dear bread are factors which are likely to cause the cessation of the financial booming that has been freely indulged in. Strikes are daily becoming more frequent; money is being called in, and, generally, the period of financial intoxication which has lasted for a considerable time, and enriched the few at the expense of the many, appears to be drawing to a close. Three parts of the trusts and companies floated or launched of late years in the States are heavily overcapitalised, and when the huge paper capital comes to be liquidated, the result will be something more awful than most people can imagine. During years of plenty and great prosperity the people of the States have not conserved their resources to meet lean years, any more than Australia did in the eighties. Wasteful extravagance, mad speculation, and attempts at economic impossibilities have left the community little, if at all, better off than five years back, when depression reigned. The change seems again to be at hand, and probably, before another year has passed, depression in the States will be just as great as the prosperity was in 1900.

British Finances.

Great Britain is the one bright spot in the financial world. It is true there is a feeling of uneasiness, also, there; but much less than on the Continent. The protraction of the war in South Africa, the steadily mounting up debt, and the large falling off in the earnings of the people, principally from industrial investments, have all tended to depress trade in some degree, and affect finance. Generally, however, Great Britain stands far in advance of any of the leading nations of the world as regards financial conditions.

It will be seen, from the foregoing, which, as far as possible, correctly reflects the world's financial position in a few words, that we must now exercise the greatest caution in our financial dealings, and not allow ourselves to drift along blindly until suddenly caught in a whirlpool of disaster. A word of warning in time is worth all the lachrymose regrets when the evil has come, and can no longer be remedied; and the only wise and manly policy for our legislators is to look perils in the face, and calmly consider if we are doing our best to escape the manifold dangers which are now threatening. The present is not the time for experimental legislation, which is likely to have a disturbing effect on our industrial enterprise, or affect existing industries. It is not a time for heaping up burdens on the producers, or throwing stumbling blocks in the way of increased trade. But it is a time for a lightening of taxation, cessation of borrowing, reduction in expenditure, conservation of resources, and fostering in every possible manner our producers and traders. If, instead of vainly attempting to add their names to the scroll of fame, or the reverse, by "advanced" legislation, or seeking after the vain glories that are plentiful in the political world, our politicians face the position boldly, and confine their efforts more to the protection of life and property, and meting out even-handed justice, we will do well. But a little more risky legislation and loose government will land us in a mire of trouble, from which it will be difficult to emerge without great suffering.

Australian Borrowing.

Is a cautious policy being followed by the State Treasurers? The New South Wales Government is particularly free with borrowed money, and in many cases works which should be carried on with revenue receipts are being charged to the loan account. Last financial year the loan account closed with a deficit of over £1,000,000; while, so far, during the two and a half months of the financial year which have so far passed,

there has been no diminution in the spending of borrowed money. In fact, there is a tendency to increase. The recent loan of £4,000,000 in London, on account of New South Wales, is for the purpose of meeting the necessary payments in connection with the Darling Harbour and Rocks resumptions. The loan was fairly successful, but the price was low. This £4,000,000 loan brings up the direct public indebtedness of the mother State to £71,000,000. The direct effect of this issue is that while the Government secures control of the wharves, it actually has pawned that asset to British creditors. We note that the suggestion has been made that the loan should have been directly secured on the wharves. What is certainly desirable is that the wharves account shall be kept separate, and any excess of revenue and expenditure applied to the reduction of the debt, and not passed on to the general revenue.

Western Australia has come out with a loan for £1,500,000, at the fixed price of £91 in London. The loan has been underwritten by the London and Westminster Bank at 1 per cent., and after paying all other charges the net return from the issue will be about 88 per cent., i.e., the discount on the issue will be £180,000! The terms of the issue are not yet available, but there is no doubt that, allowing for redemption, the West Australian Government has bound itself to pay over £3 11s. per cent.

Queensland is awaiting a suitable opportunity to borrow in the London market, and a loan for a million and a half, or thereabouts, is expected before the close of the year.

The Tasmanian Government is borrowing £200,000 on 3½ per cent. inscribed stock. The New South Wales Government is selling funded 3½ per cent. stock at the rate of £100,000 per month, or thereabouts. South Australia is selling 3 per cent. stock, with accrued interest from July 1, at £94 10s. The Victorian Government will issue a local loan for £500,000, about the end of the year, to carry on works in hand.

The foregoing shows that the Australian States are borrowing with great freedom. Our politicians appear to have no idea of the burden that is being gradually increased for the population. No less an authority than Mr. R. L. Nash estimated lately that the annual interest payments of the Australasian States on Government and corporation loans, and capital borrowed and invested here, were equal to an income tax of 1s. 8½d. in the £ on all incomes! The burden, it is true, is indirect. The annual interest payment is collected indirectly, and the great mass of the people, while feeling its incidence, do not recognise the whereabouts of the root of the evil. The free borrowing of the last twelve months by Australia, the tendency to increase loan expenditure now shown, the absence, in some cases, of due economy, and the tendency to socialistic legislation, are all factors which must render the position of these States more unsatisfactory. To borrow for development purposes is one thing; to borrow to keep going is another. There are many men with high financial qualities in Australia, but the calibre of the State Parliaments has fallen so rapidly that they are generally antagonistic to devoting their time to politics. Commercial and financial interests should be more largely represented in Parliament than is the case at present. Restrictions on trade, in a few years, will be so great that organised efforts will, of necessity, have to be made for protecting our commercial interests. It is desirable that such efforts should be made before the necessity becomes too pressing, and the laws to be undone too numerous.

The Union Bank of Australia.

The balance-sheet and report of the Union Bank of Australia, to hand, is a satisfactory document. The specie in hand, cash balances, bullion in hand and in transitu, money at short notice and at call in London, bills, loans, etc., at London office and investments, all representing liquid assets, totalled £7,308,000, against

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liabilities consisting of £17,662,000. After deducting the investments specially allotted to the reserve fund, covering £825,000, the immediately liquid assets amount to 7s. 4d. in the £, against all liabilities. The actual average reserve held in coin in Australia against colonial liabilities was 5s. 1d. in the £, the highest proportion in any one month being 5s. 9d., and the lowest 4s. 5d. A comparison of the business of the bank is appended:

	Feb., 1899.	Feb., 1900.	Feb., 1901.
	£	£	£
Capital paid up.....	1,500,000.	1,500,000.	1,500,000
Reserve fund.....	750,000.	750,000.	850,000
Contingent account.....	250,000.	250,000.	150,000
Notes.....	451,519.	489,083.	483,731
Deposits.....	14,827,784.	15,793,002.	15,249,030
Bills, payable, etc.....	2,644,104.	2,307,642.	1,929,241
Specie, bullion, money at call, etc.....	3,475,270.	3,923,499.	3,200,478
Investments.....	1,186,777.	1,145,746.	1,466,069
Bills, advances, etc.....	15,110,259.	15,412,707.	14,874,519
Colonial premises.....	603,426.	601,603.	601,011
London leasehold.....	129,584.	129,134.	128,670
Gross profits.....	152,646.	203,459.	203,130
Net profit.....	42,071.	92,002.	86,628
Dividend.....	6 p.c.	7 p.c.	8 p.c.

The bank's Reserve Fund is entirely invested in British Government securities. The Union is the only financial institution in Australia which can boast of a reserve of this character. Generally a portion is invested in consols, or other Government securities, and the balance "in the business." Naturally, when the "business" is in a state requiring the reserve, that portion invested in the business is practically non-existent. The shareholders of the Union Bank, as well as the clients, have reason to be satisfied with the latest accounts.

The Bank of Australasia.

Cables report that, while the profits of this institution for the half year ended April last are not quite up to those for the same period in 1900, they are still very large. This is clearly seen from the following comparison of the bank's earnings:

	Dividend.		
	Net Profit.	Per cent.	Amount.
October, 1897.....	£40,279	5	£40,000
April, 1898.....	48,547	6	48,000
October, 1898.....	74,148	6	48,000
April, 1899.....	56,312	7	56,000
October, 1899.....	119,870	8	64,000
April, 1900.....	148,418	9	72,000
October, 1900.....	151,455	10	80,000
April, 1901.....	145,110	10	80,000

The actual amount available for distribution was £159,150, from which the directors first paid a dividend of 10 per cent. to shareholders, absorbing £80,000. A sum of £25,000 was then appropriated, to write down the £500,000 of consols held in the reserve account, from 95 to 90, owing to the drop in the market price. A further £30,000 was added to the reserve, making it £65,000 (on the basis of the calculation in the previous half year, it is equal to £980,000), a further £10,000 written off premises account, and the sum of £14,150 carried forward. The management has done well for its shareholders. In the last two years it has made, practically, £565,000 in profits.

Business Conditions.

Trade throughout the States has scarcely been as satisfactory as desired. The prospects of the agricultural and pastoral areas have improved materially (just at the time of writing bad weather is again ruling), but notwithstanding this, country purchasing has not increased. Town business is restricted by the uncertainty regarding the tariff. In Victoria the high tariff now ruling is sufficient to reduce duty payments on most lines to a minimum. In Sydney, on the other hand, merchants expecting an increase in the few existing duties, and a general tariff over almost all free goods, do not care to sell. The imports into Sydney have been on a very free scale. A daily gives the following comparison of imports from January 1 to the dates mentioned, thus:

	To Sep. 9, 1899.	To Sep. 8, 1900.	To Sep. 7, 1901.
Softgoods.....	£2,723,057.	£3,174,513.	£3,489,614
Beer.....	166,449.	298,935.	347,804
Boots and shoes.....	217,592.	298,965.	347,804
Earthenware, etc.....	141,987.	161,630.	185,552
Furniture.....	275,948.	288,235.	374,319
Hardware.....	821,610.	1,030,857.	1,087,547
Jewellery.....	202,647.	236,082.	327,919
Machinery.....	300,538.	452,445.	572,421
Oilmen's stores.....	562,921.	573,583.	672,107
Paints and oils.....	276,380.	399,439.	536,228
Spirits.....	364,501.	286,817.	321,433
Stationery and books.....	907,506.	466,173.	564,116
Sugar.....	255,652.	274,400.	377,842
Tea.....	247,092.	245,734.	283,113
Timber.....	219,440.	242,066.	359,882
Tobacco.....	162,395.	179,795.	249,686

The value of commodities is, in almost all cases, lower this year than in either 1899 or 1900, hence the quantities imported, if obtainable, would show a much larger increase than the above figures. The total value of the goods mentioned for 1901 is £10,100,387, against £8,609,669 for the same period in 1900, and £7,345,251 in 1899. The re-export business has materially decreased, and it is fair to estimate that the quantity of the lines set out above, imported in excess of the quantity for 1900, is over 40 per cent. In all cases these increased imports are not turning out

satisfactorily for a variety of reasons. The tariff will not be brought down before October 1 at the earliest, and the interest payments on speculative holdings will, by that date, have taken much of the gilt off the prospective gingerbread. Generally, trade throughout the States cannot be looked on as likely to improve materially until the tariff is not only imposed, but finally agreed to. Caution is certainly necessary in all dealings.

Insurance News and Notes.

The Wairarapa Farmers Co-operative Company's building, five stories in height, at Lambton Quay, Wellington, New Zealand, was partially destroyed by fire last month. The insurances amount to £14,300. Several of the Government Departments had temporary offices in the building, and the Census Department had a quantity of valuable data reduced to pulp by the water. The compilation of the recent census returns will be greatly retarded by the loss, and the damage will be detrimental to the accuracy and value of the work. The official assignee's office also suffered. None of the Government Departments were covered by insurance.

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The rare occurrence in these days of the wilful scuttling of a ship is reported from Perth, W.A. It appears the Norwegian barque *Gudrun* left Albany on August 1, loaded with jarrah, bound for Falmouth. On the 3rd it was found she was leaking heavily, and the crew refused duty. Next day it was discovered that the ship had been scuttled, a hole having been bored in the port bows below the waterline. The hole was plugged, but the crew still refused duty, and demanded that the captain should put back to Fremantle. This was eventually done, the vessel arriving in port on the 10th.—"The Journal of Commerce."

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A correspondent of the "Times" (London) recently asked the following question: "Can the leading fire insurance companies be induced to add to the business convenience of the general public by inserting a clause in all policies that where the assured contracts during the currency of the policy to sell the property insured the company will hold both vendor and purchaser covered during the currency of the policy until completion of the sale?"

For the information of the public, it may be stated that, although not generally known, it is nevertheless a fact that, in the sale of property, the moment the contract for sale is signed the risk of loss by fire falls on the purchaser, and the company is only liable to pay the vendor whose name appears in the policy, in the event, and to the extent of the purchaser's default. It is very doubtful if the companies would acquiesce in the correspondent's suggestion, as, by so doing, a new risk would be introduced, i.e., the moral hazard of the purchaser, of which they would be in entire ignorance. This is the *raison d'être* of the policy clause aimed at to be altered. The condition provides that the policy must be lodged for endorsement, with the transfer to the purchaser stated thereon. The company then holds the right to allow same, or refuse, as it thinks fit.

* * * * *

Following upon the recent purchase, by the Citizens' Life Assurance Company, of the block adjoining their Melbourne office, that company has now under way a fine new building in Adelaide, and intends to shortly call for tenders for new premises in Wellington, N.Z., and Newcastle, N.S.W.

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Some interesting figures are published by the "Insurance Herald" of Louisville. It states that the to-

tal amount of life insurance in force in the United States, on January 1 last, was, in round figures, a little over 14,200,000,000 dols. The population, according to the last census, was about 76,000,000; therefore, the insurance amounts to no less than 186.63 dols. per head of the entire population. These figures are inclusive of industrial insurance and fraternal orders.

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From latest London advices, it appears that brokers at Lloyd's are already being bombarded with applications for insurance against loss over the Coronation festivities. The risks against which protection is sought are the death of the King, bad weather, illness or death of any important member of the Royal Family—in fact, almost anything calculated to militate against the success of the many business ventures that the ceremony will occasion. As high a premium as nine guineas is said to have been paid per £100 insured on His Majesty's life till the close of the Coronation.

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During the last few years there has been a great increase in automatic installations for subduing the early progress of a fire, and also apparatus termed thermostats, which work on the principle that when the heat attains a certain degree an alarm is given. There naturally arises the doubt of the installation not being in thorough working order just when wanted. Up till lately very little has been devised, as a means of checking this, but recently Mr. Musgrave Heaphy, electrician to the Phoenix Fire Office, London, has brought out a new testing thermostat, which seems to go far to serve as a guarantee that all such appliances can be depended on in future. The old method was to apply a lighted match to the bulb of the thermometer, but as these were often placed in inaccessible places, it was often neglected. Mr. Heaphy's apparatus consists of an extra wire run from the indicator board to each thermostat in the building, of which there may be a large number. This wire ends in a coil of high resistance material, placed near the bulb of the thermostat. At the indicator board a multiple-way switch enables a six-volt battery to send a current to the resistance coil of any thermostat. The resistance of the circuit is such that the resistance wire is heated only slightly above the temperature at which an alarm is given. It seems clear, therefore, that where Mr. Heaphy's invention is adopted, the person responsible for the inspection of the fire alarms has only each day to move the multiple-way switch from one contact on to the next to prove that the various thermostats one by one are in order. The great advantage of the apparatus is that it not only proves that the mercury contacts within the thermostats are working satisfactorily, but that the wires from the thermostat to the indicator board and alarm bell are also in good condition. The invention prevents false trust being placed on electrical fire apparatus which might be out of order when required to give an alarm. The invention, in short, is a testing thermostat, and serves as a guarantee of the efficiency of the alarm apparatus, and so of the condition of the installations with which it is connected. The element of uncertainty to both insured and insurer is thus removed—an important consideration.

* * * * *

There has just been issued by the Hand-in-Hand Life Office, a remarkably good deferred annuity scheme, with entirely new benefits. The new feature is that the purchase money may be paid in any sums, and at any dates which are found convenient, and the transaction is so arranged that it serves as a good investment, even if the annuity should not be taken after all. An example will best show how the system works out: A man of 30 has, say, £100 in the Savings Bank, and wishes to use this and future economies so as to secure an annuity of £40, beginning at age of 65; but he does not want to let his money go entirely out of his control. No medical examination is required, and he pays in at once what he can spare, supplementing it from time to time. Thus:—

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* * * * *

The bonus certificates of the Australian Mutual Provident Society for the past year, to the number of 158,000, have been distributed throughout all the States of the Commonwealth and New Zealand. The total amount of cash profit divided is £537,895, being the largest sum yet distributed by the society in any one year, and which, in reversionary bonuses, amounts to the astonishing total of £1,000,000 sterling. The total reversionary additions in force now exceed £10,000,000 sterling.

"Cornhill" attains its five hundredth number this August, and is duly hymned by Mr. Austin Dobson, who surveys forty years of achievement, and hopes for another forty years of progress. The article of chief importance—Mrs. Little's *Penkin Revisited*—has been noticed elsewhere. An unsigned paper on the French Press reports a revolution in process due to the growing desire to get at the fact rather than to produce brilliant "copy." The writer says, "the French Press is becoming more and more worthy of the mission of any press, namely, the accurate information of its readers." Mr. Francis Connell chats charmingly on Alpine climbing, under the suggestive title, "The Cup and the Lip." Dr. Fitchett tells the story of Sir Colin Campbell's Relief of Lucknow with customary vividness. Lady Agnew discusses the family budget on £10,000 a year, which only a select circle will be able to check from experience.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave £5,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 500 N, The Nicholson Institute, Longcott, Gunnersbury, London, W.

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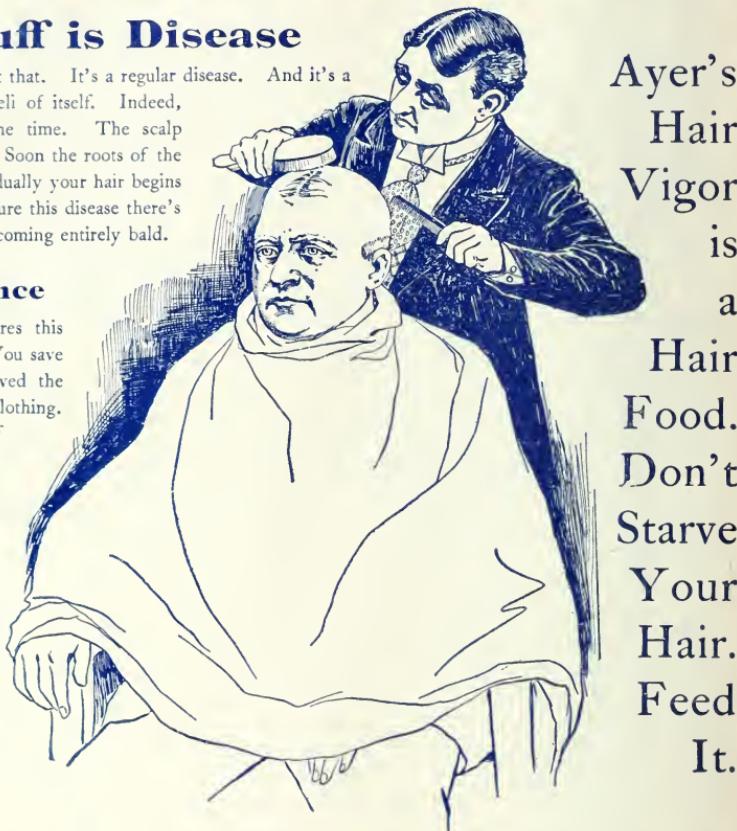
There's no doubt about that. It's a regular disease. And it's a disease that never gets well of itself. Indeed, it keeps increasing all the time. The scalp becomes dry and harsh. Soon the roots of the hair are affected, and gradually your hair begins to fall out. Unless you cure this disease there's every prospect of your becoming entirely bald.

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